The Saturday Evening
POST
SEP 2 4 '59
September 26, 1959 – 15¢

THE DOCTORS' PURSUIT OF VIRUS KILLERS

Coach Paul Dietzel of L.S.U.

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

Kurt Ard.

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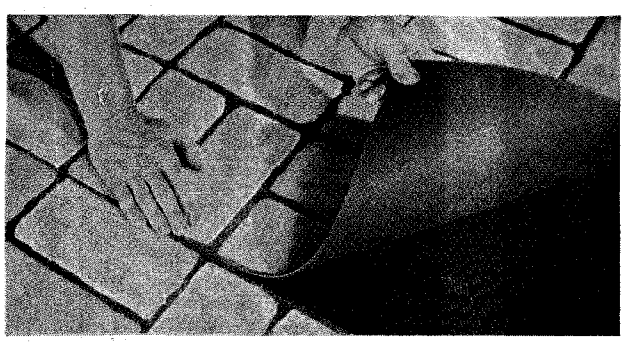
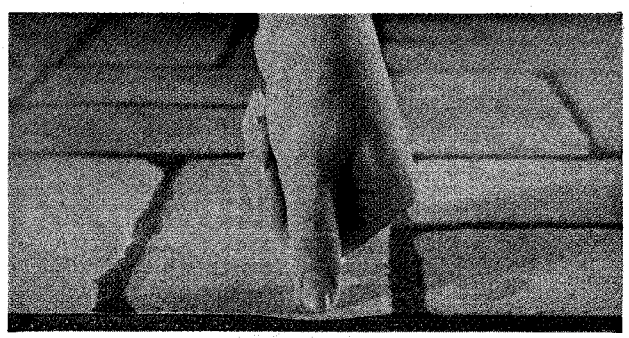
THE KENTS REMODELED THEIR KITCHEN COUNTRY-STYLE

with a "white brick" floor of carefree Armstrong Linoleum. Hardly a seam!



All the charm of old-fashioned white brick blends with modern practicality in Mrs. Kent's new kitchen floor. It was installed with invisible seams under the skillful care that only a professional craftsman can provide, so there's no place for dust to hide.

With a 4-year-old in the family, accidents will happen. But they're not catastrophes any more for the Kents. Spilled things—even grease—wipe up without a trace from their new Armstrong Linoleum floor. Occasional washing and waxing will keep it looking beautiful for years.



Imagine the comfort of having a cushion of foam under the floor! It's new and it's called Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment. Such a relief for a busy housewife like Mrs. Kent who's on the go all day long. Be sure your dealer includes it with your new floor.

Mrs. Kent chose Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, style 5571, from many smart designs in Armstrong floors. The mortar lines between the "bricks" are gently embossed to give the floor a smart, natural look.

SEND FOR FREE ROOM PORTFOLIO describing the ideas in this "Country Kitchen." Sketch plans and list of furnishings are included. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5909 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In Canada, Dept. 99-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

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. . . if you agree to buy six albums from the Club during the next year from more than 150 to be made available

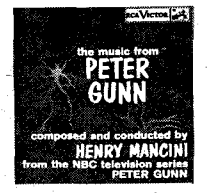
THIS EXCITING NEW PLAN offers you the finest stereo or hi-fi music being recorded today for far less money than you would pay otherwise. Now you may join either the Stereophonic Division or the Regular L.P. Division of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club in a short trial membership—and receive five albums of your choice for the single low price of only $3.98! The plan also helps you build your record library carefully, confidently, completely.

You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. Thereafter, if you continue membership, through the Club's Record-Dividend Plan you will **save about one third** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised prices of RCA Victor regular L.P. and stereo albums. You may choose a **free** twelve-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. regular L.P. or stereo album (depending on which division you enroll in) with every two you buy.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98. For stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of $4.98, at times $5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

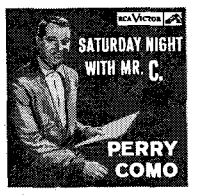


2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.

3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.



6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, When I Fall in Love, Birth of the Blues, You Made Me Love You.*

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Gogi Grant, Howard Keel and Anne Jeffreys.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

10. Lanza's latest and greatest—12 Italian favorites: *Funiculi', Funicula'; Santa Lucia; Maria Mari'; Voce 'e notte.*

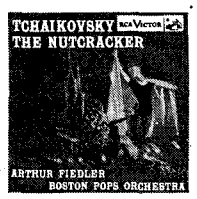
11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*

12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, España Rapsodie.*

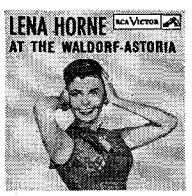
13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own,* etc.

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers,* etc.



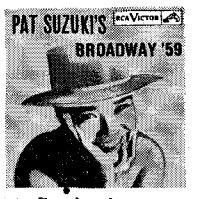
17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose.*

18. 17 swaggering marches: *El Capitan, Semper Fidelis, On the Mall, On Parade, Washington Post, Jubilee.*

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, Peanut Vendor,* etc.

20. His 12 biggest, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios, Oye Negra, Baia, Mambo No. 5, Night Must Fall,* etc.

21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee,* 9 more.



22. Broadway's newest star sings the big songs from *Flower Drum Song, My Fair Lady, The Music Man,* etc.—12 in all.

23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Port-au-Pleasure,* others.

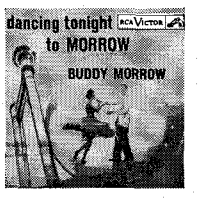
24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.

25. Absolutely the last word in sound, performance—the greatest *Gaîté* of all! *Gayne* excerpts include the *Sabre Dance.*

26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

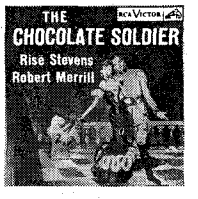
27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed Trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby,* 9 more.

28. 12 plush, romantic mood setters for a bachelor apartment—*Pretty Baby, Thou Swell, Let's Put Out the Lights,* etc.



29. Big band, fat beat. 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king. *Margie, Sleepy Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.



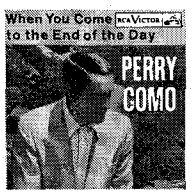
31. Handsome production of Straus operetta stars Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan. *My Hero, Sympathy,* etc.

32. Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail,* 7 others.

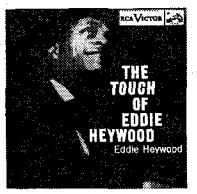
33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*

34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley,* 10 more.

35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime,* more.



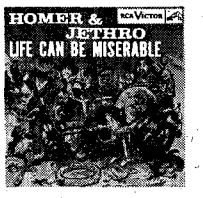
36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

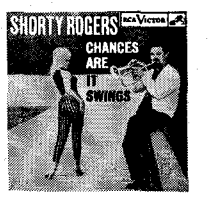
38. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, sassy Billy May scorings. *Isle of Capri, Hindustan, Brazil,* etc.

39. 12 airy dance specials. *Once in Love with Amy, That Old Feeling, Dream Boat, Midnight Sun, Heartaches,* others.



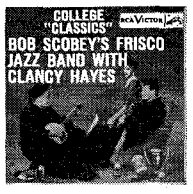
40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me,* 11 more laugh getters.

41. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.



42. Suave, modern big-band jazz; top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover* plus 10 other recent hits.

43. Warm, relaxed jazz by trumpeter Braff plus Roy Eldridge, Hank Jones. *Yesterdays, Willow Weep for Me,* etc.



44. Bob swings, Clancy sings *Shine on Harvest Moon, Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, The Whiffenpoof Song,* 8 more.

45. Ultraromantic piano with orchestra. *They Can't Take That Away from Me, Autumn in Rome, Secret Love,* 12 in all.

46. 12 love songs. *Time on My Hands, In Love in Vain, You Are Too Beautiful, You're My Girl, I'll See You Again.*

47. Happy honky-tonk piano versions of *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Ace in the Hole, Hello Ma Baby, Charmaine,* 7 more.

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course,* more.

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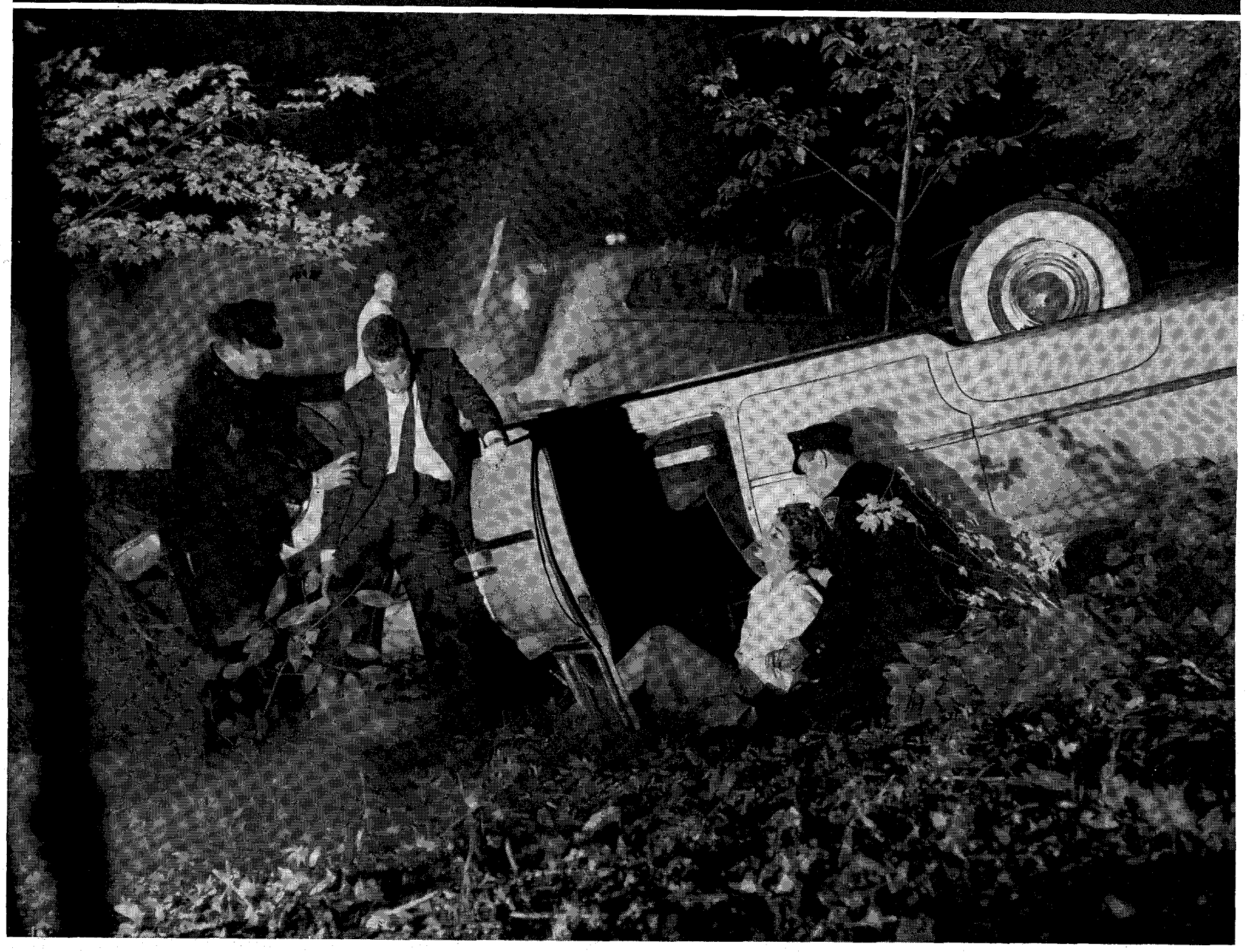

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THE COVER

Is the child-portrait expert losing his equanimity? No, he lost it some time ago. Fearing that he may crack up someday under the artistic strain of trying to make juvenile cutups look like what they ain't, he is making an agonizing reappraisal of his life, toying with the idea of going into passport pictures or something. Artist Kurt Ard's cover boy should be shot—well, photographed—just as he is, for thus only will the camera capture his nature, his soul; and if his bubble gum explodes, affixing gluey particles to his face and hair, all the truer portrait that will be of the inner spirit. But no, mamma wants a pic of a boy-angel. Soothing thought: many children *are* angelic, a joyful challenge to cameramen. Ah, there, little thumb-chewing black-eyed Susan on the wall!

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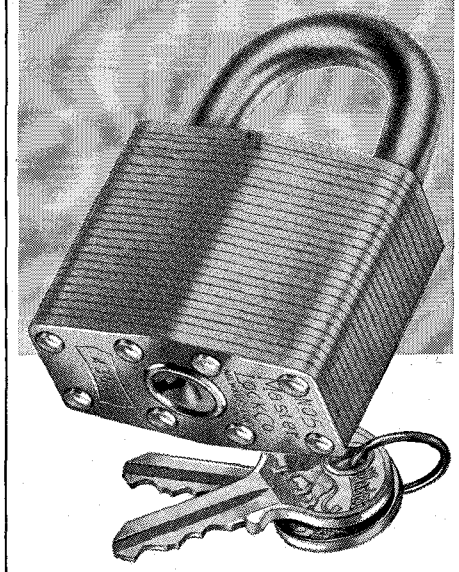

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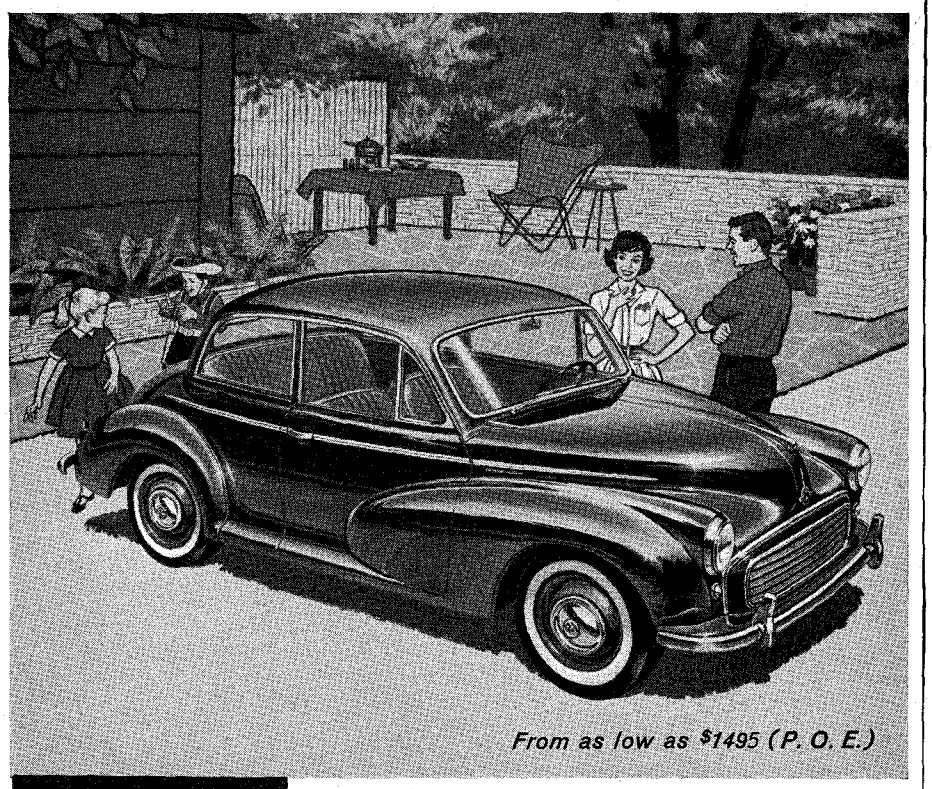

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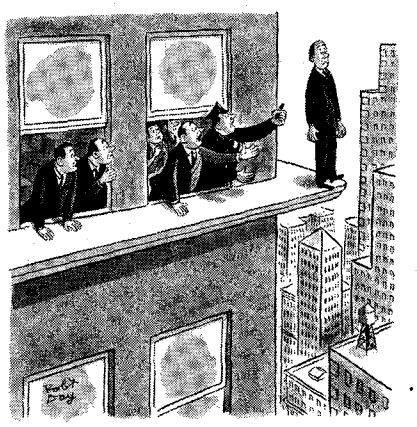
Inconsolable

Dear Sirs:

The Aug. 22 cartoon by Robert Day was printed too soon. Why? The Futile Phillies made thirteen runs on Aug. 14—first time any team had [exactly] thirteen runs in one game in weeks. Net result to me: $128. Moral: Use Washington next time.



"It's been an accumulation of many things, I understand. Drawing the Phillies in the office baseball pool merely proved the final straw."

WILLIAM MORAN
Astoria, N.Y.

● *Yes, but the futile Phillies lost that game, 15–13.* —ED.

Teaching Children About Race

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations for publishing Carl T. Rowan's superb article WE TELL OUR CHILDREN [Aug. 22]. I learned more from this article than from endless analyses of the race issue compiled with great learning by "experts." Would to God every American parent would read and take to heart Mr. Rowan's eminently fair and solidly grounded observations.

PAUL M. BRETSCHER, *Professor*
Concordia Seminary
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Excellent article. . . .

Too often, a mass-circulation magazine is a mixture of formulized fiction and nonfiction cooked up by advertisers. You have shown the courage and common sense which is representative of the finest traditions of American journalism.

THOMAS J. DONOVAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As a result of this article I am asking you to cancel my subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*, and furthermore refuse to trade with any merchant that carries your magazine on his newsstand.

A. L. HEWITT
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

News for Rowan: "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo" is *still* one of the favorite counting-out rhymes of all kids! And why should Rowan resent that, any more than I resent "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"?

MARY MOORE
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

He makes good sense, and does so in good humor.

P. M. PATTERSON
Hollins College, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Our family learned much from and greatly enjoyed Mr. Rowan's article.

C. W. ANDERSON
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

After reading this article, I stand with Mr. Faubus and his followers. I was shocked and stunned to read Mr. Rowan's words, "We told him emphatically that they can," in answer to his child's question, "Can brown people really marry white ones?"

MRS. CYNTHIA BRYANT
Perryton, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Rowan states, " . . . God thought it made for a more beautiful world to fill it with not just starlings, but robins, orioles, blue jays, redheaded woodpeckers and many more."

Apparently Rowan agrees with God as to pure breeding among birds, but evidently Rowan does not disapprove of cross-breeding among humans.

H. N. WHITE
Virginia Beach, Va.

● *Rowan also said, "We make this point only to emphasize our belief that mankind is not so bigoted, so enslaved to racial passions that we can have genuine peace and brotherhood only when all of us look, act and think alike. Thus, we do not maintain that the only solution to the race problem will be centuries of intermarriage."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

When the robins and sparrows flock with the redbirds, and when the catfish and the crappie swim together in schools, and, incidentally, when New York City resolves its problems, then we in the South will tell our children that it is time for true integration.

M. L. JOHNSON
Fort Worth, Texas

Soldier Aflame

Dear Sirs:

You may scramble pictures and captions occasionally, but it's a long time between typographical errors, or a wrong choice of word.

However, in issue of Aug. 22, MR. LINCOLN'S MYSTERY CAKE [by John Paul Heffernan] . . . the word "flare" is used to describe Gen. Hooker's aptitude for fighting. ["He had a flare for fighting."]

My interest immediately flaired up, and I couldn't resist informing you of the error I saw their.

V. E. SWANSON
Seattle, Wash.

(Continued on Page 6)

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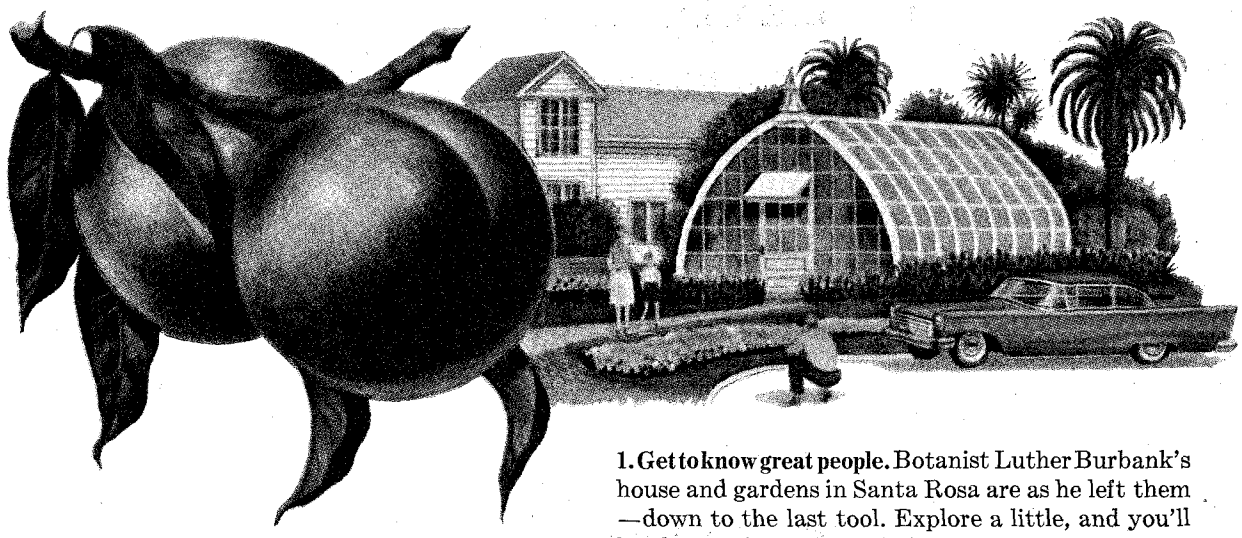
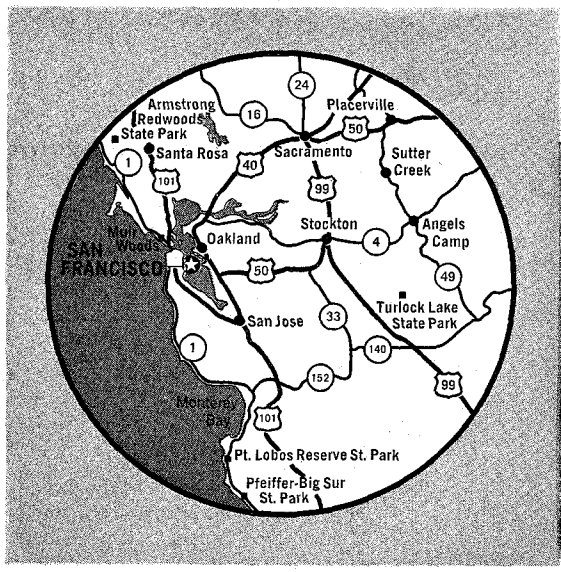


1. Get to know great people. Botanist Luther Burbank's house and gardens in Santa Rosa are as he left them —down to the last tool. Explore a little, and you'll be close to famous names in *your* area.

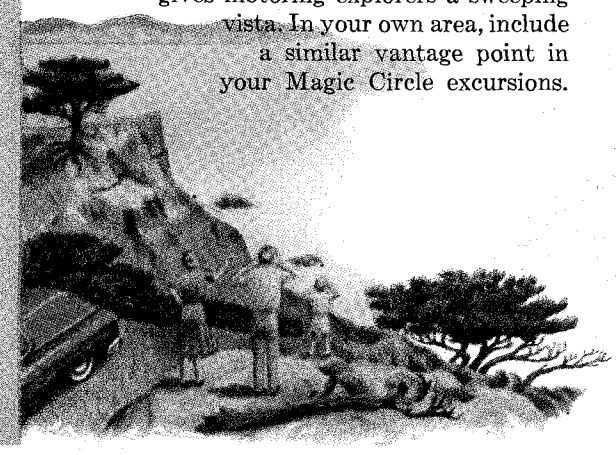
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

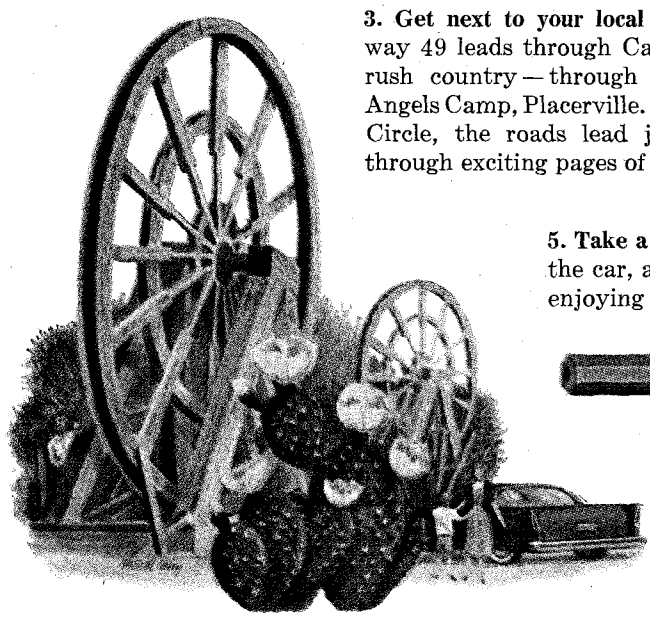
In this Golden Gate Magic Circle, your car puts you on the threshold of a whole wonderful world of fun. And all around you is a Magic Circle just as attractive—head out of your driveway to find it.

This series of advertisements is published by Ethyl Corporation, to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures "Ethyl" antiknock compounds, used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.



2. Find a lookout spot. Rock-ribbed Point Lobos, at the southern end of Monterey Bay, gives motoring explorers a sweeping vista. In your own area, include a similar vantage point in your Magic Circle excursions.





3. Get next to your local history. Highway 49 leads through California's gold rush country — through Sutter Creek, Angels Camp, Placerville. In your Magic Circle, the roads lead just as surely through exciting pages of history.

4. Picnic in the shade. The trees in your Magic Circle may not cast quite as much coolness as California's giant redwoods, but your picnic in the open air will be no less appetizing—the drive along back roads no less delightful.

5. Take a pencil and map out your Magic Circle right now. You've got the car, and if you're missing out on *this* kind of driving, you aren't enjoying half of what your car investment offers you.

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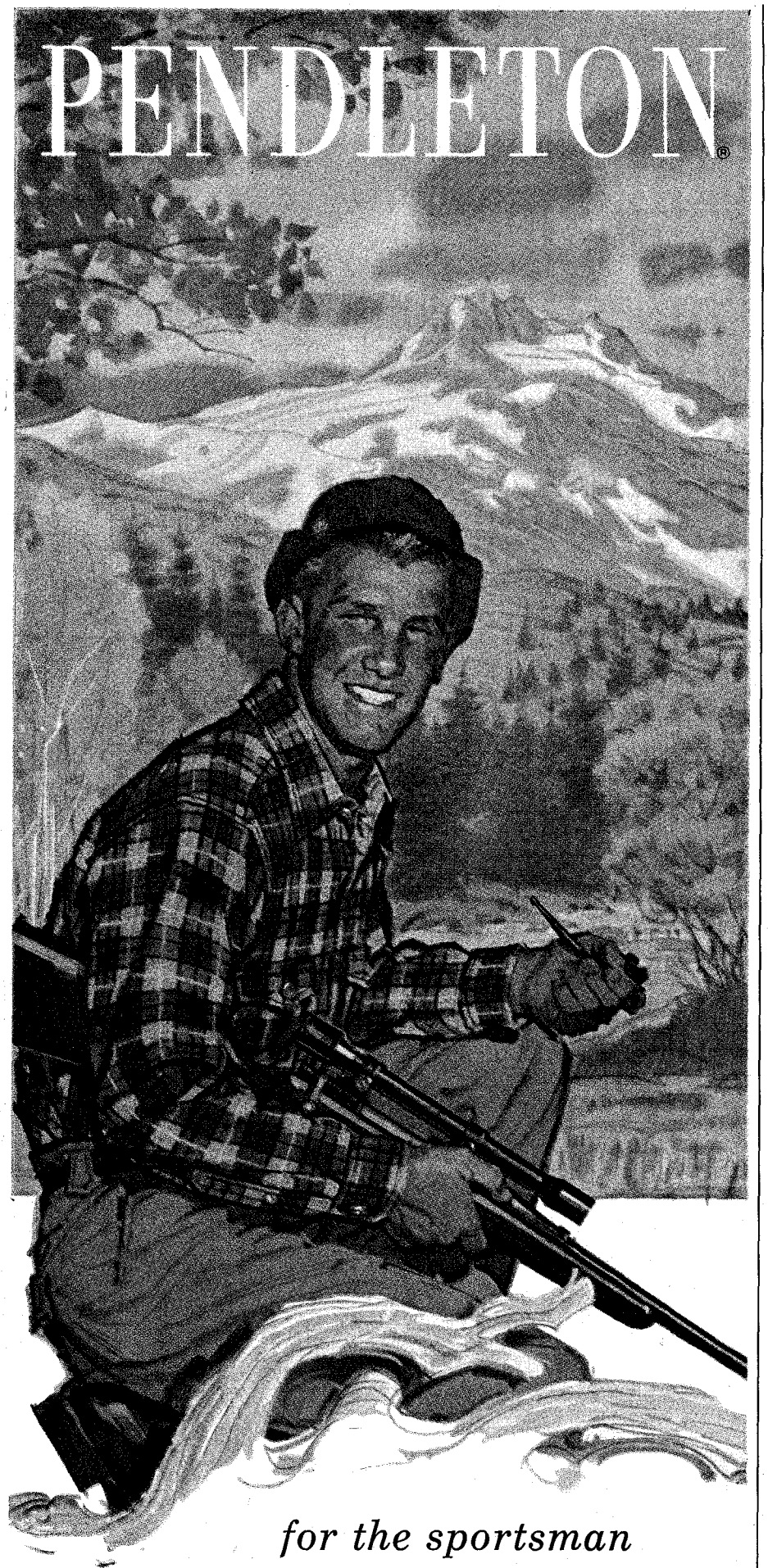


for the sportsman
who takes his comfort seriously

More and more of today's active sportsmen are setting their sights on Pendleton. They want the honest, hard-working superiority of virgin wool. They know that Pendleton's traditionally fine tailoring means *comfort* and *fit*. They appreciate the wide choice of plaids, patterns and solids. If *you've* never known the pleasure of a Pendleton, you're in for a very pleasant surprise.

Shirt 12.95 • At fine stores everywhere

There is only one Pendleton . . . always virgin wool

For additional information write Dept. M-5, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Oregon

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Not St. Michael's

Dear Sirs:

As an old Coventrian, I was very interested in Ernest O. Hauser's article, REBIRTH OF A CATHEDRAL [Aug. 22].

Your photograph at the foot of page 30 is not of St. Michael's but of another of the three spires of Coventry, namely Holy Trinity. The cathedral spire has flying buttresses.

Thank you for this opportunity to return, for a few minutes, to my native city.

BERYL T. BESORE
Palo Alto, Calif.

Getting On in Years

Dear Sirs:

[Re THE SECRETS OF LONG LIFE, by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill, Aug. 15-29:] There is nothing to this longevity stuff. All you have to do is stick around long enough. It is as simple as that.

I am ninety-six. Never have been organically sick in my life and continue to get around normally on my own steam. . . .

I feel peeved at your writer because he did not include me.

FRANK E. MOORE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The greatest enemy of a long life is not diet but worry. . . . Apparently, when we become chronically upset nervously, our bodies generate more cholesterol than is required. . . . One of my many doctor friends (I am an engineer) will not eat butter because of the cholesterol. He would do better to quit monkeying with the stock market.

RALPH SHAW JR.
Beverly, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Born a few days before the fall of Fort Sumter, my mother will be ninety-nine years old on March 26, 1960.

She reads without glasses, threads a needle quickly, goes by airplane to grand opera in Atlanta, sings *Dixie* at the United Daughters of the Confederacy meetings, and plays a snappy game of solitaire! Born Jennie Crawford Dyer, in Monroe County, Tennessee, she married Robert Crouch Hunter in 1883. . . .

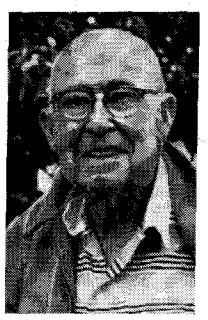
Mrs. Hunter

She attributes long life to seeing good in people, loving your neighbor as yourself and keeping a sense of humor.

SARAH HUNTER JACKSON
Johnson City, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Although I'm only 11½, I'd like to comment on my great-granddaddy. He is 94, cooks for himself, and keeps up his own house. He makes beautiful wood things!



W. J. Miller

His name is Mr. W. J. Miller. He lives in Amarillo, Texas. . . .

He had all of his teeth until a couple of years ago. He's not a bit childish, keeps up with the news and the sports. He can go every place a girl of 11 can!

JAN OLSEN
Topeka, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

I am sorry to report an error regarding . . . the longevity of the Stagg family. On page 50 . . . is the statement, "with the oldest dying at 103."

Sarah, the oldest of my sisters, lived to the grand old age of ninety-five years and ten days.

AMOS ALONZO STAGG
Stockton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Hank Gooch [age 106] wished us to write to you.

He would prefer that there be a correction if possible on the statement of his being an atheist. The interviewer may have gained the impression that he is an atheist because of his belief that the emphasis for living should be placed on the living of life while we are on earth rather than looking to the hereafter. Hank is, however, deeply interested in what he terms "The Good Book," and frequently quotes passages from it.

M. G. LUDWIG
Platteville, Colo.

Letters for Learning?

Dear Sirs:

I certainly enjoyed the forward-looking proposals for encouraging educational achievement at the secondary level, as set out in the Aug. 8 issue of *The Post* [SOME SCHOOLS AWARD LETTERS FOR BRAINS AS WELL AS BRAWN].

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I'm one teacher who would like to see all schools adopt scholarship letters as Sharon Springs, Kansas, High School has done. Scholastic achievement has long been neglected in our high schools. We should certainly offer *some* reward for the students who do superior work in the classroom.

GILES H. RUNYON
Campobello, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

I am strongly opposed. The "letter" is traditionally a mark of achievement on the sports level and should remain so. Recognition should be given for scholastic prowess, but by honor rolls or other means, not with letters.

JAMES M. DE FRANCIA, *Mid. 4/c*
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Ralph Miller; Sarah Hunter Jackson. • 17–Gus Pasquarella. • 18–Sid Avery; Gus Pasquarella. • 19–Gus Pasquarella. • 20, 21–Morgan Kane. • 22–Larry Fried; anonymous. • 23–Burr Patten; three by Larry Fried. • 24–Dick Stone. • 25–Bill Shrout; Wide World. • 26–Wide World; Bill Shrout. • 27–Bill Shrout; Hans Knopf; Wide World; Halley Erskine. • 28–Two from Pictorial Parade; Agence-France-Presse from Gilloon. 29–Ken Riley. • 30, 31–George Burns. • 32, 33–R. G. Harris. • 34–Eugene Kammerman. 36, 37–James R. Bingham. • 41–Ken Riley. • 116–Anonymous; Hans Knopf; Al Levine; John Bryson.

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I'm having $29 worth of laughs. Could've saved that on car insurance with State Farm—even after paying my Lifetime Membership Fee. My renewal saving would now be $44 a year!* ¶ State Farm members save $12, $30, as high as $125 a year compared to what many people pay.** We keep our rates low by aiming to insure careful drivers only. Yet you can't get better protection or faster, fairer claim service. Can you qualify? Four out of five average drivers can. See the friendly, capable State Farm man in your neighborhood. Look under "State Farm Insurance" in the Yellow Pages. **STATE FARM MUTUAL** Automobile Insurance Company...world's largest. Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

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*Based on Case No. 15261, details on request.

**In Texas, substantial savings have been returned to eligible members in the form of dividends.

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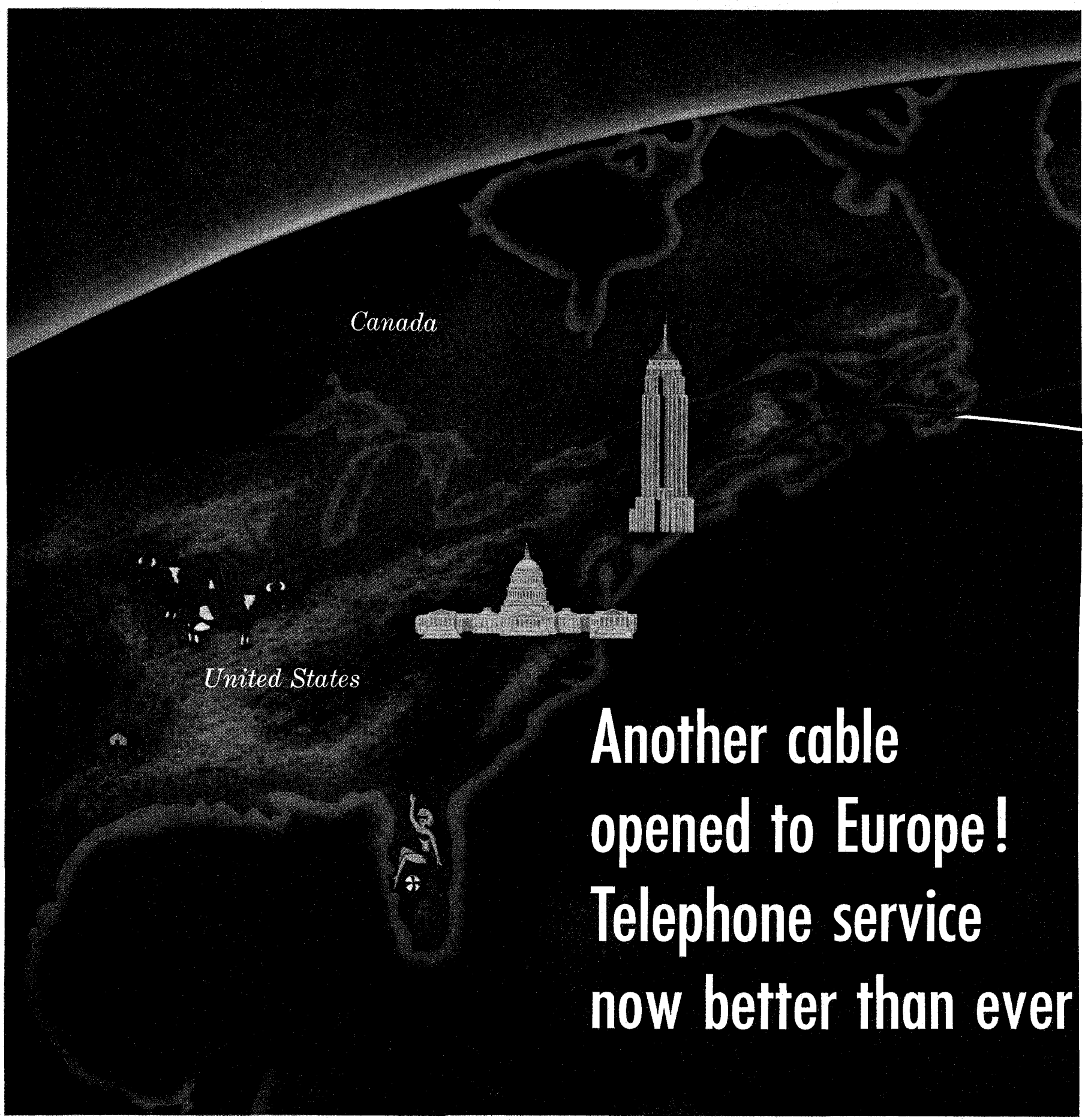
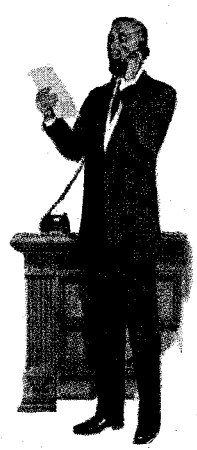


Another cable opened to Europe! Telephone service now better than ever

Your calls to Europe go through as clearly as calls across town! New underseas telephone cable to the Continent supplements existing cable to Great Britain.



A new telephone cable to the Continent has just opened! You can now call the countries shown above over cable circuits. And through these countries you can reach many others.

People who talked over the first cable system—completed to Great Britain in 1956—were so enthusiastic that it was decided to open a cable direct to the Continent as soon as possible.

Now that it is in service, your overseas calling is faster and more dependable every hour

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of the day. And your calls go through as clearly as calls across town, because the cable is deep under the sea, beyond the reach of storms.

Telephoning is the ideal way to keep in touch with business associates or relatives and friends in Europe. Or to call home when you are there yourself. It's personal, fast, two-way. You can exchange ideas, reach agreements.

It's easy to do. Just give the operator the name and location of the person you want to call.

TELEPHONE EUROPE FOR $12

$12 is the daytime rate for the first three minutes to 30 countries in Europe including:

Belgium	Germany	Norway
Denmark	Great Britain	Sweden
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In most cases the rate is even lower at night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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TELEPHONE SERVICE

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Editorials

The Reds Can Defeat Us if We Let Them Write the Rules

The controversy over Dictator Khrushchev's visit to this country has been bouncing back and forth around such questions as: whether he should have been greeted with parades of hearses or lunches in the board rooms of banks; how he might be expected to react to the sight of an American small town; what has been the effect of this visit on the uncommitted peoples of Asia and Africa. Most of the debate—while it revealed the American's faith in the effect of the sight of a free people working and playing in an atmosphere of freedom—indicated a calamitous lack of information on the strategy in the Red drive to take over the world.

The nature of Soviet strategy has been pretty well covered in books and by committees of Congress, but the information has not made much of a dent on the normal optimism of Americans. The most recent work dealing with Communist strategy and tactics is *Protracted Conflict* (Harper) by Prof. Robert Strausz-Hupé of the University of Pennsylvania, who treated one phase of the subject in an article in *The Post's* ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series (August 15, 1959), and three of his colleagues in the Foreign Policy Research Institute—William R. Kintner, James E. Dougherty and Alvin J. Cottrell. This book, which should be required reading for Foreign Service officials, asserts that the Communists are ahead of the West in the battle for the world because they know they are in it and we do not. Sen. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut said that Communist efforts "to disarm the American people, to disguise Communist motives, to erode away our indignation against Communism are carried out under ideal circumstances"—namely our ignorance of the nature of the attack.

Largely because of Western ineptitude, the Communists have been able to keep the "protracted conflict" always in our territory, never in theirs. As these writers point out, while the Communists are free to intervene in Korea, Indonesia, Latin America, Egypt, Syria, Laos, and in the domestic affairs of every Western country, the Free World must never carry the ball into Red territory. Thus, "at the time of the Hungarian uprising, it was taken for granted that the West could not extend, even indirectly, military aid to the patriots without triggering a general war in Europe." On the other hand, the Communists appear free to intervene in Latin America with no comparable fear on their part that to do so might set off a nuclear conflict.

This paralysis is not merely a matter of Western fear of nuclear war. Communist success is more importantly due to their ability to use Western legalism, idealism and confusion to their advantage. They profit from the Western tendency to treat the scores of local Communist attacks on weak points in the Free World as if they were separate incidents, instead of moves in a coordinated strategy of advance and retreat.

The attack on Laos started at the same time that Mr. Khrushchev accepted President Eisenhower's invitation to come to this country. As Joseph Alsop put it in his syndicated column, this "coincidence" was a "symptom of the ill-concealed contempt for the strength and will of the United States and the President that is plainly felt by . . . Nikita S. Khrushchev." Mr. Alsop bases this attitude on Soviet superiority in certain important weapons. It could also be explained by Khrushchev's belief that he is dealing with people who have no understanding of the means by which the Communists expect to "bury" them.

Professor Strausz-Hupé and his colleagues do not believe the jig is up, provided the West, including the United States, learns the nature of Communist conflict—a war threat followed by a peace offensive; a Khrushchev visit on behalf of "peace" preceded by a reiteration of the unchanged Soviet demand that we get out of Berlin. Our reverses will continue unless we "stop brooding neurotically on 'survival' every time the international situation becomes tense."

"Survival" was not threatened when we stood our ground on Berlin, refused to surrender on Quemoy, demanded Soviet withdrawal from Iran and landed marines in Lebanon. This should help us reject the counsels of those who invariably urge no help for Soviet victims inside the Iron Curtain and no effort to dispute Soviet meddling on our side of it.

To hopeful "liberals" who look to negotiation as a means of getting rid of the cold war once and for all, Doctor Strausz-Hupé and his colleagues would remind us that to the Communists negotiation is a weapon, not a means of breaking off the conflict. "To negotiate for a cessation of protracted conflict *before* the Communist has rejected its operational doctrine and Messianic aspirations would be tantamount to negotiating for surrender."

Boston's Old Howard Burlesque House Would Make a New-Type National Shrine

The way the movement to establish national parks and monuments is going, there will soon be few areas left where a citizen may sell an insurance policy or watch a basketball game without paying mind to the fact that the sacred ground on which he stands is the place where a white colonist first turned on an Indian and finished him off with his own tomahawk. Now, according to the *Boston Herald*, *aficionados* of burlesque are delighted to learn of a movement to turn Boston's Old Howard theater into a national shrine!

To students and others who know their Boston of the past fifty years or so, an occasional evening at the Old Howard was an important part of their education in anatomy and basic humor. The late Prof. George L. Kittredge of Harvard, an authority on Elizabethan drama, found survivals of his interest in Old Howard performances. And the late Justice Holmes, when a joke by an Old Howard comedian outdid the Restoration drama in frankness, is reported to have muttered, "Thank God I am a man of low taste!"

This link between Billy Watson's Beef Trust and the classic drama was hilariously established many years ago for a group of Harvard students who to their delight spotted their instructor in Latin sitting directly in front of them at the Old Howard. As the horseplay on the stage became more and more raucous, the instructor, to his obvious embarrassment, noted the presence of his students. Immediately he established a lasting reputation for *savoir-faire* and coolness in action. Waving a hand toward some particularly libidinous stage business, he said, "The whole thing is straight out of Plautus and Terence!"

However, lest it be assumed that the Old Howard is to be a national shrine in memory of 200-pound chorus girls and bawdy comedians equipped with baggy pants and gags almost as daring as those one encounters in the average play today, it should be noted that before the Old Howard became a burlesque house, it had a long career as the Howard Athenaeum, a legitimate theater said to be the oldest in the United States. John Wilkes Booth played there before he assassinated President Lincoln. The slogan of the theater in its palmy days was, "As Rome points to her Colosseum, so Boston treats her Howard Athenaeum."

The young man who wants to persuade the Federal Government to spend $1,000,000 to preserve the Old Howard for all time thinks it would be a tremendous tourist attraction. Maybe so, although genuine Old Howard alumni will wonder how the place can pay off with no gigantic Cora Livingston in wrestler's tights challenging any two men in the audience to throw her; and with no Sally Keith twirling tassels fore and aft. Well, to each age its own. A generation which will actually sit up half the night for the "late, late, late show" might as well see the Old Howard as a place where Ralph Waldo Emerson occasionally lectured—if he did. The theater's later significance would be wasted on them anyway.

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The Wonderful World...of your 6 to 8-year-old child

It's a busy, wonderful world for children aged 6 to 8 . . . and it will become more so as they "graduate" from home and begin to live *on their own* as primary graders.

The transition from home to school . . . filled as it is with new friends, new experiences, new challenges . . . brings some of the most delightful moments of childhood.

Yet, the wider world which the 6 to 8-year-old child enters isn't always a smooth one . . . and the guidance, sympathy and reassurance of "moms" and "dads" can be just as vital as when your child was only a toddler.

Those early years at school, for instance, are often difficult. A child may become shy, timid, or worried even at the thought of going to a strange place. Such behavior is a signal to give reassurance . . . rather than pushing or prodding. With the right support, both at home and in school, youngsters usually make a good adjustment and gain in courage and confidence.

It's most important for parents to show enthusiastic interest in a youngster's school work. Take time to listen, to praise and to encourage—children thrive on it.

Even though your youngster may be the picture of health, don't neglect those safeguards that mean so much to healthy physical and emotional growth . . . especially regular medical and dental check-ups. Ask your child's physician about any "booster" shots that may be needed to renew protection against polio, tetanus, diphtheria and other diseases. And have your child's teeth cleaned and inspected by the dentist at least *twice* a year.

Since your youngster will be away from you more and more, re-emphasize the importance of safety. Be sure to *show* your child where he should cross the street, and emphasize crossing only with the green light. Teach him to ride his bike safely. Explain why he should wash cuts and scratches promptly and apply sterile bandages.

Should your youngster have special difficulties with school work, an examination should be made of the eyes and ears. Defects which can be corrected are often the cause of low grades and ultimate dislike of school.

Would you like to know more about how to help your youngster grow, develop, and learn? Then, send for Metropolitan's new booklet called "6 to 8—Years of Discovery." Clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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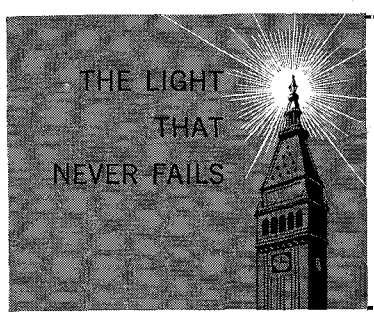

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Please send me the free booklet,
"6 to 8—Years of Discovery" 10-59-E

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City & Zone State

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Can you tell us why you are being taxed for "public power," Mr. Smith?

Everybody is being taxed for it.

Everybody, Mr. Smith?

Sure—even you. Where else could all that money come from? All that $5,500,000,000 that's gone into federal "public power" systems.

That sounds like a lot of taxes.

It is. And they're after $10,000,000,000 more.

Who is?

The lobbyists for federal "public power." You know, the people who want the government to go more and more into the electric business.

I take it you are not in favor of this?

Of course not. Most people don't favor government ownership of electric power.

Then why does all this spending go on?

No good reason at all.

You mean it's not necessary?

That's right. The electric companies can turn out all the electricity people are going to need. And *without* depending on taxes, either.

Then what are you going to do about this "public power" spending?

I'm talking—to everybody that listens. When enough people know their taxes are spent for this, I figure it will be stopped.

Thank you, Mr. Smith.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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DUAL FILTER DOES IT!

It filters as no single filter can

to bring you the real thing in mildness
...the real thing in fine tobacco taste!

here's why:

1. It combines an efficient pure white outer filter...

2. with a unique inner filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL . . . which has been definitely proved to make the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.

NEW DUAL FILTER

Tareyton

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New SYLVANIA 23″ screen* changes the face of TV

ORDINARY 21" FACE
only 249 sq. in. viewing area

NEW 23" SQUARED FACE
*Big 275 sq. in. viewing area

No more "porthole" scenes... You see more of the picture the camera takes!

Sylvania's trend-setting Sylouette styling is available in a wide choice of models.

New Sylvania consoles are designed for both modern and traditional rooms.

Handsome new Sylvania lowboys, in rich walnut veneer, mahogany and fruitwood grained finishes.

See it bigger...

You'll get 11% *more picture* on Sylvania's new 23″ face in the same size cabinet as present-day 21″ sets! You see more of the TV scene as the camera takes it . . . and a far more pleasing picture!

See it better...

You'll have a "Front row center" seat! Sylvania's new 23″ tube has a flatter face, with less side distortion. You see a natural picture from every angle . . . more like a movie screen than ever before!

See it easier...

The soft frame of surround light from Sylvania's exclusive "Halo-Light®" is ever so easy on your eyes! The built-in tinted lens cuts glare and reflection, and there's no longer a dust problem.

Look behind Sylvania's new face! Here's a Magic Touch station selector, a Lifetime Engraved circuit and a Picture Prompter to automatically fine-tune each channel.

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APRIL 18, 1906...

THE ARNOLD GENTHE COLLECTION • CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, SAN FRANCISCO

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

The City sleeps. Under the gaslight at Market and Van Ness, Officer Conroy admires his gold watch and notes it is exactly 5:13 A.M. Suddenly, he looks up as he feels a faint, foreign tremor underfoot. Then violently, the street buckles, buildings crumble as the first real temblor rocks San Francisco.

Of all the major insurance companies heavily involved in this great disaster, only five paid claims immediately on a cash basis. Of these five, three were companies of the Royal-Globe Insurance Group which paid losses totaling more than $13,600,000.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest and most respected insurance groups in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*

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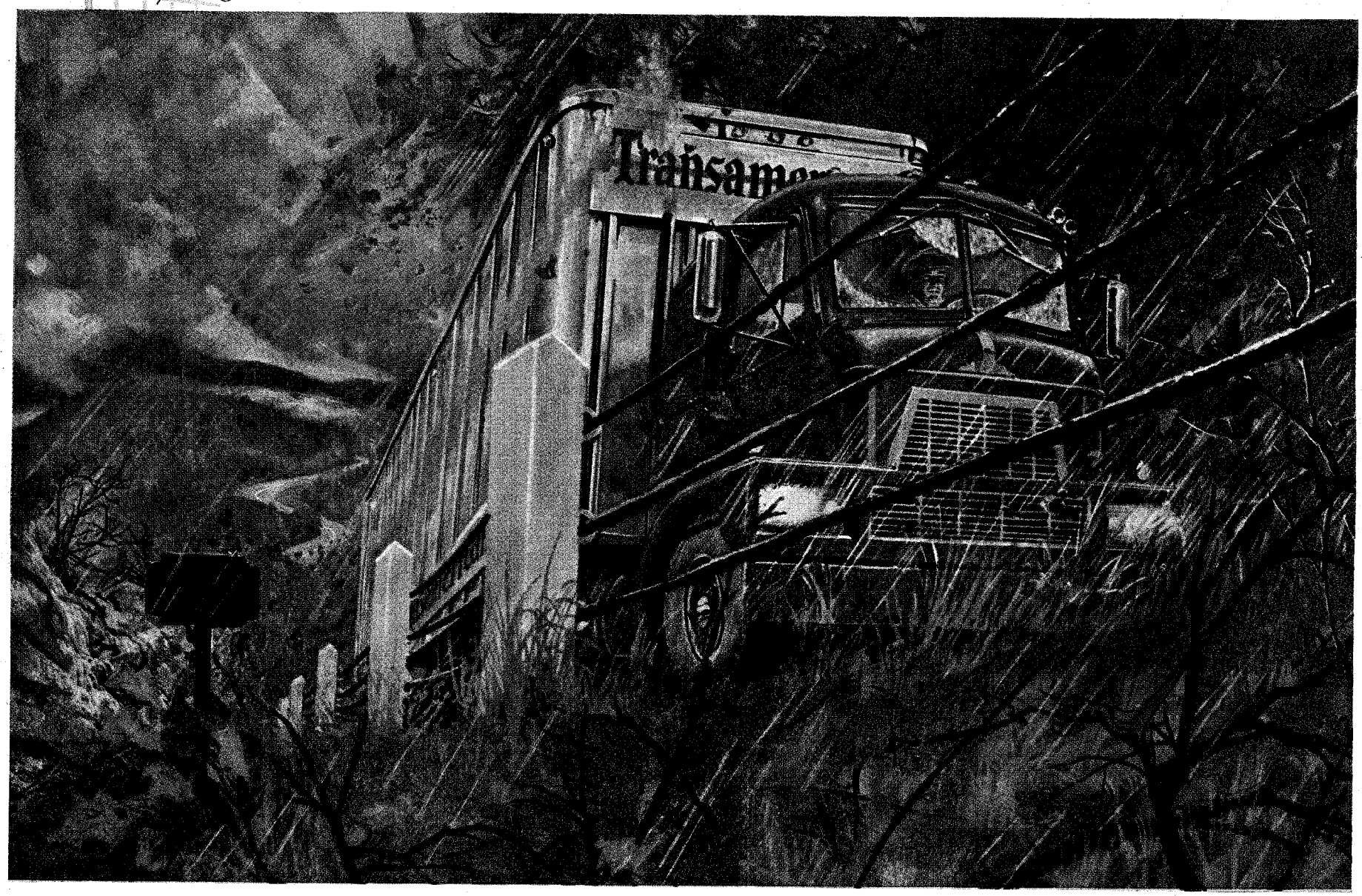
"They treat you fine at the Goodyear Sign!"

"Through Moon Run and Nanty Glo, this 1200-mile route sees tire mileage up 25%"



Transamerican Freight Lines, Inc., Detroit, Mich., finds Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs topping all previous extra-tread tire performance

"Despite the romantic names of places we go through on our St. Louis-to-Boston run," says William Bailey, Transamerican's Director of Maintenance, "it's a tough grind on tires—and I do mean *grind*.

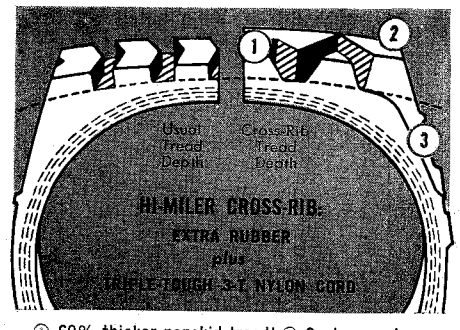
"Last winter particularly—one of the worst we ever had—bad roads, extreme cold and heavy snow had our drivers cheering those extra-deep, road-gripping Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs.

"They sure paid off, schedule-wise and cost-wise. Our valuable cargoes of pharmaceuticals got through on time, and our original tread mileage proved out to be 25% greater than we had gotten even from other extra-tread tires."

To the great Transamerican fleet, covering 50 million miles a year, tire-cost-per-mile naturally is a matter of big-money importance. And Mr. Bailey may well be proud of Transamerican's low figure.

"Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs sure have paid their way on our fleet," he concludes. "You can get an idea of our opinion of them from the fact that several hundred more are specified on new equipment we have on order."

Cross-Rib's super-endurance and lower ultimate cost are a familiar story to highway fleets great and small, operating under all road conditions. Get all the facts and figures from your Goodyear dealer, or write: Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.



① 60% thicker nonskid tread! ② Cooler-running tread design ③ Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Goodyear triple-tempers Nylon cord in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time, to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH — for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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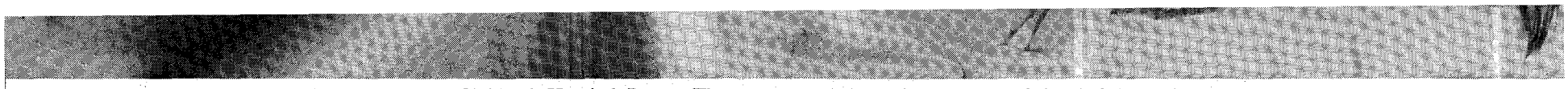

Polio ward at Children's Hospital, Boston. The two young patients above contracted the viral disease in 1955. They had not received Salk shots. Now more than half the adult population under 40 has been vaccinated.

Hunting the Invisible Killers

Here is a complete, authoritative report on modern medicine's fascinating search for the villains that cause a majority of mankind's illnesses: The elusive submicroscopic viruses.

By Greer Williams

Viruses, so small that hundreds would easily fit inside a single red-blood cell, cause us more sickness than any other class of parasites on earth.

Such a flat claim probably wouldn't have occurred to anyone as late as ten years ago. But today, as the result of new research, the ascendancy of virus-induced diseases is so obvious that anyone can prove it to himself simply by adding up the annual case scores for measles, mumps, chicken pox, the common cold, influenza and certain other coldlike and flulike virus infections. The United States grand total, roughly estimated, is about 700,000,000 virus infections in one year. That's an average of four per person. Some authorities might hold this estimate to be too low, on the ground that we are unknowingly infected with several kinds of viruses most of the time. But we refer here to noticeable illness.

© 1959 by Greer Williams

At right (below) is Harvard's Dr. John Enders. When in 1948 he and Dr. Thomas Weller (left) and Dr. Frederick Robbins perfected a way to grow viruses in test tubes, they greatly expanded the scope of virus research.

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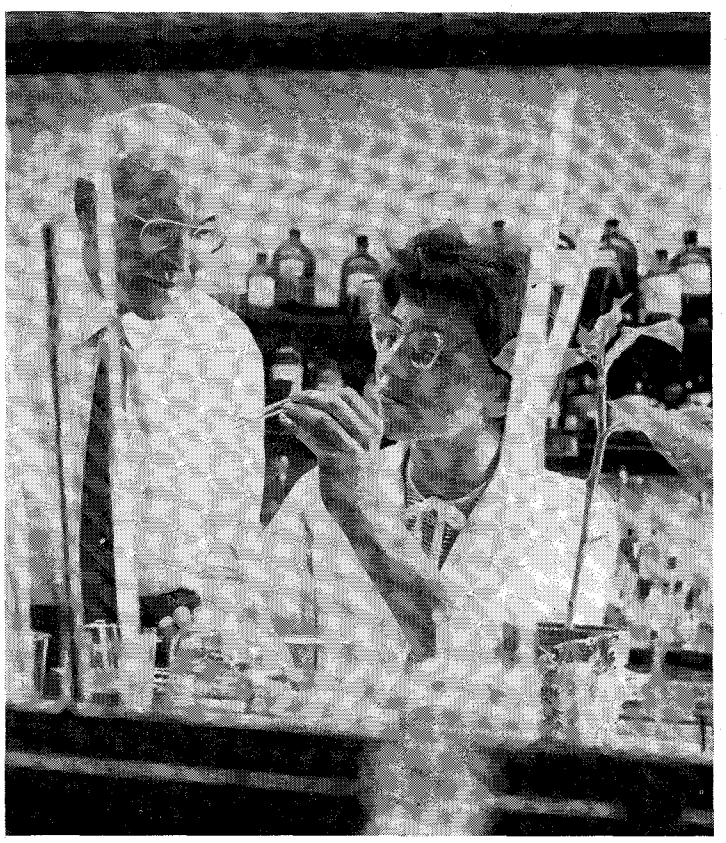

Dr. Wendell Stanley (left) of the University of California was the first to uncover the true chemical nature of viruses. His report won him a 1946 Nobel Prize.

Viruses—scientifically unknown until the beginning of the twentieth century and no more than a vague, poisonous-sounding something or other to most people a quarter century ago—recently have been recognized as playing an intimate part in our everyday lives. Virologists have shown that these midget microbes—there is some dispute whether they can be classified with old-fashioned microbes such as bacteria—live and reproduce only within certain of the billions of living cells that make up our bodies. Fortunately we usually can spare a few million cells for virus occupancy. This is not always the case, however, when the virus invades our brains, nerves, livers, lungs or glands. Most commonly a virus infection produces inflammation, fever and general weakness and, quite commonly, an eruption or discharge of the skin and mucous membranes. But viruses also can cause congenital malformations, mental deficiency, blindness, deafness, sterility, paralysis, heart disease and death.

"A virus" is the most common presumptive diagnosis our family doctors and pediatricians make these days. Yet a towering vagueness surrounds the whole subject—the illness usually disappears before laboratory tests can be run to show which virus. At least 150 specific viruses are now known to infect man. Some eighty or more of these were unknown prior to 1948, most having been discovered in the last five years.

We can easily believe the ubiquity of the viruses around and within us when we note that hardly a week or a month goes by without a laboratory-backed report of some "new virus" that is "going around." It may carry some mysterious name—Coxsackie B, ECHO-9, Asian-A, or Adenovirus Type 3—but the illness itself usually sounds like an old acquaintance.

For example, through the years humanity has had encounters with "yellow jaundice," or catarrhal jaundice, a liver disease that leaves its victims weak, miserable and depressed for months, but seldom kills them. Often, too, jaundice epidemics were noted as an aftermath of mass use of human serums, particularly in vaccines. It was not until late in World War II, however, that a virus was identified as the cause of this disease, now called hepatitis.

As a matter of fact, the hepatitis virus wrecked the American Red Cross wartime blood-plasma program. A small percentage of blood donors carry the virus in their blood, quite unknown to them. When their blood is pooled with that of others, it adds up to 100 per cent contamination.

New England Medical Center, Boston: Two-year-old Michael Ruprecht is being treated for measles-pneumonia, a viral disease. Measles reached a record high in 1958.

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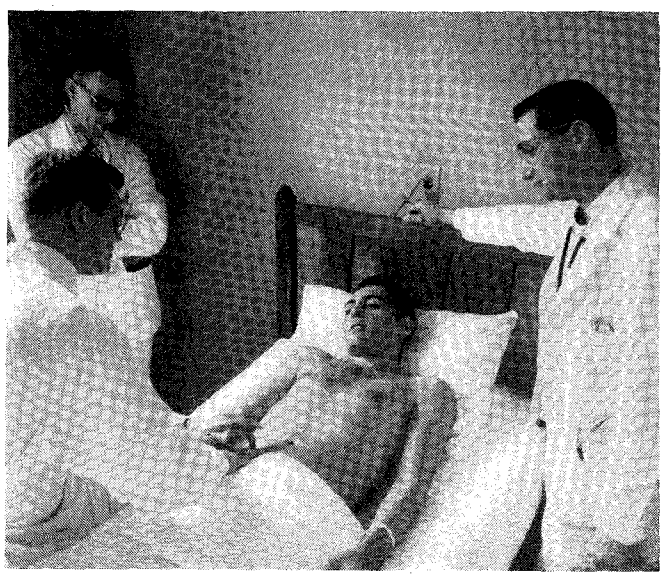
The three articles beginning on these pages were drawn from a book by Mr. Williams entitled *Virus Hunters*, to be published November 16 by Alfred A. Knopf. —THE EDITORS

People have the majority of their virus infections as children—mainly in the first six years—and, as a result, build up some immunity, permanent or transitory, to the virus epidemics that have passed their way. However, we are never wholly free of virus-infected cells at any time, it appears. The virus causing the lip and mouth infections known as cold sores, fever blisters or canker sores—*herpes simplex*—dwells continually within its victims' tissues. It breaks out only when the individual's resistance temporarily drops because of some stress.

If we escape a given virus as a child, it may treat us quite differently, often more severely, as an adult. The virus of chicken pox, which produces a mild fever and rash when it occurs in people before the age of twenty, causes shingles—*herpes zoster*—in persons over twenty. Shingles involves painful nerve inflammation as well as skin eruptions, and—as the medical books say—"exquisite tenderness," ranging from nerve roots in the spine to the skin of the chest and abdomen.

The versatility of viruses is stupendous. Virologists, biochemists and some pathologists in the last two or three years have voiced a growing belief that viruses cause some—perhaps many—kinds of cancers, our No. 2 killer. According to their theory, the cancer virus somehow seizes control of the living cell's own growth and reproduction mechanism. Instead of following the usual course and killing the cell, the virus—in a microbiological production of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*—forces the cell to make more and more cells—endlessly—thus producing a tumor and supposedly more virus each time the cell grows and splits in two.

Such virus-provoked abnormal growth has been observed to (Continued on Page 51)



Boston doctors examining 24-year-old George Abdell, a victim of hepatitis, sometimes called yellow jaundice. A disease of the liver, it, too, is caused by a virus.

Stuart Nelson, 4, of Livonia, Mich., is suffering from the world's most widespread disease—the common cold. Scientists have yet to develop a vaccine which will knock out the many types of viruses often responsible.

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When a young man comes courting, it's a point of honor for him to stay strictly on his own side of . . .

the Bundling Board

By John De Meyer

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In Patience's bedroom the bed, the two occupants and the board were an incredible confusion.

Winter had lost its grip, and Johnathan Holt was inspecting his seed corn. Neither the war, General Washington nor the Continental Congress could stifle man's timeless urge to plant in the spring. Next to his shipyard Johnathan loved the fruits of the soil, and though it was cold in the shed his loving hands caressed the corn.

"Johnathan?"

Which caused Johnathan to sigh, for that would be his wife Penelope. Johnathan was a religious man, but sometimes he wondered why the Lord had so arranged things that women ran the world. Sometimes he also longed to hear Penelope address him as Mr. Holt; it was not an uncommon custom between husbands and wives, and Johnathan suspected that it must give a man a pleasing sense of importance in his own household. "What is it now, Penelope?" he sighed.

"Time for you to shave, Johnathan."

Johnathan looked startled. "Shave? Why?"

"Master William is calling tonight."

Johnathan glared his disapproval. He did not approve of being interrupted while caressing his seed corn, nor did he approve of shaving except for church meetings, and he certainly did not approve of Master William, even if the scamp was already an officer in the Continental Army. "Aah!" he spat.

Penelope smirked, for she did approve of shaving—church meeting or no. She also approved of young Master William. "Come, Johnathan," she said. "There is hot water ready for you."

Johnathan knew that it was impossible to glare down a woman like Penelope, who was still pert, beautiful and quick of both tongue and wit. Grumbling, he left his corn. He doubted if he would ever understand why the Lord had put such powers of persuasion in the hands of women. "Why doesn't that scamp go back to war?" he complained.

Penelope smiled. "Perhaps he has pressing business here at home."

"And what could be more pressing than driving those infernal redcoats back where they belong?" (Continued on Page 47)

Illustrated by Morgan Kane

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Glens Falls, the author's home town, lies on a once-forested plateau at the foothills of the Adirondacks. Settled nearly two hundred years ago, it now has a population of 20,500.

The late Mrs. Thomas H. Foulds. Her bequest of $4,500,000 stunned officials of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and baffled her fellow townsmen.

MONEY Isn't Everything

People in Glens Falls, New York, enjoy being different, and the knack has made some of them rich enough to give away many millions of dollars.

By RALPH KNIGHT

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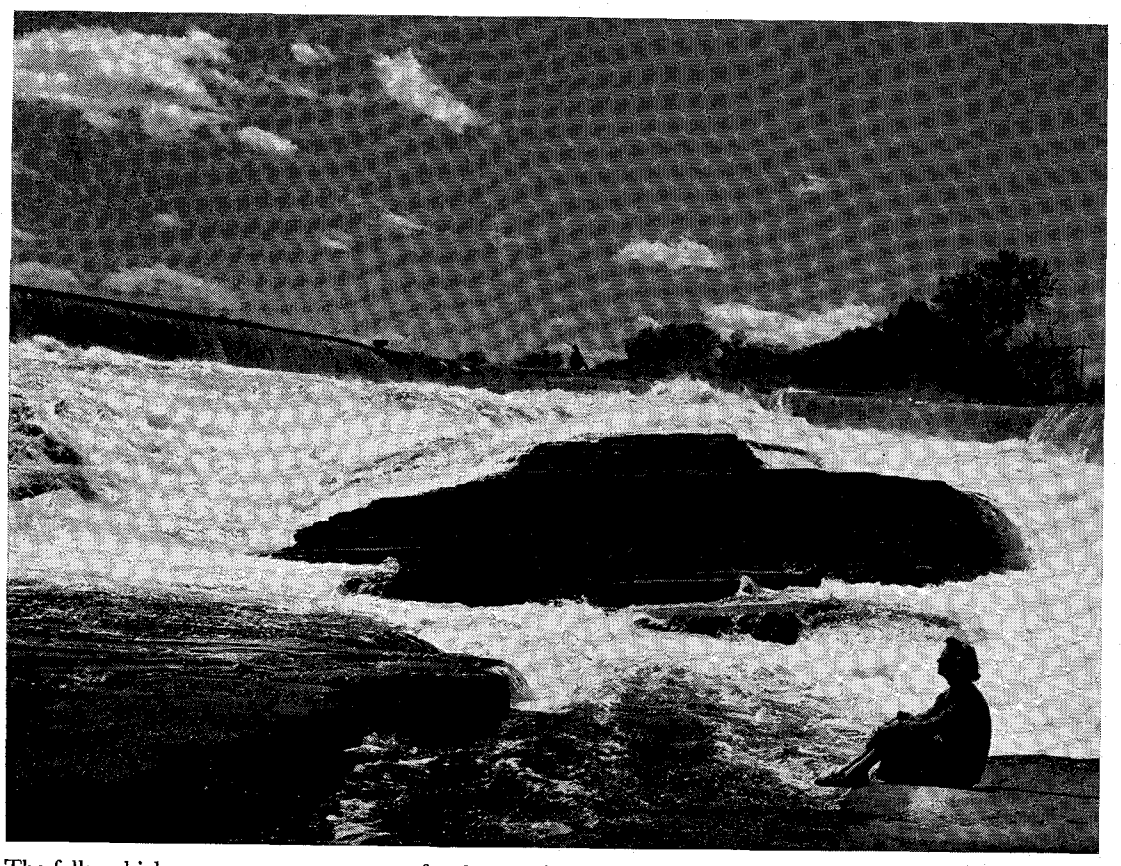


The falls, which serve as a power source for the town's paper and lumber industries, are two blocks from the business district. Cooper's Cave, immortalized in *The Last of the Mohicans*, is only a few yards farther downstream.

On the morning of last December fourth the storm doors of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art placidly opened as usual, and nothing unplacid happened until reporters began calling up and asking dumfounding questions.

They wanted to know all about the late Mrs. Thomas H. Foulds of Glens Falls, New York, whose will, just filed for probate, gave $4,500,000 to the Metropolitan, a sum which in art-museum circles comes close to belonging in the fairy-tale department. Why, asked the reporters, did this childless widow, whose hometown bequests totaled only $108,000 with nothing to individuals, give nearly her whole fortune to an art museum, although during her ninety-four years in Glens Falls she had publicly evinced no interest in art museums? When Metropolitan spokesmen gasped that this was the first they had heard about Mrs. Foulds' $4,500,000, and added that the incredible event had happened just as the museum was launching a drive for direly needed funds, the newsmen cheerfully got busy on a real good yarn.

Now then, Mrs. Foulds' home town is my native town, too, and when I, who don't live there now, discovered her front-paged in the New York papers, I reflected, *Sure, it's too bad all that money is running away from home, but it's about time our town was heard from again—I was afraid it was slipping*. Several years had passed since one of our young matrons went to Washington, staged a one-woman revolution within the Daughters of the American Revolution and gave the entire Continental Congress of that organization conniption fits.

In the shadow of the Adirondack Mountains, on the tableland above the cliffs that sweep down into Henry Hudson's ancient river, is a little city whose folk always have had a downright genius for doing unusual things in unusual ways. Often wonderfully creative, sometimes tomfoolish, the steady theme of their folkways is doing what comes differently, and their composite personality is altogether endearing. If Glens Falls were to be described in symphonic music, the key would have to be five sharps, alternating frequently with six flats—like a Wagnerian orchestration, incredibly and gloriously populated with incidentals. For other towns, just plain key of C.

Let's bring this to life with a few symbolic profiles of Glens Falls people, leaving until later a gentle study of the cryptic Mrs. Foulds. Indeed, we might begin with Mother Nature, who goes a bit haywire in my town and makes water flow downhill in two opposite directions.

Four thousand feet up on a shoulder of Mt. Marcy, one of the East's loftiest peaks, clings a pond the size of a few living rooms, called Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds. Here begins the Hudson River. Above the pond old, old trees are dwarfed to knee-height by the wind, and above the timber line climbs a bare-rock cone, from the apex of which unfolds a stunning spectacle of sky-tossed peaks, their flanks robed with forest, part of which became the wealth of Glens Falls. Relatively few people climb or in fact ever see these inner Adirondack ramparts—no roads, only rugged trails, and if you want food, you carry it on your back. Once when I was young I stood gloomily on the crest of Mt. Marcy in a frightful snowstorm in August. Never since that day, in any season, have I felt unduly warm.

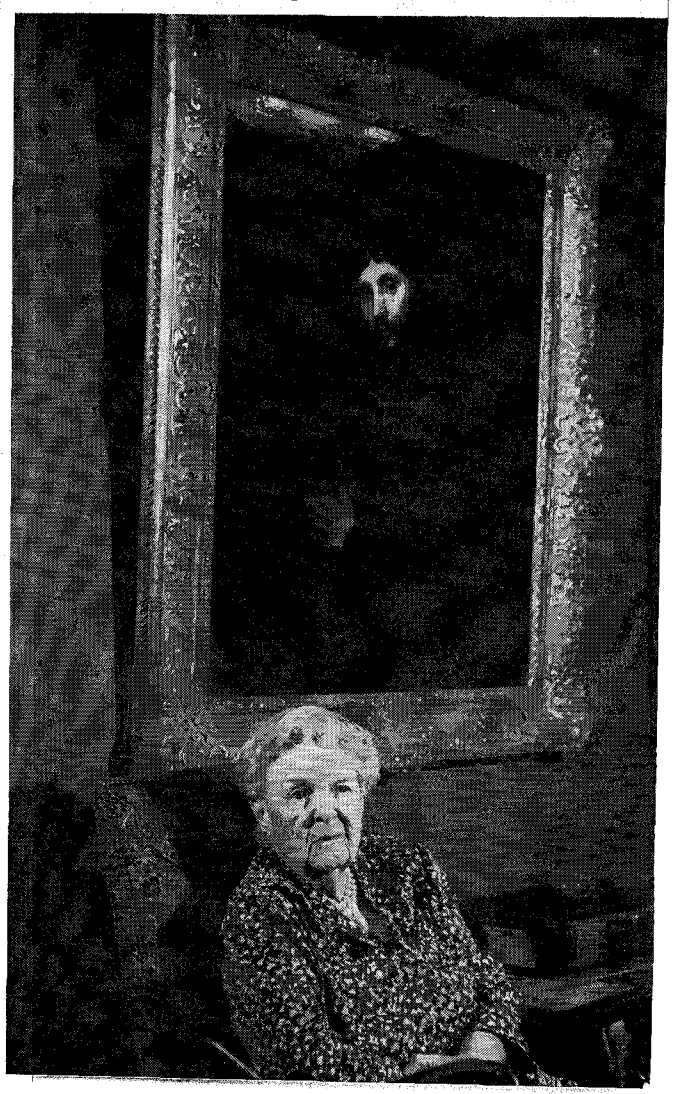
So the Hudson River flows south to New York Bay. But there is a stream called Halfway Brook which, having flowed south out of the hills, suddenly changes its mind at the Glens Falls city line twenty blocks from the Hudson and deposits its contents, via Lake Champlain, and the Richelieu and St. Lawrence rivers, into the Gulf of

(Continued on Page 107)

Little Leaguers at Crandall Park. The park's millionaire donor and his wife are buried at the foot of a monument near one of its baseball diamonds.

Evening portrait class in the court of Mrs. Louis F. Hyde's home. From her bedroom window above, she spends hours watching the students paint.

Below: Mrs. Hyde with Rembrandt's *Christ*, one of the two hundred masterpieces in her collection. On certain days her house is open as a free museum.



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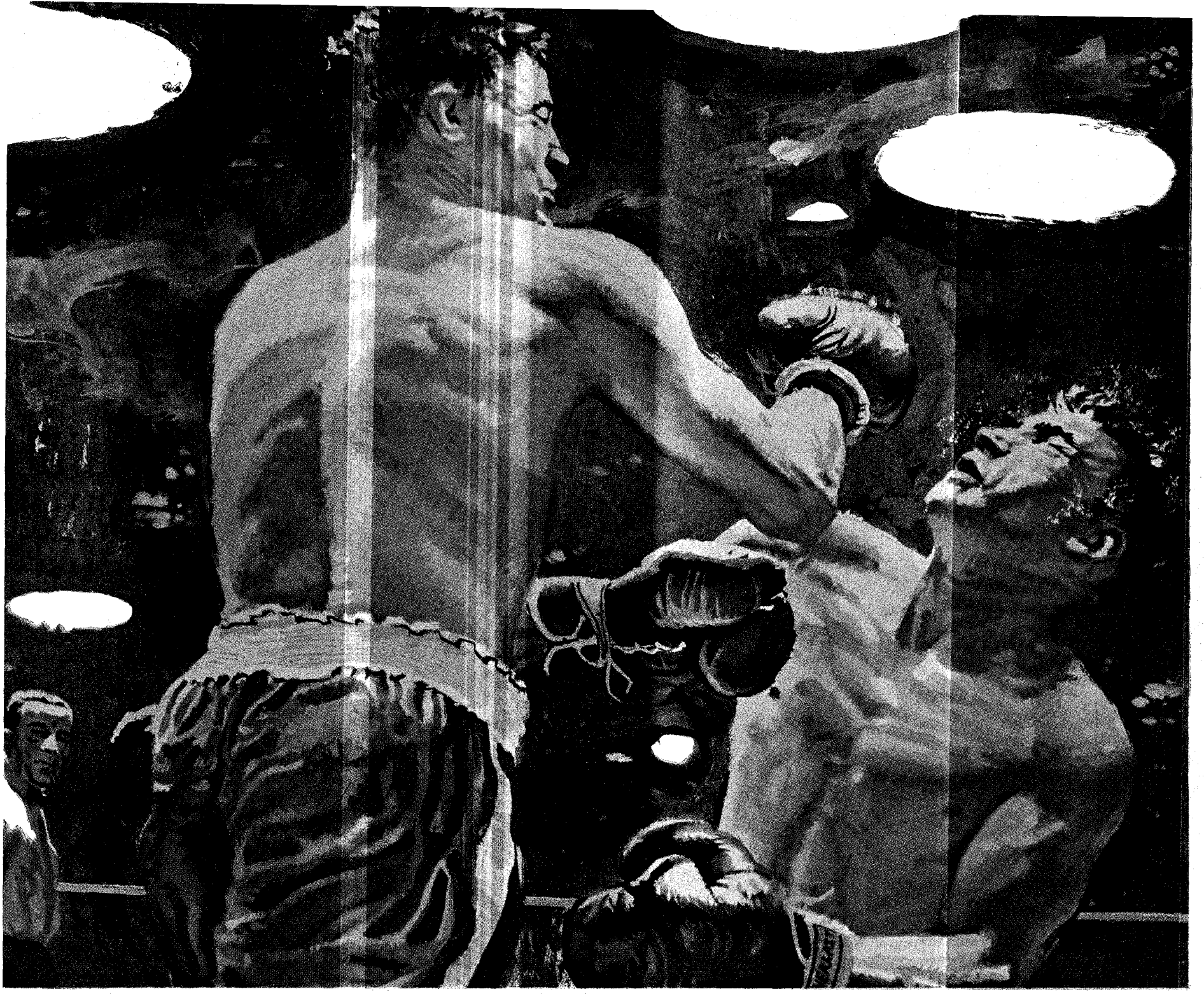

Otero hit Miller solidly with a right that shook him.

Payoff Bout

He turned down a bribe to throw the fight and now he was losing anyway.

By WILLIAM HOLDER

The High Hat Club was like any one of a hundred dressed-up gin mills Miller had been in around the country. Low ceilings with blue-mirrored walls and dim lighting, a small bandstand at one end and a bar at the other, and in between, room for maybe fifteen or twenty tables. Smoke filled the place. A piano, bass and clarinet on the stand were playing *Sweet Lorraine* softly, and they were good. A lot better than you would expect to find in a place like this. There were maybe twenty customers aside from the dozen or so at the bar.

"Who is this Newman?" Miller asked. They had driven into Oak City that afternoon, although the fight was a week away. "What does he want? And how come we meet him here?"

Fenton hitched his thin frame around in a chair. "He has a piece of Otero. He owns this joint. And what he wants I don't know. I can guess, but I don't know."

"You know him?"

"I met him a couple of times at Stillman's when Otero was workin' in New York."

The girl stepped up on the stand then, into the light of a soft spot. There was some scattered applause and she smiled and nodded as it died. The piano introduced *Faraway Blues*, and the bass and clarinet came into it softly behind the girl. She was all right. Not good, but good enough for here. Her voice was a real nothing. It was thin and had no body. But her phrasing was professional, and she used the nothing voice with a knowing caution, and that and her looks got her by. She was slim, and rich brown hair fell to fine shoulders, and in the dim light her features seemed regular and pleasant.

She sang *Miss Me?* and *That Lovely Rainy Day* and *Over the Next Hill*, and she sang them adequately—for a place like this.

Fenton said, "That's pretty fancy stuff," and Miller

(Continued on Page 72)

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Dietzel with representatives of his three platoons: John Langdon (53), "Chinese Bandit" (defensive) center; Don Purvis (23), "Go Team" (offensive) halfback; and Warren Rabb, "White Team" (starting) quarterback.

By FRED RUSSELL

The Coach Is a Nonconformist

Paul Dietzel, courtly coach of L.S.U.'s college champions, uses tactics his opponents wouldn't dare attempt. Can he make his unorthodox methods pay off again this year?

A letter addressed simply to "Chinese Bandits" wouldn't stump the post office at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Almost routinely it would land in Box 14566, rented by coach Paul Dietzel of Louisiana State University for his football mail. This includes letters from fans, applications from prospective athletes and, most gratifyingly, orders for a new book in which he reveals his trade secrets.

There is no secret, however, about Dietzel's most striking innovation at L.S.U. This is his three-platoon system, of which the Chinese Bandits are an interesting part. In winning the national college championship and coach-of-the-year honors last season, Dietzel pioneered a policy of building his team around not eleven, not twenty-two, but thirty-three players.

Under Dietzel's system the starting unit plays an average of only thirty-five minutes a game. It is called the "White" team, for no particular reason other than that L.S.U., although the school colors are purple and gold, always puts white jerseys on its football varsity. Composed of the eleven men who are rated the top all-around performers at their positions, the White team plays both offense and defense.

The two other platoons operate on a one-way basis. They are the "Go" team, consisting of the best offensive players from the remainder of the squad, and the Chinese Bandits, made up of the best defensive players. Midway in the first quarter of each game Dietzel substitutes one platoon or the other, depending upon whether L.S.U. has the ball. Through subsequent rotation the Go boys and the Bandits get to play an average of twelve or thirteen minutes each. (Continued on Page 89)

Sugar Bowl, 1959: Billy Cannon (No. 20), L.S.U.'s All-American halfback, cracks the Clemson line. L.S.U. won, 7–0.

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It All Started With ELVIS

Most of today's best-selling records are made by groaning, shrieking, hiccuping young performers nobody ever heard of a month or two ago. Here's what it takes to produce this kind of hit.

By Ren Grevatt and Merrill Pollack

Up until a few years ago there was a fairly orderly sequence that took place in the launching of a new "pop" record. Everything was done big. Whenever one of the major recording companies came across a catchy tune, the company assigned it to a big-name singer, backed him up with a big-name band, then unleashed a barrage of publicity. Some of the platters launched under this formula died a-borning, but many of them boomed up to the top of the popularity charts, and everybody made big money. There were always a few freak hits around, of course—songs done by unknowns from nowhere, produced by small-time record companies—but nobody worried. Week after week, 70 to 80 per cent of the top pop tunes were produced according to the formula of bigness.

Today the popular-record business has gone topsy-turvy, and the $150,000,000-a-year single-disc field—specifically the 45 r.p.m. discs that sell for an average of ninety-eight cents—is dominated by the smalls and the unknowns.

Nobody is quite sure where or how the record revolution started, but some of the most

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knowledgeable men in the field agree it may have been on a hot day in 1953 when a slim high-school boy, with his hair nearly down to his shoulders, fidgeted with a beat-up guitar below the windows of the newly opened Sun Recording Studios in Memphis, Tennessee. The boy, who had taken time off from his after-school job at the Crown Electric Company, spent an hour of indecision out on the sidewalk before he got his courage up and walked one flight up to the small one-room studio. He looked nervously at the equipment, a tape recorder, a microphone and a tiny, glass-enclosed control booth. When Sam Phillips, the swarthy, genial, thirty-year-old owner of this modest establishment, approached, the boy gulped and said, "Please, mister, I'd like to make a record for my mother."

"Sure, buddy, just relax and we'll give it a try," Phillips said encouragingly.

After the boy got over his jitters, Phillips made a few tapes of him singing ballads. Normally, that would have been the end of it; Phillips would have collected his three-dollar fee for the record and said good-by to his customer. But, although the boy wasn't very good, Phillips said, "I like what I hear, son; you'll be hearing from me." Phillips wasn't soft-soaping the boy. His reaction, as he remembers it, was that the boy "was just a raw kid with no training, but he had an interesting sound. He was a white boy, but he was singing like a Negro."

The young man's name was Elvis Presley. His savage, excited delivery haunted Phillips, who had spent several years traveling the back roads of the South, making tape recordings of Negro rhythm-and-blues singers. He had made discs of some of these songs and had picked up some money now (Continued on Page 92)

Baton Rouge, La.: Singer John Fred (signing platters) scored a hit with *Shirley*, which he made on the Montel label, put out by twenty-two-year-old record dealer Sam Montalbano (at far left).

Disc jockey Alan Freed, shown here being mobbed by his admirers outside a New York TV studio, coined the term "rock and roll" seven years ago.

The late Buddy Holly (right) belonged to the "hiccup school" of singing. At the time he was killed in a plane crash last February, 6,000,000 of his records had been sold.

Among the most successful tunesmiths are Jerry Lieber (right) and Mike Stoller (with goatee), who wrote *Hound Dog*, one of Elvis's biggest hits. Seated is pop singer Johnny Mathis.

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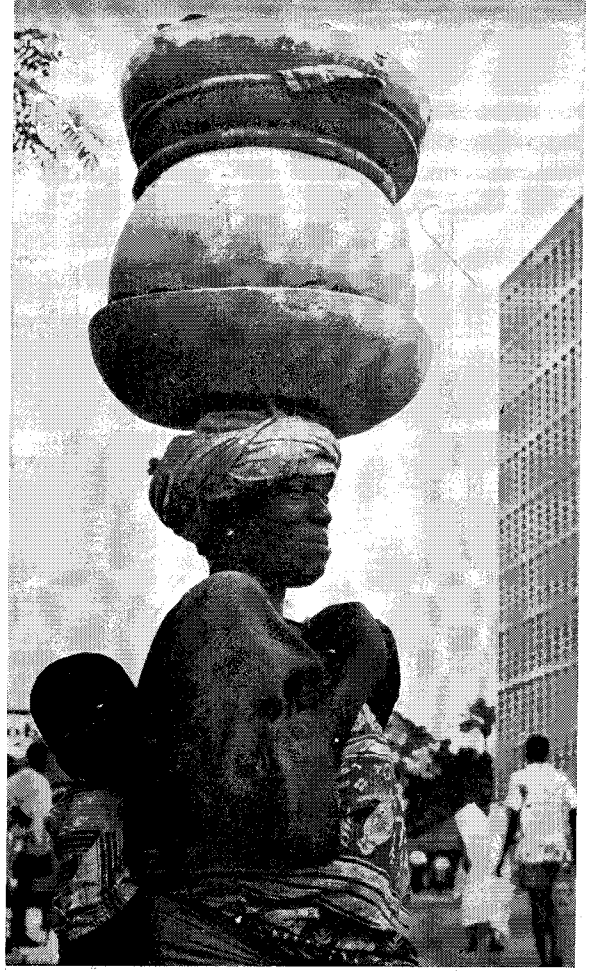
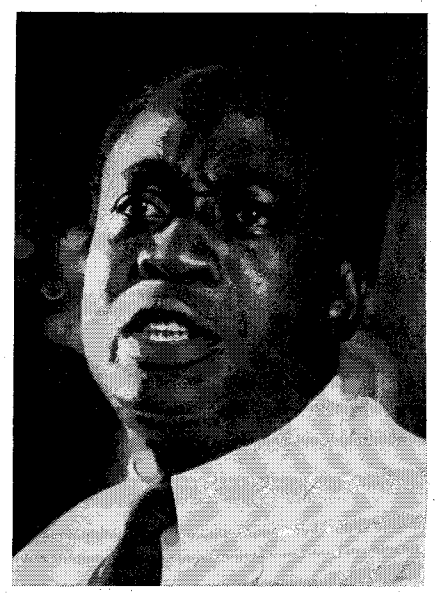


Left: Ibadan, West Nigeria. Even in the most modern cities of "new Africa," says the author, civilization is just a thin veneer.

Can We Keep Africa Free?

The Dark Continent's newly independent nations may become sitting ducks for the Communists, the author says, unless we give them massive technical, educational and administrative help.



Kwame Nkrumah, premier of Ghana, who "has to run not only his own party but the opposition party as well."

By
ALFRED
FRIENDLY

"I won't sit here doing nothing and see my prime minister be assassinated. I'm not going to wait for them to come and murder our leaders. I'm not going to let them kill me."

The speaker, a cabinet minister in Ghana, had worked himself up to a fine frenzy. He was close to tears, his voice was choked, and he banged his fist on the desk. It seemed to me entirely too hot a day and too innocent an issue for anyone to have reached such an emotional pitch.

Up to that point nobody had suggested killing anyone. I had merely observed in an interview with the gentleman—one of Ghana's foremost politicians and one of Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah's most devoted followers—that what his government was proposing to do about some university students seemed a bit severe.

The boys, meeting a few days before in a student organization, had adopted a number of resolutions. Most of them were perfectly innocuous, but one of them had deplored Ghana's current wave of deportations and its new law permitting the government to imprison whomever it chose for five to ten years without trial. "Preventive detention" was the term for it.

The government was planning to respond to the students' relatively mild demurrer by withdrawing the scholarships of those involved. Since almost all the students at Ghana's fine new University College are dependent on government bursaries, the proposed cancellation of the grants would mean, in actual fact, the ousting of the youngsters and the end of their studies. (Continued on Page 112)

January, 1959: Anti-European riots in Léopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo. Forty-seven Africans were slain in this outbreak.

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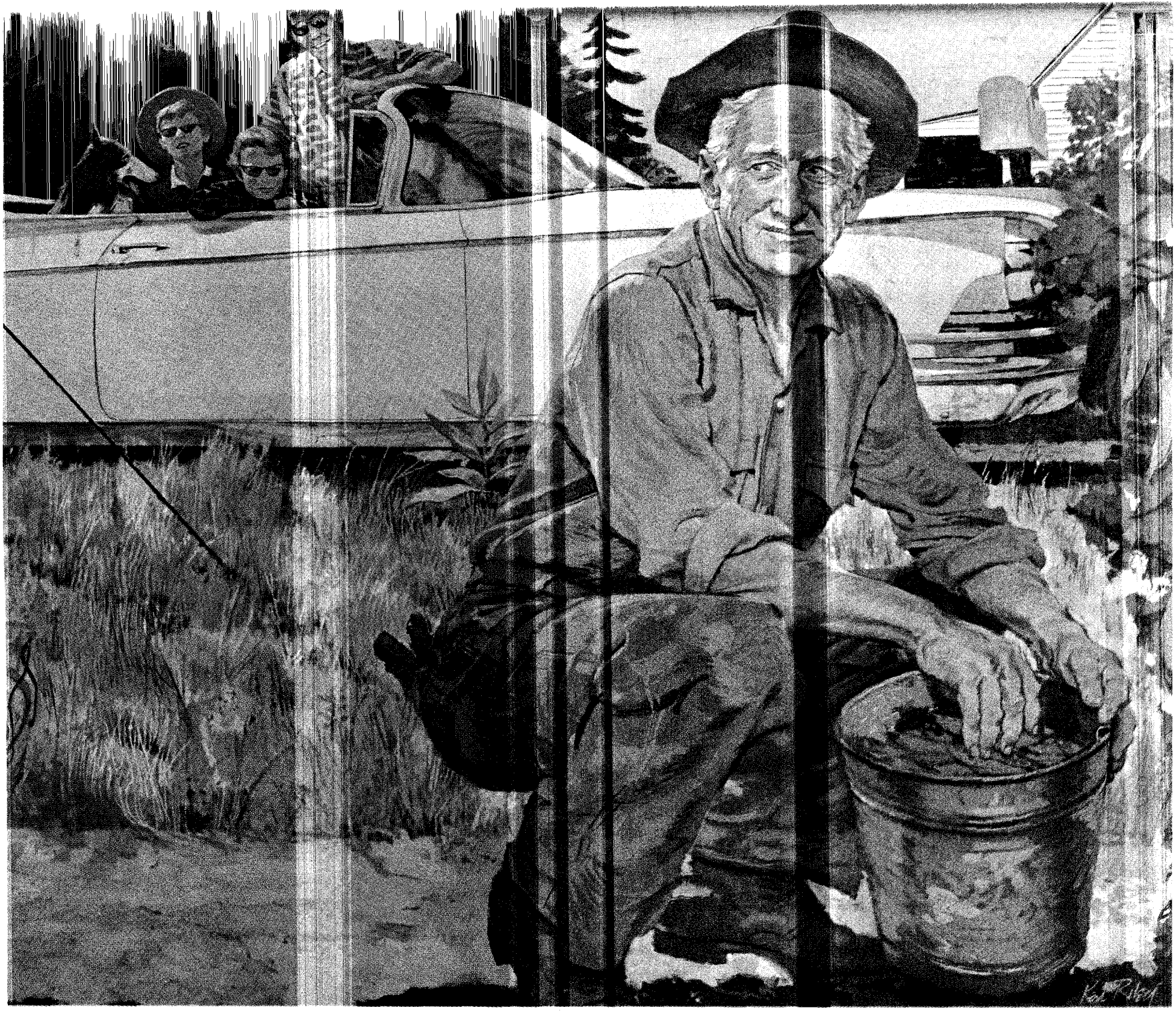

"There are still some people in the state of Maine who are not servants of you tourists," Edward said.

NOT FOR SALE

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

Why do some city people always think they can buy anything they want?

He was out in the July Maine morning secretly saying good-by to his peas. The time to say it was the picking. The picking was not the last of them, of course, for the freezer would have its north end packed with little, blue, pint-sized cardboard tubs all labeled PEAS, 1959, in Mary's, his wife's, precise, penciled handwriting, and the two of them would have them stewed once a week for another year. "The green vegetable," Mary called them, along with the green snap beans and the Limas and the broccoli they were buying now already frozen from the white enameled lockers in the town store. Mary liked the "green vegetable" for some strange color scheme she had that insisted a meal could not taste good if it was all white or all brown. But in their little waxed tubs they had stopped being what he thought of as his peas, something he loved. They could have been anybody's. They, too, could have come from the store.

But these beautiful, alive things—the perfect, mature vines with the dew on them—were his. The time to bid them farewell was now. He had come to the end of his tether. You get to be eighty years old, and it is time to retire completely. A businessman retires and they give him a farewell party and somebody gives him a watch he can hold when he has his picture taken for the newspaper. A farmer-gardener never seems to have a sharp-off, full-stop time like that. You sort of erode down slow on time's grindstone. First the hayin' gets to be too much and that means the cattle have to go. You get down to one cow, and then even she gets to be too much, like the (Continued on Page 58)

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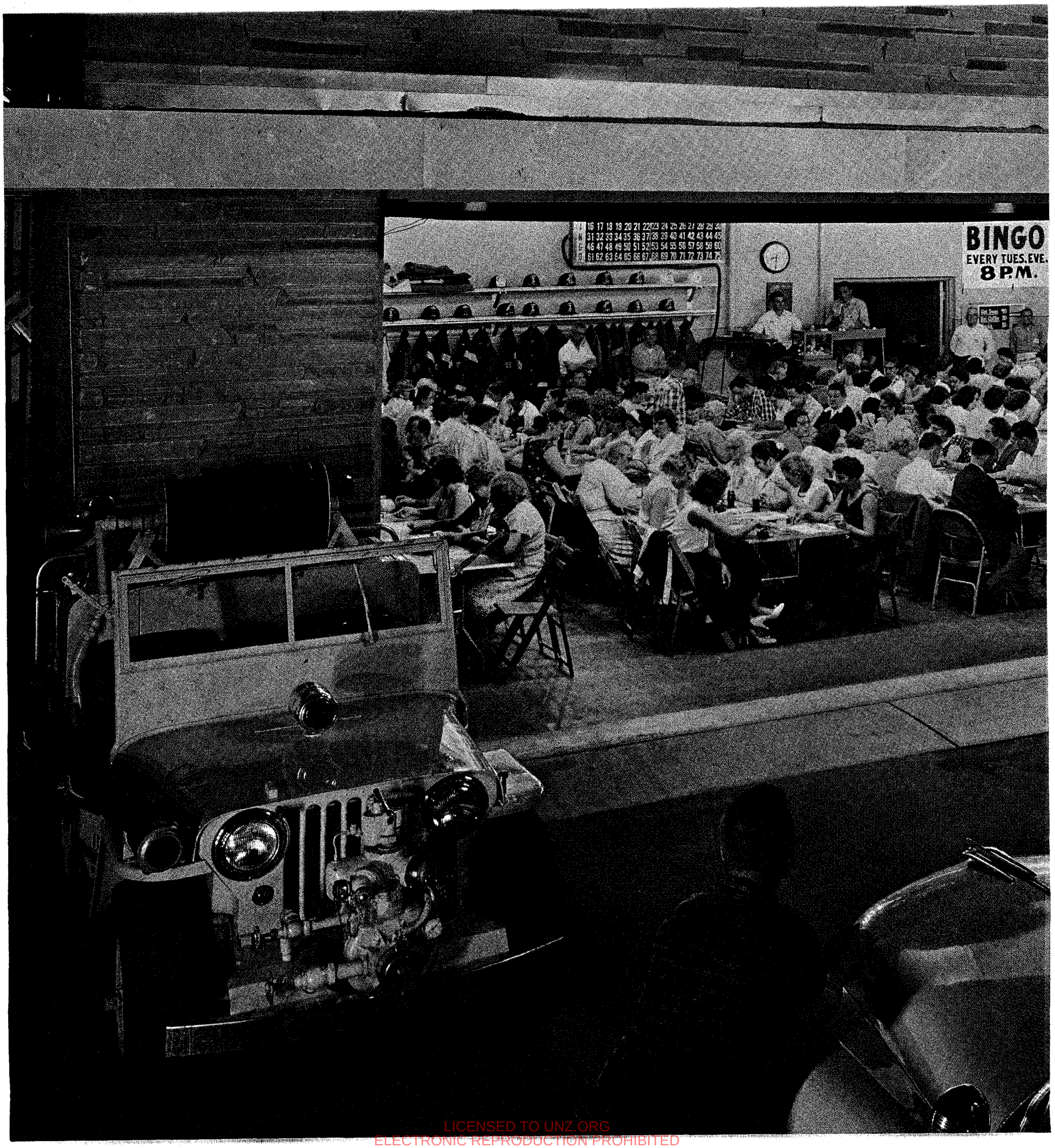
The Face of AMERICA

BINGO!



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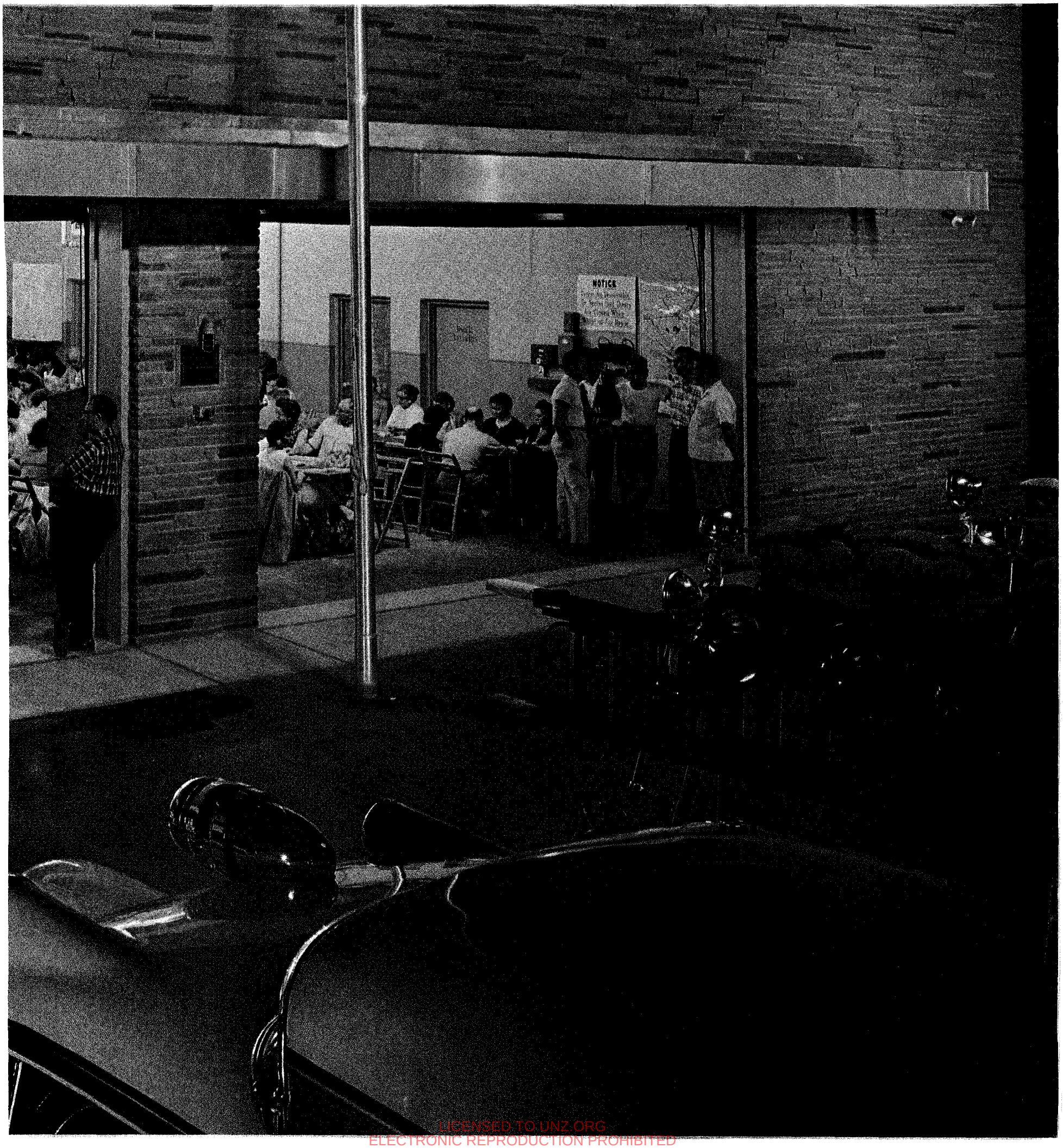
It has been called "keno" (in frontier gambling halls), "screeno" (on bank night at the neighborhood theater) and "beano." Its most common name, "bingo," was coined by a toy salesman in 1929, and bingo has been coining money for sweet charity ever since. Organized bingo thrives today in church auditoriums, on military installations and at carnivals—even though it is illegal in most states. Robert Meyner's probingo plank was a real factor in his successful bid for the governorship of New Jersey in 1953. That same year in New York, Governor Dewey vetoed a bingo bill—but the voters soon overruled him. Today, bingo fans in the Albany-Schenectady area are able to get a little action at the weekly game run by the Village of Colonie Volunteer Fire Department (below). Some 300 players spend more than two dollars each for a little excitement and a chance at cash prizes of up to $125. The net "take" buys improvements for the fire company and rescue squad. The most avid fans are the matrons of the community. They stop playing when a fire or ambulance siren sounds, but as the wail diminishes, the game resumes in earnest. Down-state, in a place called Brooklyn, the girls take their bingo even more seriously: Last year 1500 players were involved in a near riot at a hospital-benefit affair when they suspected that No. 36 was missing from the number scrambler.

● Photograph by George Burns



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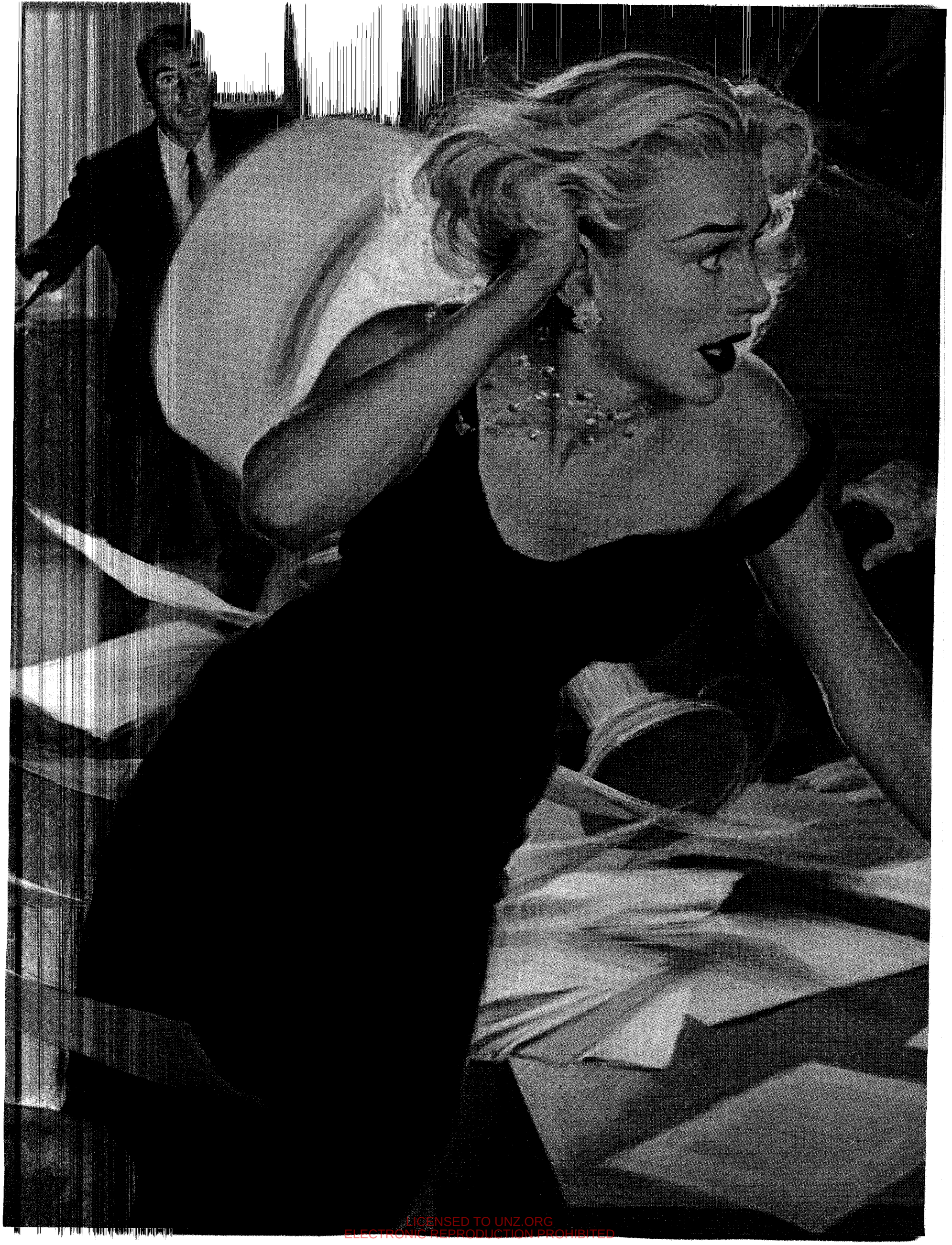

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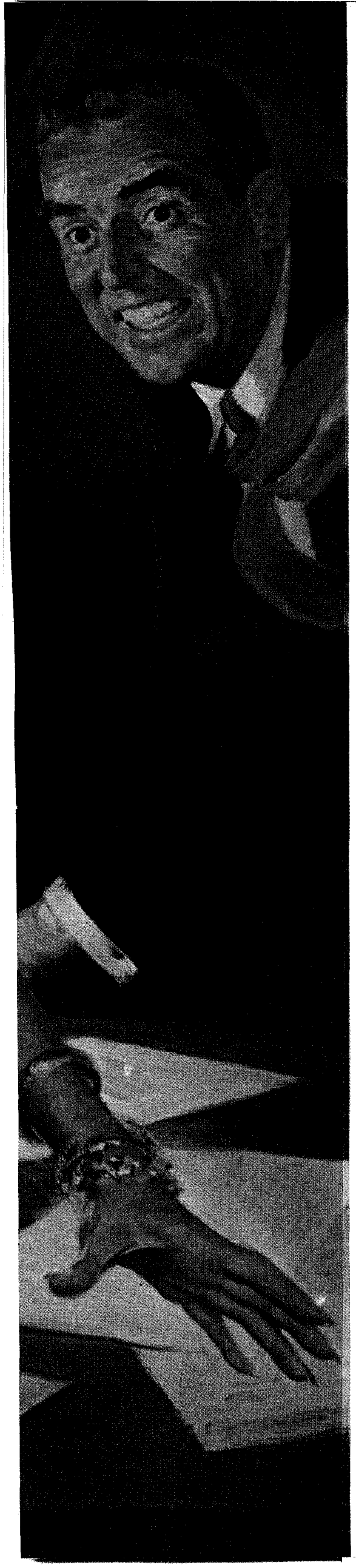

THE COLD-WAR BLONDE

She risked her honor for her country, and her methods were most unusual. . . .

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The mayor of South Brookbury was really behaving herself very well, thought Meredith Manners, steering her expertly across the crowded room. Maybe with a little more polishing he could begin to think of her in the role of a future ambassador's wife without getting the shakes.

Of course she still needed to be toned down a trifle. Her ash-blond hair was conspicuous enough without tilting a ridiculous little chip of ice-blue sequins over one eye. And for a woman of her age—thirty-five if she was a day—a perfect Size Ten figure might be very pleasing, but hardly required the accentuation of what she called a "basic black dress" which somehow subtly suggested that there was nothing at all underneath it.

Not quite what Meredith Manners would have chosen for a United Nations reception—but after all, these were just details. A smart husband could iron out such little wrinkles as he went along, with patience and tactful guidance. What really warmed his heart with the sunshine of hope renewed was the fact that so far this afternoon the mayor had shown no sign of her addiction to what she called "the direct approach." This took the form of suddenly hurling a "simple" solution of some complex problem into the teeth of a man who'd been working on that problem for the past ten years.

But this afternoon she'd been wonderful. Just wonderful. She hadn't even murmured the word Kashmir to the Indian delegate or the Pakistani ambassador; she had not suggested a means for simplifying the French constitution to Monsieur Hoppenot, nor had she taken the South African to task for the racial policies of his government; and despite the fact that this particular reception was in honor of the delegates to the newly convened Conference on the Peaceful Exploration of Outer Space, she hadn't so much as said "A-bomb," "H-bomb" or "ballistic missile."

Manners edged happily though warily toward the brink of decision. After all, he had nursed this consuming passion for four years. *Perhaps—yes, why not tonight? We will dine at Cavaignac's—just the right atmosphere—and afterward* ——

"Isn't that the Soviet delegate who made the stupid speech this afternoon, Merry?" asked the mayor of South Brookbury suddenly.

She was looking across the room toward the bar, against which a large square-faced man, flanked by two other large square-faced men whose clothes didn't fit as well as his did, was trapped by a semicircle of eager questioners. Manners recognized the lean hawk profile of Kelsey Kyger among the clamoring pack at the bar. The secretary himself was said to read Kyger's articles in the New York Clarion with careful attention. So did the mayor—treasured every Kyger word. Manners answered her question with diversionary tactics in mind.

"Yes," he said, "that's Zaspurov, all right. But I didn't know you'd listened to the opening speeches of the session, Elinor?"

"Heard that one on the radio," the mayor informed him. "Can't say I thought much of it, despite the phony Cambridge accent. Talked for an hour and never said a thing. What's he here for, anyway?"

"To say nothing for his government, I suppose," grinned Manners. "Mr. Zaspurov is the Soviet minister for scientific development. Proper window dressing for this conference. Naturally, in the closed sessions, with scientists from all over the free world, he might very well pick up a few useful little items that he can turn to account when he gets home."

"Oh," said the mayor of South Brookbury. Her blue eyes blinked delightfully. "So he really is a scientist?"

(Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Robert G. Harris

On the other side of the desk, ready to vault over it, crouched Zaspurov.

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Art and Life

By SIR HERBERT READ

There is an early story of Tolstoi's, which has always seemed to me to have a fundamental bearing on the relation of the creative activities we call "art" to the destructive forces we call "crime." Tolstoi describes a walk he took with three boys from the school on his estate. Their imaginations had been excited by a classroom reading of a violent story by Gogol. It was a moonless winter night with snow on the ground and clouds in the sky. In a spirit of daring the boys wanted to go into the woods where wolves roamed, but, being too afraid, they skirted round them, and began to talk about Caucasian robbers. Tolstoi told them tales about the Cossack braves he had known when he was a soldier; of one who, surrounded by his enemies, broke out into song and threw himself on his dagger.

The children were struck by the idea of a man singing in the face of death. But their appetite for horrors was not satisfied. So Tolstoi went on to recount the gruesome murder of his aunt, whose throat was cut by robbers. Fédka, a boy of ten "with a tender, receptive, poetic yet daring nature," suddenly asked: "Why does one learn singing? I often think, why, really, does one?"

Tolstoi comments: "What made him jump from the terror of the murder to this question, heaven only knows; yet by the tone of his voice, the seriousness with which he demanded an answer, and the attentive silence of the other two, one felt there was some vital and legitimate connection between this question and our preceding talk. Whether the connection lay in some response to my suggestion that crime might be explained by lack of education (I had spoken of that), or whether he was testing himself—transferring himself into the mind of the murderer and remembering his own favorite occupation (he has a wonderful voice and immense musical talent), or whether the connection lay in the fact that he felt that now was the time for sincere conversation, and all the problems demanding solution rose in his mind—at any rate his question surprised none of us.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

About the Author

Sir Herbert Read, essayist, editor, critic and poet, has devoted the past twenty-five years of his life to what he calls the administration of the arts. After serving as an infantry officer of the Yorkshire Regiment in the First World War, Sir Herbert joined the staff of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and later became Professor of Fine Art at Edinburgh University in Scotland. He has been a frequent visitor to the United States. In recent years Sir Herbert has taught at Harvard University and lectured at the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

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The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

I'm absolutely certain she's the girl," Jerome Henley told Perry Mason and Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide. Henley was convinced he was looking at Mason's client, Arlene Ferris, who was involved in the murder of Loring Lamont, a wealthy young man with a reputation as a "wolf."

Actually Henley was looking at Madge Elwood, with whom Arlene was in hiding. Mason confronted Henley with Madge in the hope of casting doubt on Henley's credibility as a witness. Henley, a hi-fi-store owner, and Tom Grimes, a guard at the Lamont plant, were the only two people who could identify Arlene as the girl in Loring Lamont's car the night he was murdered.

Later, when Perry learned the police had picked up Arlene, he went to the scene of the murder. There, Sadie Richmond, the cleaning woman, realized he was doing more than merely familiarizing himself with the surroundings, and she insisted he leave—but not before Mason discovered a check stub in Lamont's desk bearing the strange initials, "O.K."

IV

Mason sat in the conference room reserved for attorneys and regarded Arlene Ferris thoughtfully. "Now you've told me everything?" he asked.

"Every single blessed thing," she said.

Mason said, "They're filing charges against you. They seem to be very confident. I'm satisfied they have some hidden evidence that I don't know anything about."

"Well, I don't know what it could be. I didn't kill him, I know that."

"Did you tell your story to police?" Mason asked.

"I did. I probably shouldn't have, but this Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide was so nice and fatherly, and he wanted me to explain if I could."

"Yes, I know," Mason said. "That's part of the police technique. And you told him everything?"

"Everything."

Mason frowned thoughtfully. "Now look," he said, "we'll be in court within a few days on a preliminary hearing. The purpose of that hearing is to find out if there's sufficient cause to hold you on a criminal charge. But we have the right to ask questions and we have the right to call witnesses. It usually doesn't do any good to call witnesses, but it does give us an opportunity to size up the prosecution's case.

"There are certain things that we know happened. Loring Lamont must have walked back to the lodge, and he must have eaten the ham and eggs almost immediately."

"Why do you say almost immediately?"

"Because," Mason said, "cold ham and eggs wouldn't be very palatable. Now, you're certain there were two plates of ham and eggs?"

"Yes. I had just placed the eggs on the plates."

"Then someone was there to eat that other plate of ham and eggs and some of the biscuits," Mason said. "Now, that someone must have been there within a matter of minutes of the time you left. How many cars did you meet on the road?"

"Not a one, at least not until after I had left the dirt road and reached the graveled road. I don't remember meeting a soul."

Mason frowned thoughtfully. After a moment, he said, "Now, as you tell the story, there was a remarkable change in his tactics after he got that last telephone call. He was playing it for a long, cozy evening prior to that time, then suddenly he got rough."

"I'll say he did!"

"Something in that conversation changed his entire plan of operation," Mason said. "He knew he had to speed up his approach. Someone was coming. Was there any clue as to who it was?"

She shook her head. "I didn't pay too much attention to the conversation. He wasn't doing much talking—at least until after he left the one telephone and went back to the extension line."

"He was doing some talking, all right," Mason said. "The fact that he went to the extension line indicates that he was going to say something that he didn't want you to hear. What did he say when he picked up the telephone? Wasn't there anything that would give you a clue as to the person he was talking with?"

Mason came bolt upright. "Wait a minute!" he snapped. "Try and remember just what he said about O.K."

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Only a man with something to hide would begin issuing threats.

She shook her head.

"You don't know whether it was a man or a woman from the nature of the conversation, from what he said?"

"No, I don't—he seemed to be agreeing with this person, though. It wasn't anyone he was arguing with."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, I remember he kept saying, 'O.K.' He said something about ——"

Mason came bolt upright. "Wait a minute!" he snapped. "Try and remember just what he said about O.K."

"Well, he said, 'Hello,' and then later on he said, 'Hi.' You know, the way you would talk to someone you knew intimately, and then he said something about 'O.K.,' and I think he said, 'All right,' or something. I just can't remember, Mr. Mason, but I do remember he said, 'O.K.' and I think at one time he said, 'All right, O.K.' I remember it sounded just a little strange for him to agree twice."

"Then O.K. could have been his nickname for the person he was talking with," Mason said excitedly. "Someone whose initials were O.K."

"Yes, that would have accounted for it."

"All right," Mason said. "Don't say anything about this to anyone. Keep a stiff upper lip, and we'll do the best we can. Just keep quiet from now on."

Mason got to his feet.

"I wish I could have remembered a little more, Mr. Mason. I—well, I have always been trained not to listen in on other people's conversations—you know how it is."

"I know," Mason said. "Don't worry about it. I'll do the worrying from now on. I probably won't get to see you again until after you're brought into court. Just sit tight."

Mason left the visiting room and hurried to his office.

"Anything new?" Della Street asked.

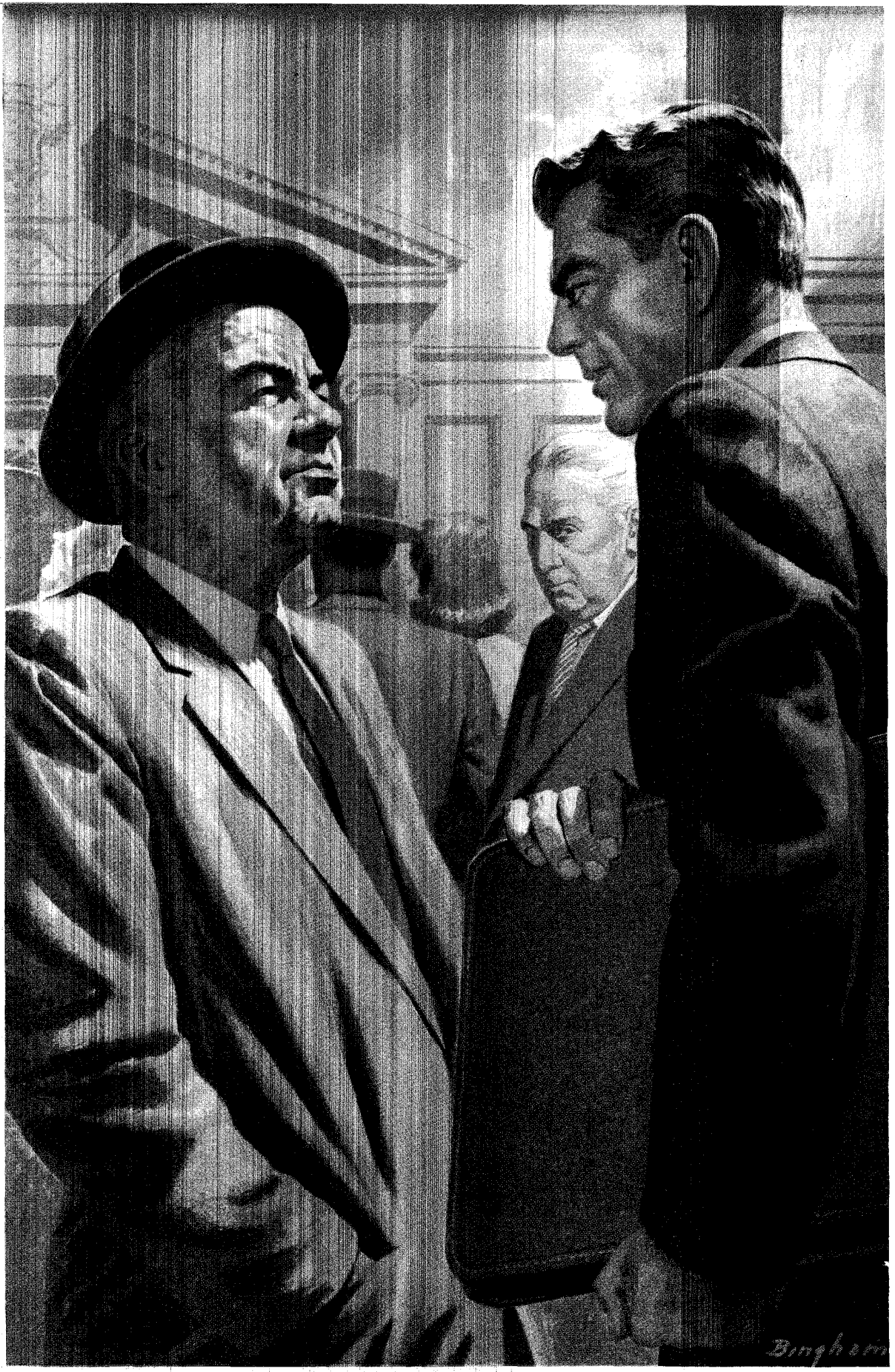
"Lots," Mason said. "I want to find out about Orval Kingman. Have we heard anything from Paul?"

"Not yet. He said —— Here he is now," she said, as Drake's code knock sounded on the locked exit door of Mason's office.

"All right, Paul," Mason said as Della opened the door, "I've got something for you. This check that was made to 'O.K.' may be damned important. 'O.K.' may not mean what we think it means. It may be the initials of the person to whom the check was payable. Now there's one check to Orval Kingman and ——"

"I've got the dope on Orval Kingman," Drake said. "He's a bookie."

Illustrated by James Bingham



"In my business," Kingman told Mason, "a man keeps an eye on his back trail."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"A high-class bookie," Drake said, "and I wouldn't be too surprised if Loring Lamont didn't give him quite a bit of business."

"Wait a minute," Della Street said, opening her notebook. "We've got one more O.K."

"What do you mean?" Mason asked.

"Otto Keswick, the gardener who takes care of the yard."

Mason became suddenly thoughtful. "Darned if we haven't," he said. "What do you know about Otto Keswick, Drake?"

"I have a report on him," Drake said. "I haven't met him. I can tell you one thing about him—he's a parolee."

"The devil!" Mason said. "What was he in for?"

"Blackmail," Drake said.

Mason turned to Della Street. "Get those films of the

(Continued on Page 96)

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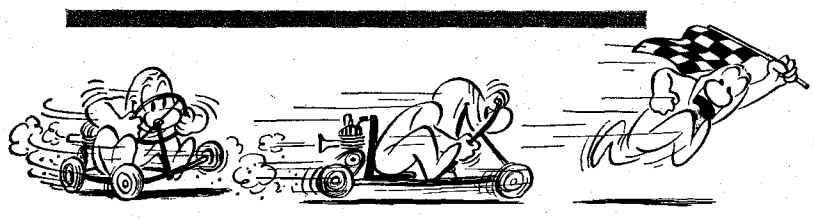
Post Scripts



Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"John, dear, I was telling the filling-station man today about that thirty-eight-pound salmon you caught on our fishing trip, and do you know what? He said exactly what you said—just the memory of catching a beauty like that would last a man a lifetime!

"You know, honey, I almost wish you hadn't insisted we stop at that place on the way in from the river to have that salmon cut up and frozen and everything, because it looked so pretty! But you were right, of course. It had to be done sometime.

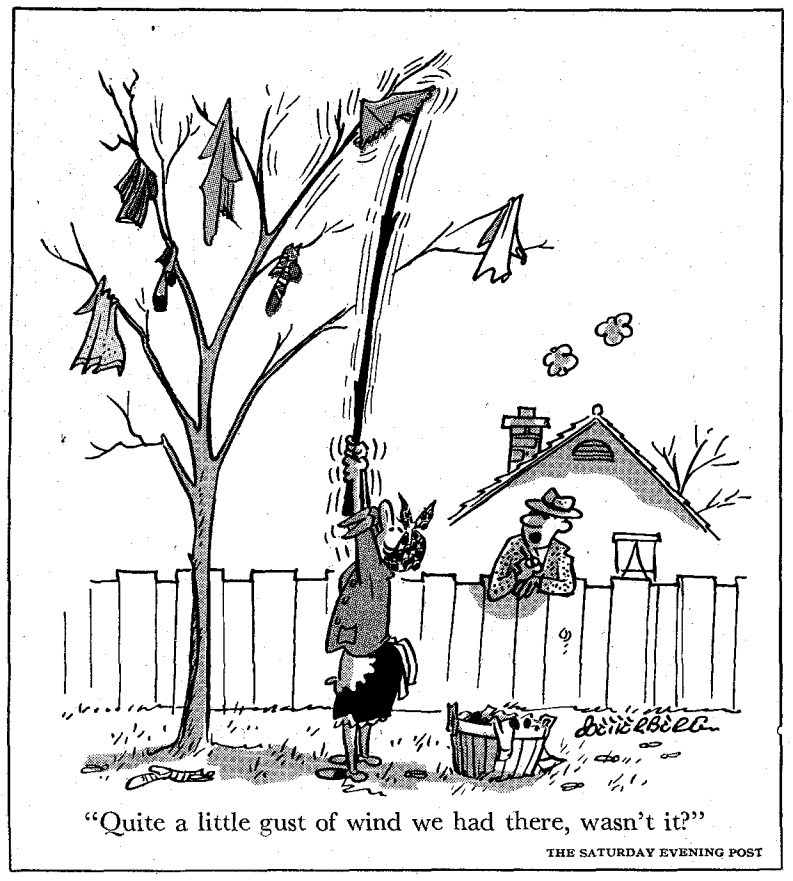
"John, you know what I did today? The electric mixer wouldn't work and I fiddled with it for half an hour before I found it wasn't plugged in! Honestly, it's like you said on our honeymoon—when it comes to anything mechanical, I'm just the helpless type that needs a man around!

"Sweetheart, I've been thinking you're absolutely right—that ratty old m—— I mean, that wonderful big moose head you've got in the attic would look a lot better over the fireplace than my pewter collection, and I think we ought to put it up right now!

And the fast break:

". . . and today when I picked up that roll of pictures I took of you holding the salmon, the man said I hadn't pressed the little button that makes the film unroll or something, and ——"

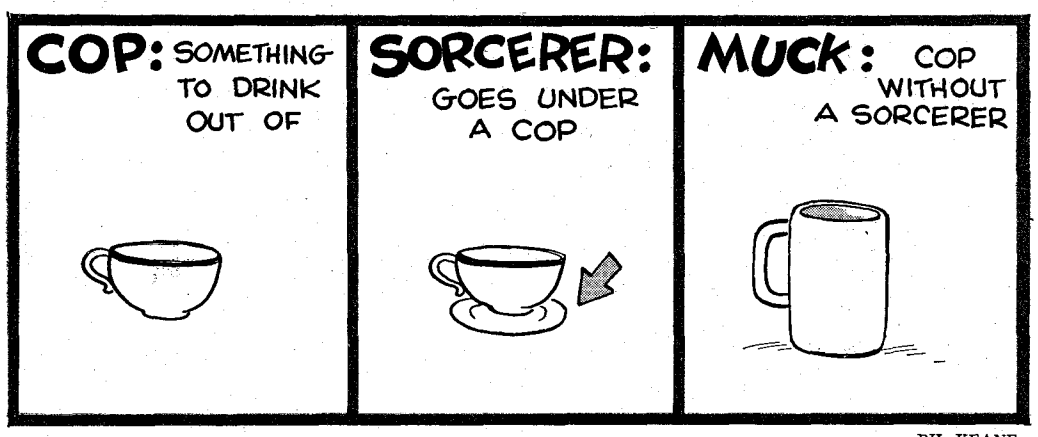
PEG BRACKEN



"Quite a little gust of wind we had there, wasn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

Club Newsletter Excerpts

(or, I don't pay my dues, and they still won't drop me!)

. . . hospitality committee is doing an outstanding job. At the last meeting, wearing their new "jolly-friendship" caps, and greeting new members with warm, spirited handshakes, were Florence Gatsby, Winona Parkinson, Maude ——

. . . feel that each and every member should really get into the spirit of the thing this year by getting out and patronizing these special workshops, the first of which will be held next ——

. . . and, in the event you're not being contacted by a member of the newsletter committee, we hope you'll drop us a post card from time to time telling us anything about yourself that you feel is really newsworthy, because ——

. . . for Larry Carstairs, who's hard at work on the skits for this year's banquet entertainment. What will the skits be about? Well, Larry explains that the entertainment is a deep, dark secret, and about the only clue he'll give is ——

. . . urge all members to circle that date on their calendars, because, unlike other panel discussions ——

. . . Cora Pillsbury, our archivist, reports that she is missing a 1931 membership roster, a 1934 banquet program and an October, 1942, newsletter. If any member has in his possession ——

. . . vote of thanks. Also a vote of thanks to ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

Later Than You'd Think

We're all out of gossip; we're all out of news,
  In fact, we're repeating a bit;
We're all out of reasons to stir or enthuse,
  There isn't much left, I'll admit.
The snacks have all vanished; the cube trays
  are bare,
  As our half-empty icebox attests;
All frolic and cheer have dissolved in thin air——
  Yes, everything's gone—but our guests.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Vacation Footnote

438 Poplar Drive
Ridgewood, Colo.
September 1, 1959

Manager
Lazy-U Motel
Sea View, California

Dear Sir: Our family recently spent the night of August 28th at your motel, and I wonder if you would be so kind as to do us a favor.

If you recall, we left rather hurriedly last Saturday morning when our son developed chicken pox. Since returning home, my husband has missed his favorite sport shirt. He feels sure he must have left it at your place. It is yellow, black and green, an allover design of bumblebees and palm trees. I think they're palm trees.

Another thing—this will seem a very strange request, but our daughter made friends with the little boy in Number 12—the car had a North Carolina license. Just today she tells us that they both took out their gold retainers, those things that orthodontists put in children's mouths, you know? The worst of it is that, for some reason, they exchanged retainers and now our daughter is wearing this little boy's instead of her own, and I'm afraid it may damage her teeth. Could you please trace this family and let me know their address as soon as possible? I'm sure they're anxious to get in touch with us too. The little boy's name was Glug, or Jug, or something like that.

Thank you in advance for any trouble this may cause you.

Very truly yours,
HILARIE BROWN (MRS. R. E.)

P. S. The retainer is quite urgent, but don't worry too much about returning the sport shirt.

HILARIE BROWN

Autumn Lament of the Owner of an Outdoor Swimming Pool

All summer long our place did throng
  With hordes of fellows and gals.
But now our pool is very cool ——
  And so are our erstwhile pals!

LEONARD A. PARIS

Mother Reads a Magazine

PAGE 25: Do you keep telling yourself you've got to lose some weight?
(No. My husband keeps telling me.)

PAGE 34: Change your hair color! How about tomorrow?
(Not tomorrow. I'm taking sixteen Cub Scouts through the meat-packing plant.)

PAGE 39: Mother, do you catch yourself nagging at your children?
(Yes.)

PAGE 50: How about perking up those dull, drab meals for a change?
(Yeah, how about that?)

PAGE 53: Do set a pretty table! Gray linen and daffodils! Pink lace and purple tulips! Dramatic white damask and one perfect rose! What's your choice?
(Plastic place mats and a pot of ivy.)

PAGE 64: Why not build your own birdbath?
(Because I'm too busy nagging at my children.)

PAGE 69: How long has it been since your husband called you "darling"?
(Ten minutes. He said, "Darling, if you don't put down that magazine and turn out the light, I'll strangle you.")

KAY NELSON

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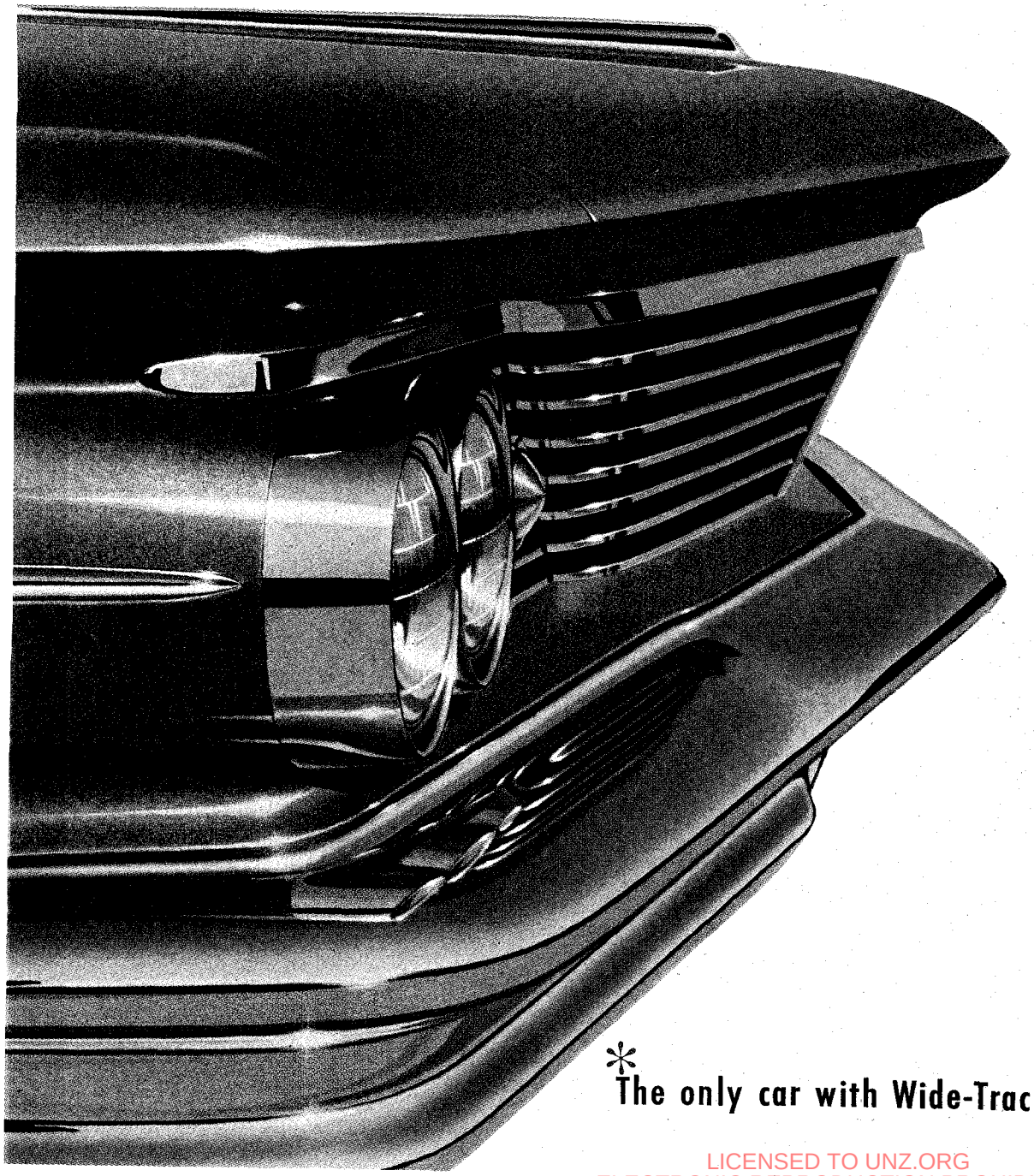
fresh point of view *from you·know·who**



*The only car with Wide-Track Wheels **COMING OCTOBER 1**

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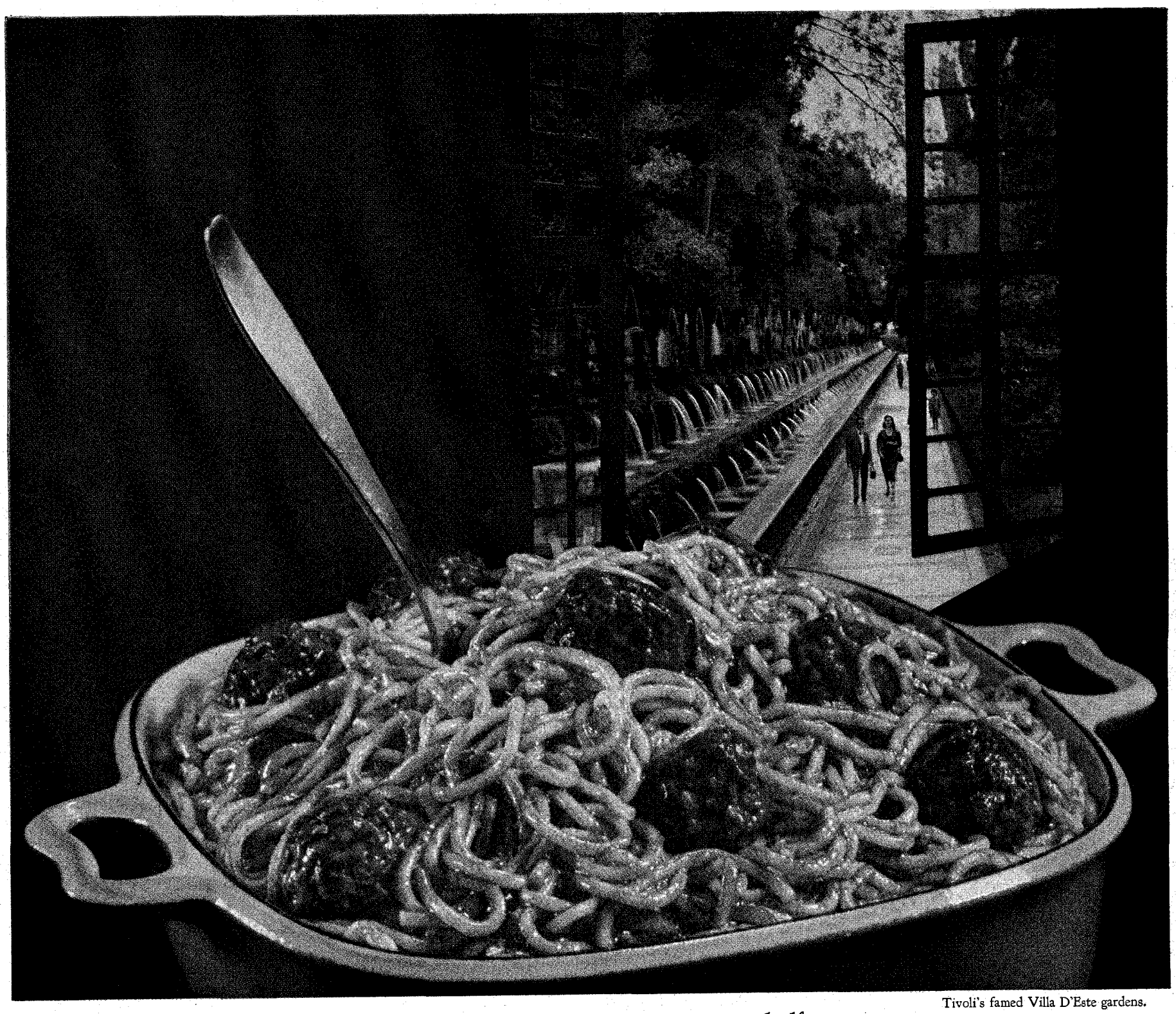

Tivoli's famed Villa D'Este gardens.

Italy is only minutes away when Chef Boy-Ar-Dee is on your shelf.

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls make meals *doubly* satisfying. Just watch the family go for this dish of tender spaghetti, tasty beef meat balls, zesty tomato sauce. Meal after meal, it's everlastingly enjoyable. And what a happy way to stretch your food dollars. Cost: only about 15¢ a serving.

Start your Italian meal with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls. Add a salad, garlic bread. Finish with Italian coffee.

For a hot, hearty lunch for children, serve Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls. It's nourishing, delicious—kids love it.

Everywhere in U.S. and Canada.

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti and Meat Balls

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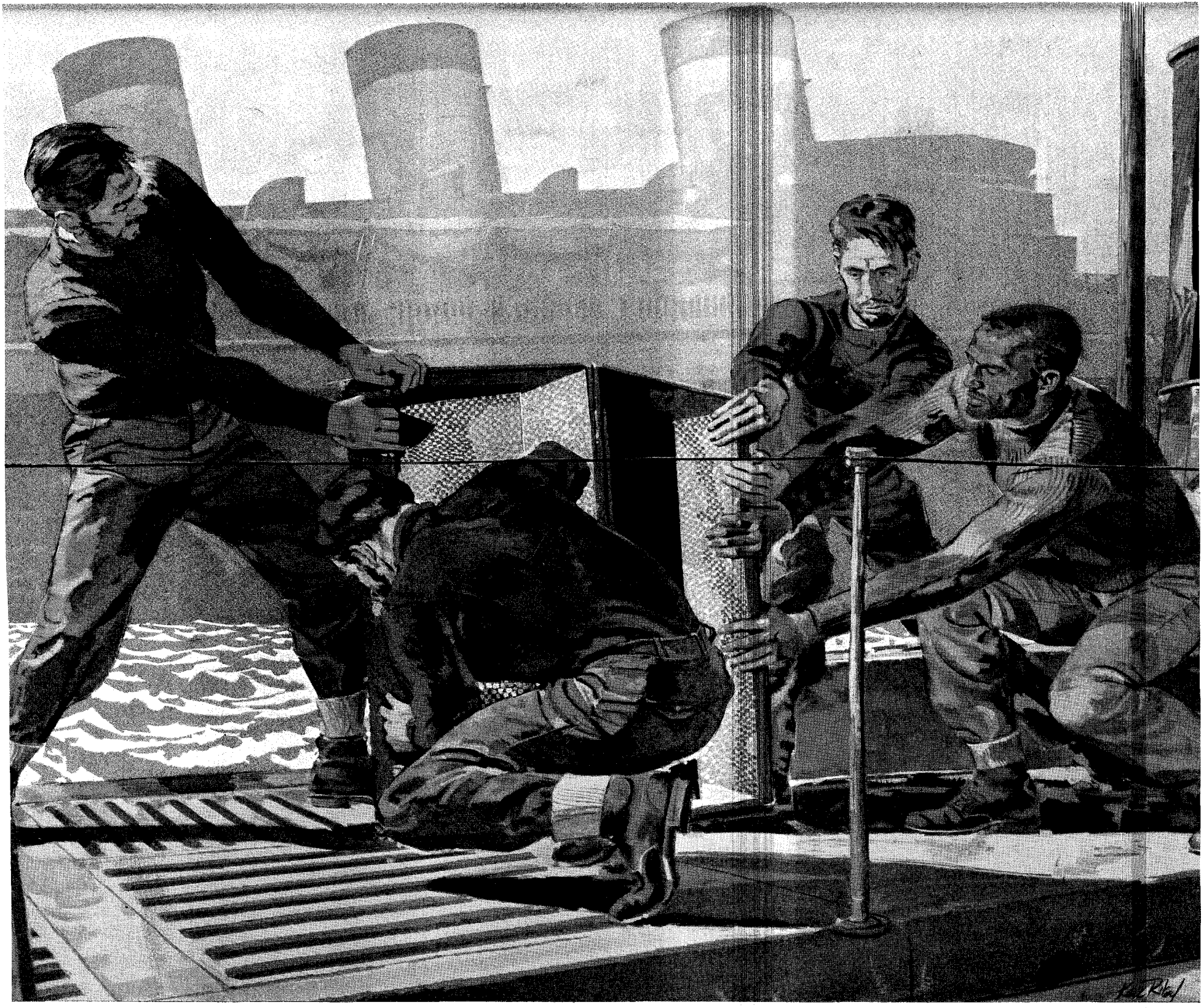

The four of them tugged frantically trying to wrench the trunk apart.

The U-19's Last Kill

By JACK FINNEY

Would the pirates get away with their daring scheme? Time was running out on them.

It was the strangest moment in the history of piracy: The ocean liner *Queen Mary* had just been robbed by an ancient German submarine.

Frank Lauffnauer and his accomplices—Moreno, Vic, Rosa, Linc and Hugh—had rehabilitated the *U-19*, a relic of World War I, and taken it to sea. By representing it as a disabled British experimental sub, they tricked the *Queen Mary* into stopping and lending them assistance. Once aboard the liner, Frank, with Vic and Hugh, issued an ultimatum: The captain must let them search for a passenger named Reinhold Kroll, once a notorious Nazi. Otherwise, the *U-19* would unleash its torpedoes at the *Mary*. The bluff worked. The conspirators soon found Kroll and took from him a trunk which held $1,500,000 concealed in its lining. But during the search Hugh was recognized by another passenger, Alice Muir, the girl Hugh had rejected when he joined Lauffnauer's group.

As the three men raced for the ladder and the ship's launch reluctantly provided by the captain, they suddenly realized that a signal from the liner had summoned a United States Navy destroyer, which was racing to the scene now at flank speed. Here is Hugh's description of the chaos which followed.

CONCLUSION

Now the ladder was trembling from scores of feet pounding down it, and I knew we'd be caught, Frank and Vic bunched behind me, unless I found a way to hurry, to run as fast as the men after us. Heaving the trunk over my shoulder, catching its free end with the flat of my palm, I lifted it high overhead to throw it over the

(Continued on Page 78)

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Treat your friends to the

Tour Europe, see the South Seas, cruise

WIN A TRIP FOR TWELVE!

1st PRIZE—TRIP FOR 12 or $30,000 CASH

London, Paris, Rome . . . the Near East, the Far East, any place in the free world can be your destination. Just sit down with eleven friends, plan your trip and the American Express Travel Service people will do the rest. They'll book passage, reserve hotels, arrange side trips and leave you free to enjoy the experience of a lifetime!

2nd PRIZE—CARIBBEAN CRUISE FOR 4 or $6,000 cash
3rd PRIZE—TRIP TO HAWAII FOR 2 or $3,000 cash
4th PRIZE—ALASKAN AIR CRUISE FOR 2 or $2,000 cash
100 PRIZES—$100 cash

***Plus* BONUS FROM CHIFFON—$5,000**

spending money for 1st prize winner! To qualify, write in the space provided on entry blank the numbers from the bottom of any size container of CHIFFON dishwashing liquid.

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vacation of their lives!

the Mediterranean-you pick the trip!

A new contest
from Dial Soap
for "people
who like people".

Here are the rules: 1. Just finish a two-line jingle starting: "People who like people . . ." Write anything you like—make the last words in each line rhyme. For example:

People who like people never offend
Dial Soap protects them for hours on end

OR

People who like people are nice to be near
They're warm and friendly, full of good cheer

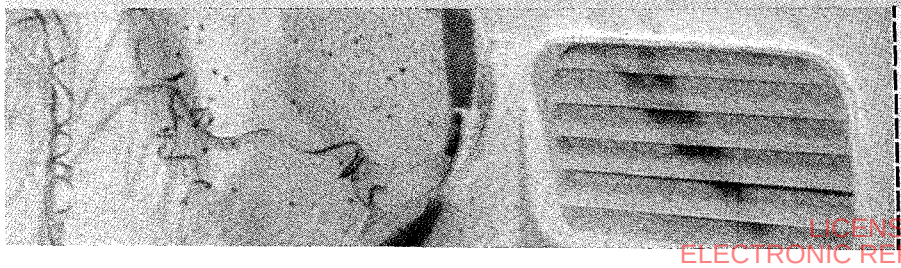
2. Send as many entries as you wish; accompany each with a Dial Soap wrapper. Get extra entry blanks at your store or use plain paper. 3. Contest closes November 7, 1959. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, November 7, and received by November 14, 1959. 4. Tours will be arranged by the American Express Travel Service. Winners may go any time up until June 30, 1961. Total Armour and Company obligation on trips will not exceed cash values listed.

5. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Judges' decisions final. Winning entry will not be published. Entries, contents and ideas therein become property of Armour.

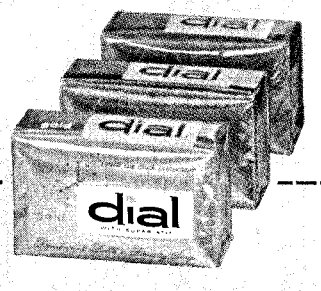
6. Armour and Company reserves right to disqualify any entry not personally composed by contestants or members of his household.

7. All persons in Canada and the U. S., its territories and possessions may enter, except employees of Armour and Company, its advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. Winners will be notified by mail.

8. List of winners will be mailed to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope approximately eight weeks after close of contest.



People who like
people like Dial



ENTRY BLANK
CLIP AND MAIL TODAY;

DIAL, BOX 8216, Chicago 77, Illinois
Here's my two-line jingle. I enclose a Dial Soap wrapper.

"PEOPLE WHO LIKE PEOPLE _____

_____."

To qualify me for bonus prize, here is number from bottom of CHIFFON container _____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

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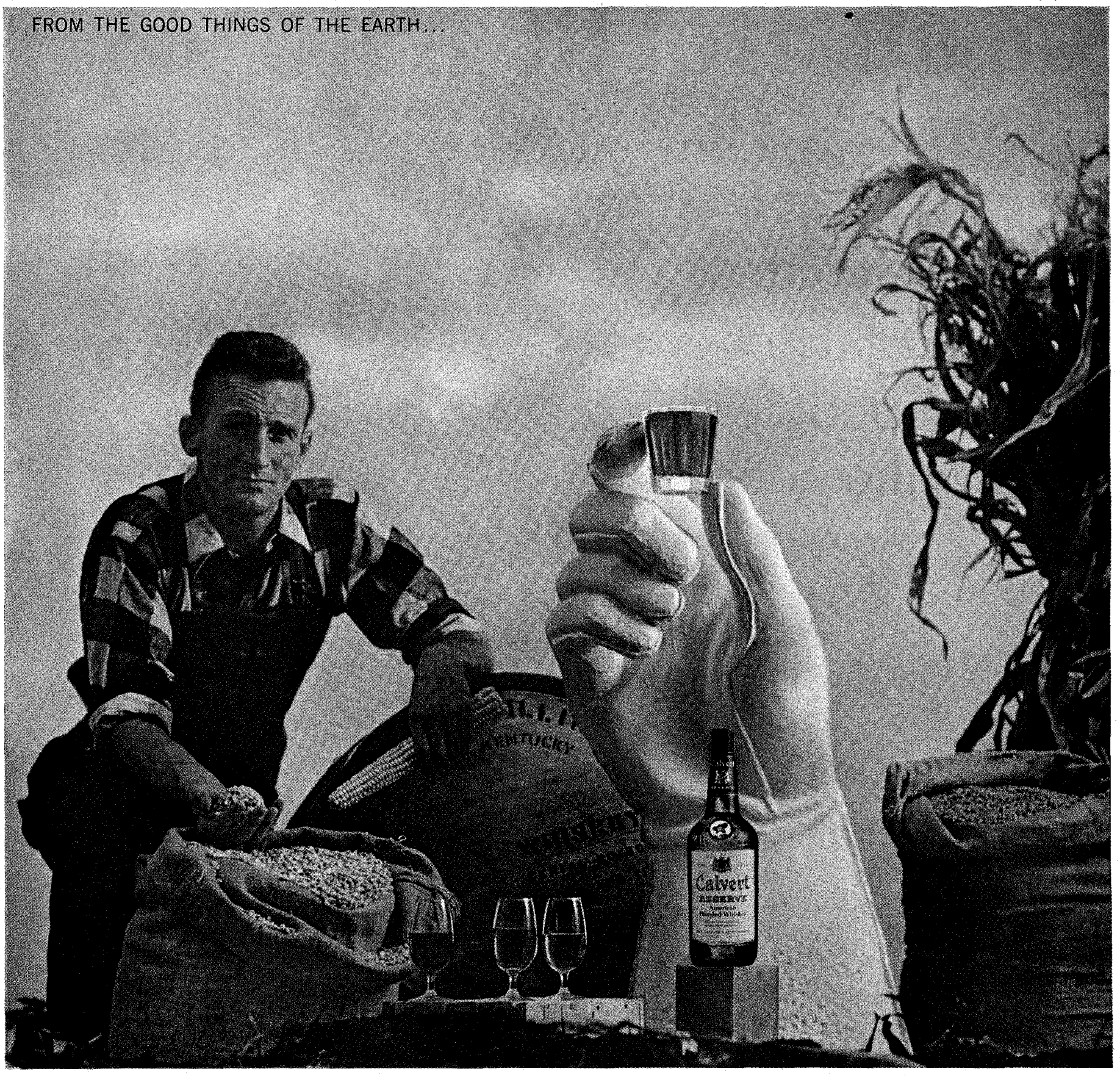

ONLY THE HAND OF SKILL BLENDS WHISKEY WITH SO MUCH

power to please

From the good things of the earth, Calvert distills many fine whiskeys. As many as twenty-nine of the finest are combined to give Calvert its strength and character. Then rare grain neutral spirits are blended in for smoothness. Result: the full strength and easy-going taste of Calvert Reserve!

Calvert Reserve

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The Bundling Board (Continued from Page 21)

Penelope pursed smiling lips. "Perhaps Master William thinks that marriage is more pressing right now."

"Marriage!" Johnathan cried. "What does that have to do with my shaving before the Sabbath?"

"He seems to want to marry Patience, Johnathan."

Johnathan's mouth fell open. Surprised or not, it was always fitting for a father to be astonished at the thought of a young man wanting to marry his daughter. "Do you mean—our Patience?"

Penelope nodded. "The same."

"I forbid it," said Johnathan flatly.

"As you will, Johnathan," said Penelope, leading him into the kitchen. "Now get shaved before the water gets cold."

"Penelope, I will not allow it!"

"Of course not, Johnathan. But here is your soap and your razor."

"Penelope, my daughter is not going to marry a soldier of fortune!"

"A soldier in the Continental Army, Johnathan," he was reminded.

"Who hasn't a farthing to his name!"

"Nor will we—unless the Continental Army succeeds in driving out the redcoats. And it all depends on men like Master William."

"Men!" Johnathan cried. "He's a mere stripling!"

"Of nineteen, Johnathan."

"Penelope, I absolutely forbid it!"

"You'll cut yourself, Johnathan."

"Cut myself and be hanged!" Whereupon Johnathan promptly cut himself. "Does Patience know about this?"

Penelope's lips pursed carefully. "I think Patience suspects, yes. At present she is milking the cow." Then Penelope said, "Come now, Johnathan, finish your shaving. We have much to do."

But Johnathan was through with his shaving. True, only one side of his face was shaved and the other side crimson, but there was a matter of monumental importance going on in his house. "I intend to find out about this!" Johnathan stormed.

So saying, Johnathan marched out of the kitchen, still in shirt sleeves; and pretending to ignore a few inches of snow as well as the icy chill of late March winds, he stalked to the tiny cow barn, a tower of masculine righteous indignation. "Patience!" he bellowed.

His daughter was expertly stripping the last drops of milk from Martha—a cow that had recently freshened. Patience was a pretty girl of almost eighteen, and her dark curls hung nearly to her shoulders. In more ways than one she was the image of her mother—a fact which Johnathan sometimes deplored. Some day she would sorely try the spirit of a husband.

"Yes, papa?"

"Patience, is that scamp Master William calling on you tonight to speak of marriage?"

Patience blushed shyly. "Yes, papa."

"Why wasn't I told about this?" Johnathan roared.

"Because he hasn't spoken to me yet, papa."

"Oh," said Johnathan, relieved. "Well, I forbid it."

"Father!" Patience wailed.

Penelope came through the door of the barn, prudently protected against the stern weather of coming spring with a great shawl over her head and shoulders.

"Mother!" Patience cried in despair. "Papa forbids me to allow Master William to speak!"

"Your father is impulsive, dear," Penelope said. "He will change his mind."

"Never!" said Johnathan stoutly.

"Time changes everything, Johnathan," said Penelope.

Patience regarded her mother with troubled eyes. "I hope so, mamma. After all the trouble I've been to."

"Trouble?" said Johnathan. "What kind of trouble?"

"Bringing a husband to tether is no small chore, Johnathan," said Penelope.

"Who said anything about tether?" Johnathan cried. "Nobody brought me to tether!"

"Indeed?" said Penelope.

"Mistress Holt!" Johnathan shouted. "Are you telling me that you led me on? Bewitched me, so to speak?"

Penelope smiled. "You were a stubborn man, Johnathan."

This was a crushing blow. For twenty-one years Johnathan had lived with the pleasant conviction that when he had offered himself in marriage, Penelope had got a choice prize indeed. It took him a moment to remember that he still had the affair of Master William to deal with. "Patience," he said sternly, "what sort of trouble did you go to with this young scamp?"

Patience hesitated and looked to her mother for support.

"The truth, Patience!"

"Well, I did allow him to catch my eye in church one Sabbath, papa. Purely by accident, of course."

"And just how did that accident come about?" Johnathan demanded.

"Well, I happened to drop my hymnal, papa. By accident, of course."

"Hah!" Johnathan cried. "I remember the accident well! It struck me that the roof fell in!"

"Accidents do happen, Johnathan," said Penelope.

"What else?" Johnathan demanded.

Then Patience said shyly, "Another Sabbath I slipped on the ice and ——"

"There was no ice that day!" Johnathan cried.

"Well, perhaps not. But—but I'm afraid that Master William did catch a glimpse of my ankles, papa."

"No wonder the scoundrel is calling tonight!"

"But it was all within the bounds of propriety, papa."

"Propriety!" Johnathan cried. "What else have you done?"

Patience hung her head. "We did pass a few notes, papa, but they were mere chits, of course."

Johnathan groaned in dismay. He was well aware that women, both young and old, were all too ready to be intermediaries in such transactions. So he refrained from asking more, for, so far as he knew, no mere man had ever successfully contrived a method to prevent women from minding one another's business.

"Come, Johnathan," said Penelope. "We have a bundling board to fix."

"Penelope!" Johnathan roared. "If you think for one minute that I am going to allow that scoundrel in bed with my daughter ——"

"Bundling is entirely within the bounds of propriety, Johnathan," said Penelope.

"In hot weather!" Johnathan stood shivering in his shirt sleeves—fairly blue with cold.

Now Patience spoke up shyly. "I've heard that it is never too warm for bundling, papa."

"Mind your tongue, Patience!"

"Come, Johnathan," said Penelope. "I have a lovely board all picked out."

"I will decide what is lovely in my house!" Johnathan shouted.

But when he saw the board Penelope had picked out, Johnathan stood rooted with shock. "Penelope!" he gasped, "that board is barely six inches high!" Then, shaking his head with enormous determination, Johnathan said, "I will never allow such a board on my daughter's bed."

"Very well, Johnathan," said Penelope demurely, "perhaps we can use it on our own bed."

Johnathan Holt was a good husband and father, and was well respected for his love of his family. For twenty long years now he had labored for them in the shipyard, of which he was now owner. But the road to ownership had brought with it contact with worldly men of substance, which had only served to confirm Johnathan's conviction that the path to female domination was through a man's heart. More than once at Ram's Head Tavern of an evening he had heard a man of importance announce solemnly, "Well, I have betrothed my daughter, Mercy, to Henry Goodman's son, James." Of course Johnathan had known, as had everyone else, that the truth of the matter was simply that daughter Mercy had confessed her interest in young James, whereupon Mercy's mother had prevailed on poor Mercy's father with inevitable results.

On other occasions Johnathan had been present when a man of importance had dolefully commented, "George Whitehead's son, Henry, would have my daughter, Mary, but she is far too frail for marriage yet. Doctor Williams himself says so." And everyone knew, though no one said so, that daughter Mary had informed her mother that she wished poor young Henry to be kicked off the premises by the seat of his breeches to make room for a more pleasing suitor. So Mary's mother had prevailed upon Mary's poor father to perform the necessary chore.

In such a world it was often a struggle for a man to keep his self-respect—especially when women had such fearful weapons of persuasion at their command.

As he worked grimly in his shop with saw and drawshave, Johnathan saw nothing incongruous in his position. A sensible husband who had just been threatened with female persuasion did his best to avoid the persuasion. Unfortunately Penelope came out to the shop before he was finished. And the sight of what he was doing caused her to gasp.

"Johnathan, what on earth is that monstrous thing you are making?"

Johnathan's jaw set stubbornly. "A proper bundling board," he said.

"But that board will be at least two feet high, Johnathan!"

"If I'd had a wider board, I would have used it," said Johnathan.

"They won't be able to even see each other!"

"All the better for conversation," said Johnathan.

"Nor touch each other!"

"That," said Johnathan, "is the intention."

"Johnathan," said Penelope sweetly, "don't you remember that a man proposes best when he has his lady's hand in his own?"

"Who wants a proposal?" he cried.

"Do you want a spinster in your house, Johnathan?"

"I certainly don't want a husband in the house!"

Penelope swished out of the shop with such finality that Johnathan wondered if he had gone too far. A man could never be certain about such things, and a sensible husband made peace at the earliest possible moment. With a sigh of regret Johnathan put aside his drawshave. Perhaps the concession of an inch or two in height would avoid further threats of feminine persuasion.

He expected to find Penelope in the kitchen. Instead, he found his daughter, Patience. The sight of her scrubbing pots and pans diverted his husbandly anxiety for a moment.

"Patience, child."

"Yes, papa?"

"Are you"—just how did a man discuss such things with his daughter?—"are you fond of young Master William?"

Patience heaved a deep sigh. "I think, papa," she said blushing, "that I could learn to love Master William very much."

"Learn!"

"My mother thinks so, too, papa."

"Just what has your mother been telling you?" Johnathan gasped.

Patience giggled. "She told me that bundling was fun, papa!"

Johnathan fled from the kitchen before he was forced to hear more. "Penelope!" he shouted. "Penelope!"

From Patience's bedroom he heard, "I'm in here, Johnathan."

And so she was, standing by the bed—a paring knife in her hand. Penelope's face had a curious flush to it, which Johnathan put down to anger. "What are you doing with the knife, Penelope?"

"When men paint around windows, they sometimes leave spots on the pane, Johnathan."

"Oh," said Johnathan.

Then, as he saw the flush on Penelope's cheeks fade, Johnathan pleaded, "Penelope, did you tell our daughter that bundling was fun?"

"Yes, Johnathan."

Johnathan caught his breath, for there was no telling how far female connivances might go. "What else did you tell her?" he asked fearfully.

"I told her that marriage was fun too."

Johnathan stood stunned. "Penelope," he asked hollowly, "didn't you explain to her that marriage is a solemn duty?"

Penelope dimpled. "I told her that it was awfully good duty, Johnathan!"

Shaking his head sorrowfully, Johnathan wondered if men would ever understand what went on in the hearts of women. "Heaven help the young!" he muttered as he turned to go back to his workshop.

Closing the Cabin

By Herbert Merrill

"The boats are off the lake
now, and I guess
We'd better take the dock in
too and call
It quits again for one more
year, unless
We can pretend it's summer
still, with all
The golden months ahead
of us, not lost
Forever down the well of
time. Let's try
A little longer to ignore the
frost
And make believe the geese
are going by
Like arrows pointed north
instead of—well,
You're right, of course. We'll
go on back to town.
A clapper's not much use
without a bell,
And there's no summer left.
The grass is brown,
The leaf is red, the robin
gone away.
I'll get the dock in, if you
like, today."

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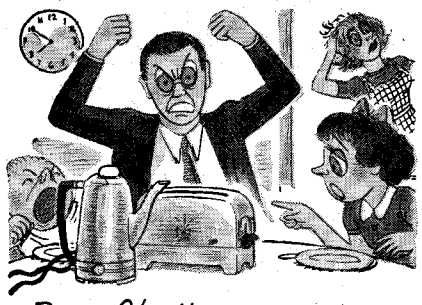
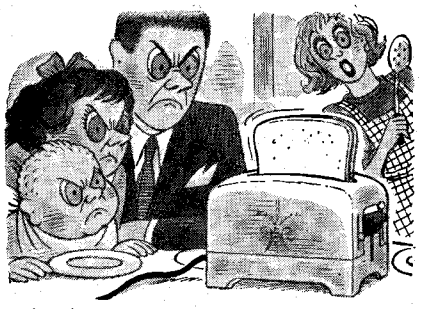
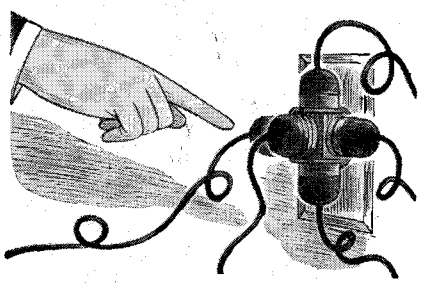


Poor Sheila was terribly harried

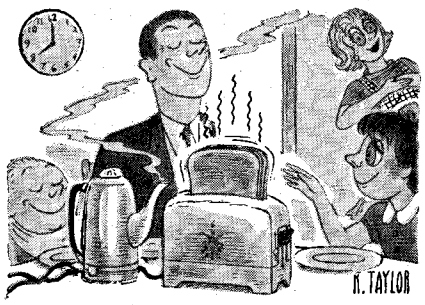


When all her appliances tarried

Her husband said, "Dear,



"Let's get full HOUSEPOWER here!"



And now they're more happily married.

Your appliances need *full* HOUSEPOWER (enough wiring, outlets, and switches) to work efficiently. Actually, *full* HOUSEPOWER means your appliances work *more*—you work less. Make sure your HOUSEPOWER is up-to-date. Call a HOUSEPOWER Specialist—your electrical contractor—today.

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to help you Live Better Electrically, sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

"Johnathan, we will need rum from the cellar!" Penelope called after him.

"Rum!" Johnathan exploded.

"It will be cold when Master William comes, and he may be shy."

"And you propose to fill him up with rum to overcome it!"

"It would take a bold young man, Johnathan, to face a bundling board two feet high."

"Aye, but it should be higher!" Johnathan cried, rushing for his workshop.

He was at work but a few minutes when he heard Patience come in, opening and closing the door timidly. "Papa?"

"Yes, child."

Patience hesitated. "Mamma says you are making my bundling board."

"True."

"May I see it, please?"

"Why, it's right here in front of you!" said Johnathan, spreading his hands to show the great oaken board, at least two feet high and a full six feet long, which would run down the exact center of Patience's bed.

Patience looked. Her eyes filled and her chin began to tremble. "Is that truly my board, papa?"

"It is," said Johnathan.

Suddenly his daughter crumpled on a nail keg and began to sob bitterly.

"What are you crying about, child?" Johnathan demanded.

Patience sobbed on. "It isn't fitting to make a mockery of us, papa!"

"Nor is it fitting for you and your mother to make a mockery of my house!"

Patience looked up with tear-drenched cheeks. "Is wanting to marry a mockery, papa?"

Johnathan stared at his daughter as though he had never seen her before. "Do you want to marry that much, child?"

His daughter's head lowered and she spoke so softly she could barely be heard. "Yes, papa."

Johnathan sighed, for he knew that the time had come. His daughter had chosen.

Now his daughter was looking up at him with tear-filled eyes that pleaded for understanding. "Weren't you ever young, papa?"

Johnathan lowered his eyes and stared at his bundling board. Yesterday became as today. He remembered his own father who had roared his indignation at the thought of his son marrying at so early an age. He remembered Penelope's father, fuming with disapproval when Johnathan had first called on her. He remembered his own mother and Penelope's mother—both beaming their tender blessing. He remembered the first exquisite, shivery delight when he and Penelope had been at last allowed to speak over a bundling board. The magic and the wonder of it all!

Johnathan's eyes smarted. "Yes, I was young once," he said. Then he said with kindly determination, "Come, child, we will make your bundling board together."

And Patience smiled happily through her tears. "Oh, thank you, papa!"

Johnathan stood behind his daughter as she approached her mother. "Mamma?" Patience said timidly. "Would you like to see my bundling board?"

Wondering, Penelope followed Johnathan and Patience into the bedroom. There, running straight down the middle of Patience's bed was the bundling board.

"See, mamma?" said Patience with shy pride.

Penelope caught her breath. "Johnathan! It's the same board I picked out myself!"

Johnathan nodded. "Aye."

"Papa and I made it together," Patience said shyly.

"Oh, dear!" said Penelope faintly, her face flaming.

"Well," said Johnathan briskly. "We have things to do!" And so saying, he went to the cellar door and clattered down the incredibly steep stairway and presently returned, puffing from the exertion of carrying a huge jug of Jamaica rum and two bottles of port wine.

"Johnathan, what on earth ——" Penelope faltered.

"Master William will be neither cold nor shy in my house!" said Johnathan. "Come, come, Penelope, if we delay supper a mite, perhaps Master William will join us. Some roast venison will do nicely, I think—rare with the juices running. And with wine sauce, if you please."

"Johnathan!" Penelope cried.

"Well, what is it?" Johnathan asked.

"Perhaps we shouldn't encourage Master William so far!"

"Nonsense!" said Johnathan. "A shy young man needs encouragement. And the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, you know! So come, Penelope, let's be busy."

Then Patience spoke up. "May I do something, papa?"

"Of course you can, child! Spruce up the house! Let Master William see what a fine housekeeper you are!"

For the next few hours Johnathan drove his women as he often drove his carpenters at the shipyard. For supper there would be not only rare roast venison with warm wine sauce but sugared sweet potatoes, wild-cranberry sauce—strained and jellied for smoothness—white turnips, mountains of hot biscuits, Indian pudding—not to mention pickles, relishes and bits of smoked salmon.

And as he gave his orders he heard only "Yes, Johnathan" or "Yes, papa." It was a thing to give a man a fine manly feeling of authority, of being master of his house. And he was a thorough master. Not a speck of dust escaped him, not a spot on the windowpanes escaped him. And at last everything was ready for Master William.

But Master William didn't come.

"Papa!" Patience cried anxiously. "Do you think something could have happened to him?"

"Nothing will happen to that young man!" said Johnathan. "I'm sure of it."

Then Penelope said, "He might have been called back to his regiment." There seemed to be relief to her in the thought.

"Called back from a marrying mission?" Johnathan said. "The lad would have deserted first!" Yet Johnathan was a little worried himself.

More time went by. "Oh, papa!" Patience implored.

"He will come, child. He will come."

Then finally young Master William did come. His horse had gone lame. And at the first knock Johnathan was at the door. "Why, Master William, what a grand surprise!" he greeted heartily. "Purely by chance, we haven't supped yet. Will you join us?" And before Master William—tall and straight and sturdy in his uniform—could answer, Johnathan boomed, "Penelope, bring us some hot buttered rum! This young man is cold!"

And as Penelope went for the rum, Johnathan said of his daughter, who was now sitting demurely in the corner by the fireplace, "Of course, you know my daughter, Master William?"

"Good evening, Master William," said Patience shyly, blushing properly.

So Master William bowed properly.

Penelope brought the steaming rum, buttered and with cinnamon sticks. "One mug only, Johnathan," she said warningly.

"On a night like this!" Johnathan cried. "With the ground creaking with frost? Pay her no mind, Master William! There is plenty of rum."

Master William drained his almost scalding rum gratefully, and Johnathan looked at his daughter's young man. The lad might go far, he decided—become a general perhaps. And after the war was over there would always be a place for him at the shipyard. Perhaps they could be partners. "More rum, Penelope!" he ordered.

"I will get it, papa," said Patience.

"Sit where you are, child!" said Johnathan. "Slaving over a hot stove all day and doing all the housework ——" Then to Master William he said, "Her mother is ailing, you know."

Penelope's gasp could be heard whistling from the kitchen. But she brought the rum, even though she was plainly worried.

"Drink up, my boy!" said Johnathan.

Master William drank up and looked to Patience with a smile on his lips. Patience looked down, smiling secretly at the floor. Then they had supper.

"Do you know, Master William," said Johnathan, "for a girl her age, Patience is a remarkable woman in the kitchen."

Penelope's head snapped upward like a snare. Master William smiled approvingly at Patience, while Penelope glared at Johnathan.

Then Johnathan said, "I think a goose would be nice tomorrow, Patience. A nice fat goose."

"Yes, papa," said Patience.

"Just like a man," said Penelope acidly. "While he's eating one meal he wonders what he will have for the next!"

At last supper was over.

"William, my boy," said Johnathan. "Would you like a mug of fine applejack? I warn you, the barrel has been frozen twice and twice drained."

"Why, thank you, sir!" said young Master William.

"Johnathan!" Penelope cried. "You'll have Master William addled!"

"On a cold night like this? Nonsense!" said Johnathan. "He's a sturdy lad!"

So Johnathan and Master William had a mug of applejack, fit to kick the strongest pair of horses out of their traces.

"Now," said Johnathan slyly, feeling his applejack, "perhaps the young people would like to be by themselves."

"Johnathan," said Penelope fearfully, "perhaps the young people would like to sit and chat with us for a while."

"Nonsense!" said Johnathan. "Since when have the young wanted to sit and

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When father knows best, he's probably been listening to mother.

Some people never make the same mistake twice because they are too busy making new ones.

Anybody who thinks the sky's the limit these days is a conservative.

One thing people never forgive you for is forgiving them.

Women must handle automobiles as skillfully as men to have so few accidents driving the way they do.

The trouble with telling the truth is that everyone wonders what you're up to.

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chat with the old? Besides, it's a cold night."

"Indeed it is, papa," said Patience, shivering.

"It does seem cold," said Master William, also shivering of a sudden.

"I warn you, Master William," Johnathan said. "We have a high bundling board in this house. It came down from Patience's own maternal grandfather."

"It's not so high, papa!" Patience protested.

"Johnathan, do you think this is entirely proper?" Penelope asked anxiously.

"Since when has a bundling board been improper?" Johnathan demanded. "See to the young people, Penelope!"

"Yes, Johnathan."

And Johnathan nodded his approval, wondering all the while why it took a man so long to discover that a man had merely to assert himself to put his women in their proper places. Later he would speak of this some evening at Ram's Head Tavern.

Penelope came out of the bedroom, having put the young people properly to bed—fully clothed except for shoes, and each on the proper side of the bundling board. "Johnathan, I'm fearful ——" she whispered.

Johnathan promptly hauled her off to the kitchen. "Can't you leave the young folks to themselves, out of our hearing, woman?" he demanded.

"But, Johnathan ——"

Johnathan patted her comfortingly. "Aye, the boy will be a general yet. And a partner in the shipyard one day. That I will see to."

Penelope stamped her foot imperiously. "Johnathan, listen to me!"

Johnathan shook his head stubbornly. "Listening to a woman is the root of all evil!"

"Johnathan!"

"Very well," said Johnathan. "I will listen. But briefly, mind you."

Just then there was an enormous crash in the bedroom. Johnathan stood transfixed. "The scoundrel has leaped the board!" he roared at last, starting for the bedroom with murderous intent.

Penelope barred his way. "He's done no such thing, Johnathan!" she cried. "I cut the ropes under the mattress only this morning!"

"Cut the ropes?" said Johnathan stupidly, for it was a stunning admission for a mother to make.

"Yes, Johnathan! When you insisted on a board two feet high, how else could I bring them to each other's arms?"

Johnathan stared at his wife, remembering the paring knife. And he was remembering something else—no matter how high he had built his board, his women would have defeated him. It was a sobering thought for a husband. But as a shipbuilder Johnathan was not one to build vessels to founder. "Let me go, woman!" he roared.

"Johnathan," Penelope pleaded. "Give them a minute or two—please?"

"Not an instant!" Johnathan shouted and stormed to Patience's bedroom, where the bed, the two occupants and the board were an incredible confusion.

"Will you have me, Patience?" Master William was saying.

"Yes, Master William! Oh, yes!" Patience was crying.

And as they kissed, Johnathan himself was towering above them. "Master William," he said sternly, "I trust that you are in favor of an early marriage?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Master William.

"I think the day after tomorrow will do," said Johnathan.

"Oh, thank you, papa!" Patience cried.

"Johnathan, what will people think?" Penelope cried fearfully.

"Who cares what people think?" Johnathan demanded. "Am I not master of my own house?"

"Yes, Johnathan."

"Well, come, Penelope. The children should have a minute for love-making!" Then turning to Master William, he said ominously, "But not an instant more, mind you!"

"Oh, thank you, papa!" Patience cried.

Once again out of hearing, Johnathan was surprised to find Penelope stretching up to him, reaching for his lips. "You're a good man, Johnathan," she whispered, kissing him.

"Did you ever doubt it?" Johnathan asked in mild astonishment.

"No, Johnathan. Not for a moment."

"That is as it should be," he said.

And so the next evening Johnathan strolled into Ram's Head Tavern as if he owned it. As a man of the world should under such circumstances, he ordered tankards of ale for everyone. Then he lighted his pipe. For a while he puffed expansively. At last he made his announcement. "Well, gentlemen," he announced, "I have just betrothed my daughter, Patience, to George Goodheart's son, William. He's a good lad, I think."

"Aye, Johnathan."

"They will be married as soon as possible. He's with the Army, you know."

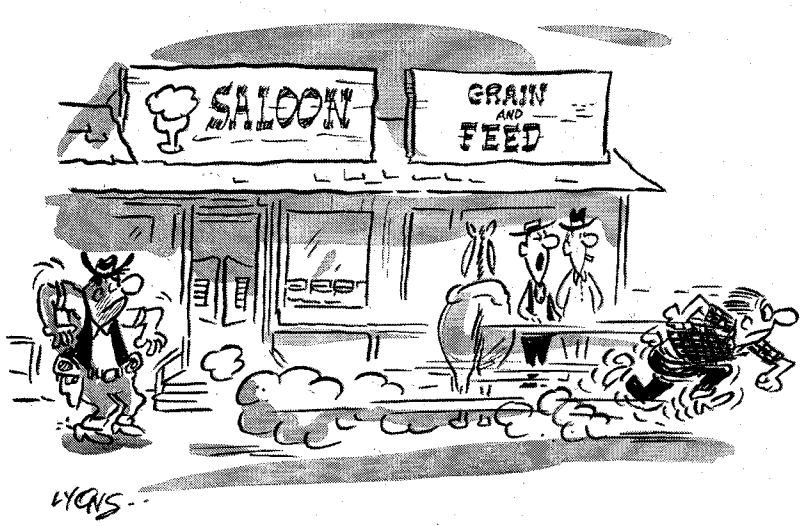
"Aye, Johnathan."

Johnathan puffed gently on his pipe. "I predict the lad will be a general before he's through."

"We wouldn't wonder, Johnathan."

Johnathan puffed and puffed on his pipe, but said no more. For what more had a contented man to say?

THE END



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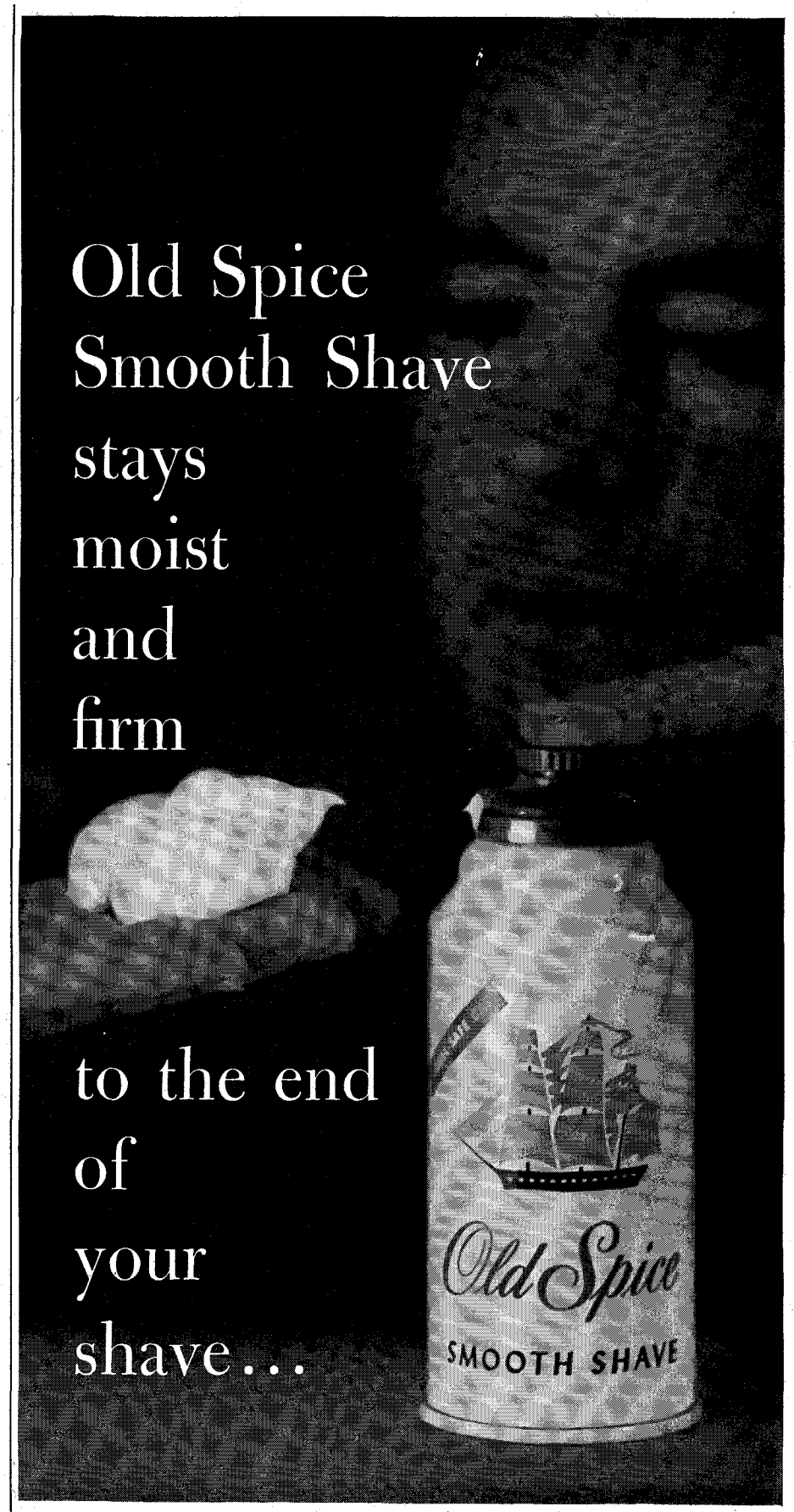

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Hunting the Invisible Killers

(Continued from Page 19)

occur in mice, chickens, rabbits, frogs and hamsters. The proof is now overwhelming that viruses can cause all types of malignant tumors in these animals. On the other hand, convincing evidence for—or against—virus cancers in humans is still lacking, possibly because a scientist cannot experiment with humans as he does with a cageful of mice.

The nearest comparable thing in humans is the wart. Common warts, such as grow on our hands or the soles of our feet, are caused by one specific virus. This has been known for years. Warts are tumors, but quite benign; only rarely do they become malignant. They usually go away by themselves, a tremendous help to those who would cure warts by magic incantations.

Early in 1959 a new textbook on virus infections of man came out. It ran to nearly 1000 pages. My own book, to be published soon, *Virus Hunters*, whence the present *Post* series is drawn, totals more than 500 pages. It is not possible to relate the virus hunt from beginning to end, no matter how swift a pace we set. But we can sample the character of the hunted, the ways of the hunters and the progress of the hunt in the circles of three spotlights, as it were.

The present article will tell, in the main, how a botanist, a biochemist and an astronomer, none of whom knew anything about viruses when he came to the field—"I didn't know a virus from my elbow," said the astronomer—proved the physical existence of viruses.

The second article will deal with the great breakthroughs in virus-disease prevention, particularly with the tissue-culture research that made the Salk polio vaccine possible and brought us, with considerable fanfare, into the Virus Age. Curiously enough, the American press heretofore has not told in any detail how an aristocratic old Yankee, Dr. John F. Enders, Harvard's "green thumb" virus grower, and his talented young men came to discover a way of mass-producing polio virus suitable for a vaccine.

The third article will describe how this perfection of a method for cultivating viruses in test tubes containing living cells opened up an era of new viruses by the dozens. The advance is vastly changing medical science's understanding of the common cold and other infectious diseases. This final episode will center around a typical "new virus" man, young Dr. Robert J. Huebner, whose Government research team has discovered more than three times as many new viruses as its captain has children. This is a large number, for Huebner is the father of eight.

First let us dispose of the question of virus size. The normal human eye under optimum conditions can see a dot as small as 8/1000ths of an inch in diameter. This is about 667 times larger than the largest and 13,333 times bigger than the smallest known virus, the virus range being from somewhat less than 1/1,000,000th to about 12/1,000,000ths of an inch across. Thus viruses lie, in most instances, just beyond the range of a good optical microscope, though those in the smallpox family can easily be seen with that instrument.

Viruses generally are larger than chemical molecules—the protein molecules that make up our muscles, for example—but much smaller than the living cells that they invade. They accomplish the invasion in a manner analogous to a sperm entering an egg cell during sexual reproduction. But the virus' object is simply rape of the cell; it usurps the cell's life for its own perpetuation and, in ordinary infections, destroys the cell in the process.

It is this destructivity that enabled science to discover a virus in the first place. Louis Pasteur, the great hero of the Microbe Age and the hunt for old-fashioned bacteria, correctly guessed that there must be a midget microbe too small to be seen under his microscope.

The first man to recognize the existence of such a submicroscopic agent, however, was Dr. Martinus W. Beijerinck ("Buyer-ink"), a Dutch botanist of Delft. Beijerinck looked for a bacterium as the cause of tobacco mosaic, a disease that mottles the green leaves of tobacco plants and reduces the tobacco crop in both quantity and quality. Even today tobacco growers sometimes find the disease a problem.

The unfiltered sap from an infected plant, Beijerinck noted, caused a young tobacco plant to break out with a rash in a day or two. In three different attempts between 1880 and 1898, he could find no ordinary one-celled microbe. His whole quest appeared doomed to failure until he decided to press the juice through a porcelain filter having pores so small that any living cell or solid matter would be held back, and only clear liquid would pass through.

The porcelain filter was developed in Pasteur's laboratory. Bacteriologists commonly used it to show that a specific microbe sticking in the filter, not the cell-free "sterile filtrate" passing on through, was the source of a disease under study. In short, if a one-celled bacterium caused tobacco mosaic, the clear, filtered juice should not transmit the disease.

But Beijerinck now found just the opposite. The infected plant juice produced the disease as readily after filtration as before. However, he did not assume, as Pasteur had, that he was dealing with a midget microbe too small to stick in the filter or to be seen under the microscope. Rather poetically, Beijerinck called his discovery *contagium vivum fluidum*, or living contagious fluid.

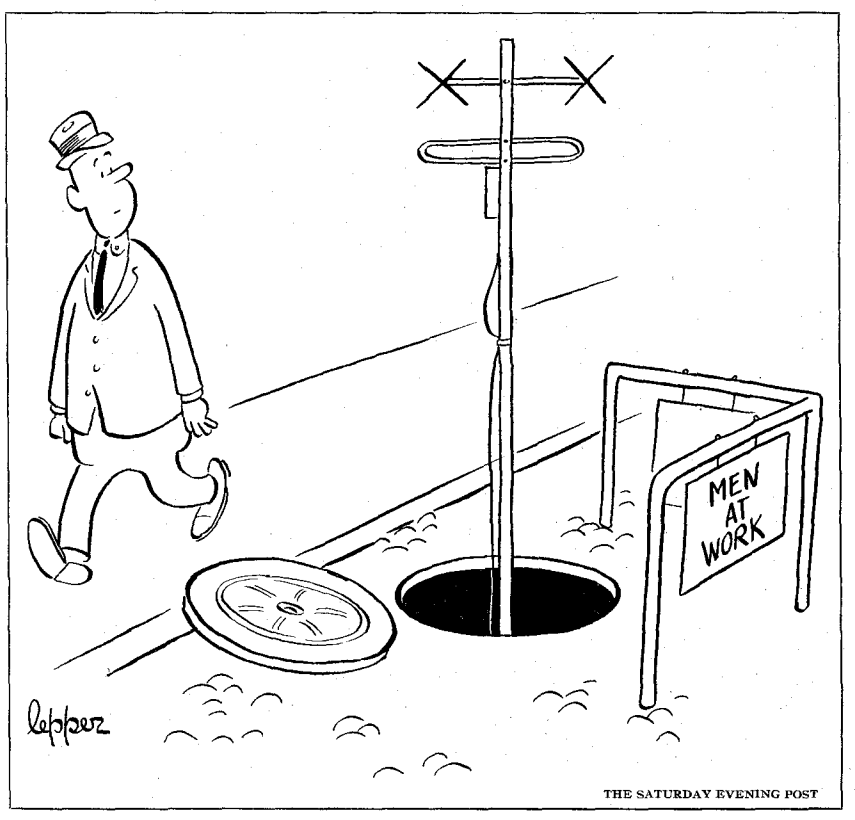
The liquid interpretation of his "filtrable virus" as others soon called it, did not survive critical thought, but the importance of his find did. Within the year, others found foot-and-mouth disease in cattle to be due to a filtrable virus. In another two or three years, yellow fever, smallpox and rabies were identified as virus diseases. Others followed.

Dr. William J. Elford, of Great Britain, in 1931 raised virus filtration to the level of an exquisitely technical art. Elford synthesized a porous membrane of collodion from cellulose nitrate. He found that he could vary and grade the sizes of the pores so that the membranes might be used like a set of sieves which separate gravel from coarse sand and coarse sand from fine—except that the meshes in his collodion filters ranged from 1/2,500,000th to 30/2,500,000ths of an inch in diameter. He found that a given virus, such as that of influenza, would pass through one size of pore but not another. Thus Elford proved that Beijerinck's living fluid did contain solid particles, just as bacteriologists suspected.

Then, in 1935, a bald-headed, Hoosier-born, thirty-one-year-old chemist, working at the now-defunct Princeton, New Jersey, laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, shook the bacteriological earth with a Nobel-prize-winning discovery that even yet is a lively topic for argument. The bald-headed Hoosier is Dr. Wendell M. Stanley, now director of the world's largest concentration of virologists—forty some—at the University of California's Virus Laboratory in Berkeley.

Stanley began his career at the time protein chemistry was becoming popular. The protein molecule is a large, complicated structure of hundreds of thousands of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. Proteins make up half the solid matter in the human body. There are several hundred thousand different ones. Not long before Stanley came on the scene, other chemists had reduced two natural proteins to pure crystals. A few, impressed with the notion that science now was on the trail of the secret of life, speculated that perhaps a virus was not a living cell but a chemical molecule and could be crystallized.

Stanley decided to find out about that not long after Dr. Simon Flexner, founding director of the Rockefeller Institute, offered to transfer him from New York to Princeton to work on plant viruses. "Are you interested?" asked Flexner, an aloof, awe-inspiring man. "I might be," said Stanley, rather brashly, "but what are viruses?" "That," replied Flexner, "is what you are going down there for—to find out what viruses are."



What Stanley did, to condense two years' work and an intricate, laborious task of chemical extraction and testing into a sentence, was reduce about one ton of mosaic-infected Turkish tobacco plants to less than a tablespoonful of whitish, sugary, crystallike powder that appeared to be pure virus.

Stanley's crystals did everything tobacco-mosaic virus is supposed to do. When he dissolved them in water and rubbed them on young plant leaves, it was as if the plant had caught measles, the spots were so thick. He easily transmitted the disease from one plant to another, as Beijerinck had done; each plant got a rash.

Stanley now reported in *Science* that the virus was a nonliving protein molecule, but capable of infection and multiplication. It was not a microbe, yet it performed like one, in other words. That started the fun. Was the virus a chemical molecule—something less than living—as Stanley claimed? Or was it a living microorganism, as bacteriologists insisted? Was it a missing link between mineral and vegetable matter? As one observer cracked, "We do not know whether to call it an organule or a molechism."

Some simply held that Stanley must be mistaken. In 1937 two English chemists, Drs. Frederick C. Bawden and Norman W. Pirie, confirmed his virus crystallization. (Crystallization recently has been done with many human viruses, including influenza and polio.)

Bawden and Pirie pointed out that Stanley had missed a trick, however. They found that the virus crystals not only contained a great deal of protein but also a small amount of nucleic acid, a compound containing the same elements as proteins, but with the addition of phosphorus. Nucleic acid and protein molecules make up the nucleus of every living cell. This suggests that viruses are more closely akin to the cell nucleus than to the cell as a whole, and hence are similar to the genes of heredity found in the cell nucleus.

Chemist Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat finally resolved the relative importance of protein and nucleic acid as "the stuff of life" in 1956. Dr. Fraenkel-Conrat, working in Stanley's new laboratory in Berkeley, succeeded in peeling the protein coat off the rod-shaped tobacco-mosaic virus and demonstrating that the power to infect lay in the nucleic-acid core. As far as we know at present then, "life" in essence is an acid—but with a gluey, protein wrapper.

Meanwhile, virologists got their first look at tobacco mosaic and other viruses in 1939, thanks to the Ruska brothers' invention of the electron microscope in Germany. But it really wasn't such a good look. The large pox viruses, hitherto visible as mere specks under the optical microscope, now showed up more as bricks, or bread loaves, but the tobacco virus was only a vague bit of straw, even when magnified 50,000 times. It was difficult to pick out the virus particles from the background, because of poor contrast. The virus hunters wished that they could see more.

Dr. Robley C. Williams, then thirty-six, gave them their wish in 1944. Williams, now likewise at Berkeley with Stanley, is an excellent example of the value of a kibitzer, at least in research. Trained as a physicist, he was an astronomer at (*Continued on Page 56*)

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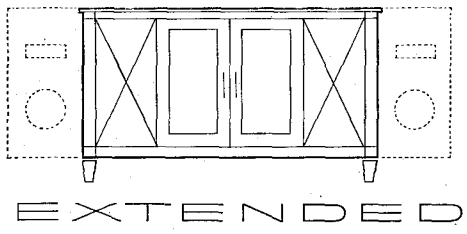

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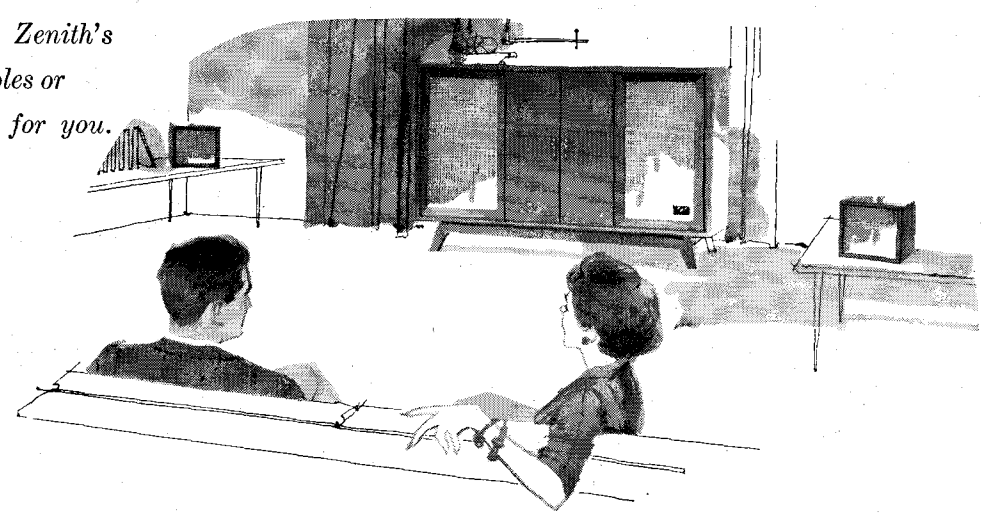

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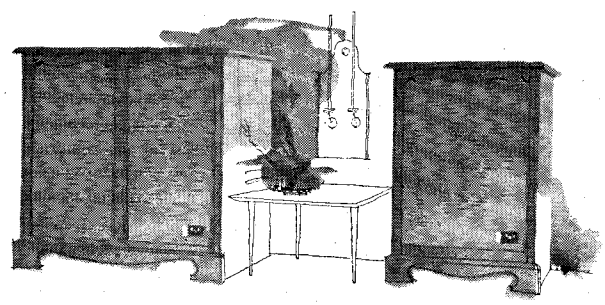

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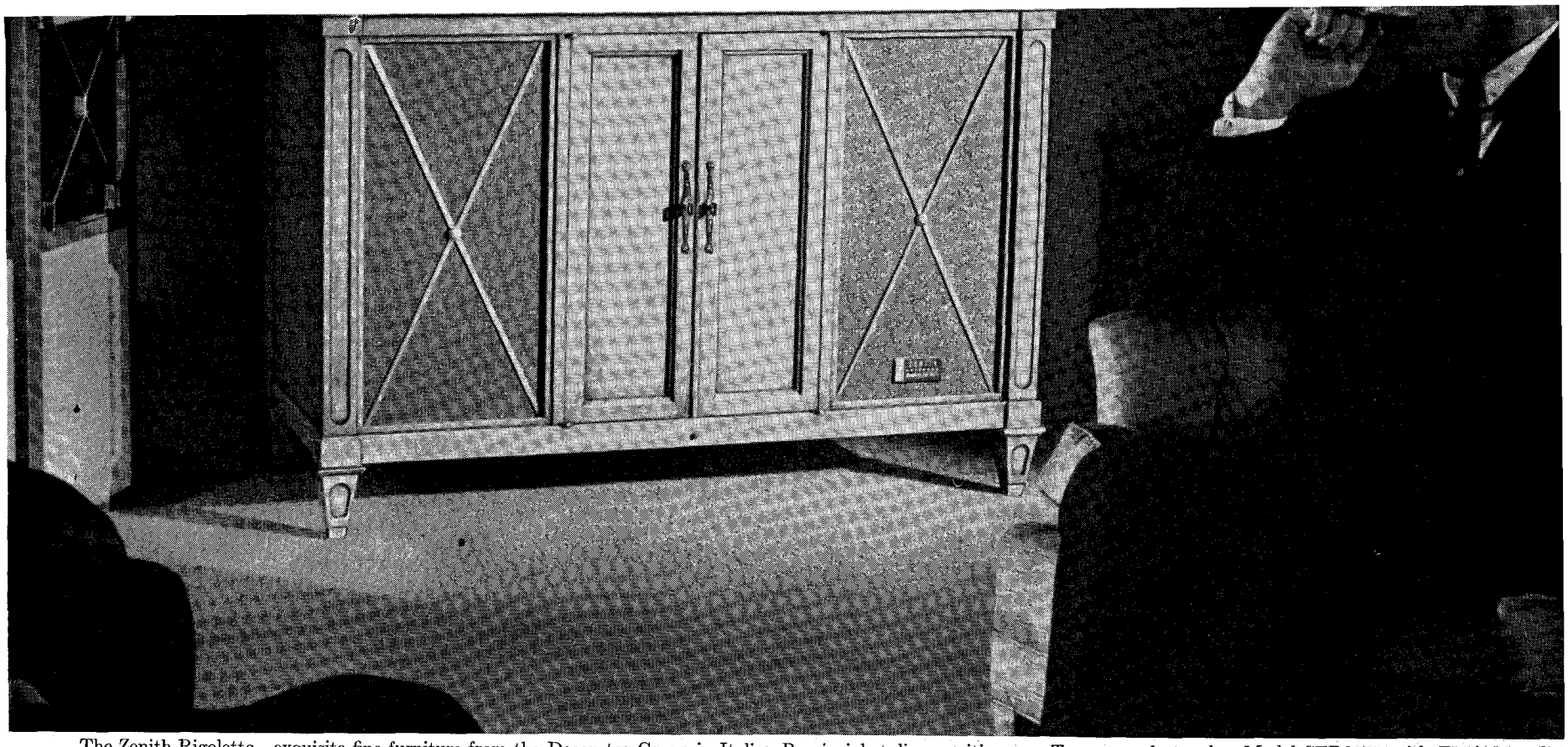

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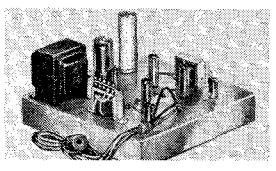

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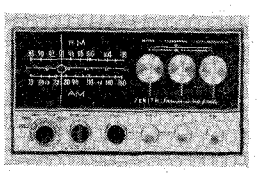

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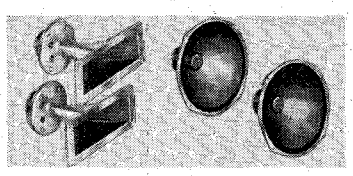

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(*Continued from Page 51*) the University of Michigan when he met his first virus.

One evening Williams went down in the physics-department basement in Ann Arbor to have a look at the new $25,000 electron microscope installed there. Dr. Ralph W. G. Wyckoff, a virologist, now at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, was also there, looking at the imposing instrument.

Williams was interested in vaporized metal films, being coinventor of the aluminum film used to coat mirrors in submarine periscopes and in huge telescopes. Williams told Wyckoff that he wanted to look at his aluminum film to see what caused a certain mottling effect, barely visible with a regular microscope. Together the two men, until then strangers, took some electron micrographs and noted that the film was made up of rudimentary crystals of aluminum; these produced the mottled effect.

"Fortunately," Williams recalls, "there were two or three pieces of dirt on the specimen. If they hadn't been there, we wouldn't have discovered anything."

They fell to discussing how to measure the height of those untidy specks, and thus to tell what was high and what was low in such a two-dimensional photograph. "Well," pondered the astronomer aloud, "if it were a mountain on the moon, we could measure the length of the mountain's shadow and calculate the angle of the sun's rays. It is simple enough then to find the mountain's height."

But how might they force an object to cast a shadow at a known angle on the big microscope's specimen screen? Because Williams already was an expert at heating metals to vaporizing temperatures, the way came to them quickly enough. By the next day he and Wyckoff had learned to gold-plate infinitesimally small objects so that they would cast a shadow under the electron microscope.

The plating—they called it metal shadow-casting—is done in a glass bell jar in a vacuum by covering a tungsten filament with gold and then electrically heating the filament to an incandescent glow. The gold vaporizes and flies in all directions, in submicroscopic droplets. These strike the object to be measured at an oblique angle, as if in a driving sleet storm. The droplets "ice" the exposed side, leaving a bare spot to leeward.

For a couple of days, said Williams, "Everything we touched turned to gold." At least it was gold-plated. Within the week they also tried aluminum, chromium, palladium, platinum and uranium. Williams liked uranium best.

The tip of a high-speed drill, with its surface built up by metal shadow-casting, looked to be as full of gullies as the Dakota badlands. The surface of a worn roller bearing appeared as waves breaking on a Cape Cod beach.

As soon as Wyckoff could obtain some tobacco-mosaic virus, they plated the tiny rods and took a look at them. Now, under a thin uranium blanket, the individual virus rod stood out much as if it were a round, fully packed cigarette lying on the living-room rug under the light of a table lamp. The influenza virus, hitherto a fuzzy, round blob, loomed up from its background like a powder puff.

The hot metal vapor incinerated the virus, of course, but the vapor condensed instantaneously as it hit and thus took on the virus' shape before the specimen could burn up.

Now virologists could visualize viruses in three dimensions to their heart's content. Within a year or two, they were doing just that in many parts of the world. This rather casual discovery constituted a tremendous breakthrough in the basic science of virus structure.

Viruses were found to come in a variety of geometric shapes—spheres, rods, ovals, tadpoles, bricks, polyhedrons (many-faced solids). The tobacco-mosaic virus is actually not round, refined techniques revealed; it is hexagonal. Not long ago, Williams photographed a virus that inhabits a water spider. He found it to be a perfect icosahedron. To save you a trip to the dictionary, an icosahedron is a solid with twenty faces, each an equilateral triangle. Life, if we can call it that, comes in strange shapes.

How strange became evident only this past summer when two University of London scientists determined that the polio virus is shaped like a raspberry; it is made up of a nucleic-acid core and a coating consisting of sixty pebbles of protein. These form an icosahedron, each face being made up of three pebbles.

As the result of these and other discoveries, it became possible for virologists to set down a fascinatingly detailed, infinitely varied story of wild viruses, as they call those untamed by laboratory manipulation. It is quite a different tale than that of the fat, more predictable, easier-to-culture bacteria. Indeed, the search has revealed that viruses infect the one-celled bacteria in the same way that they do man, animals, insects, plants and, so it appears, every form of life higher than their own.

The harmless bacteria that universally infest our intestines are themselves inhabited by a sperm- or tadpole-shaped virus called bacteriophage. This unusual, much-studied virus injects its nucleic acid into the large microbe, leaving its protein coat outside, and then goes on to reproduce 100 to 200 full-grown replicas of itself within a half hour. The offspring explode the host microbe to free themselves.

But, for some mysterious reason, the same bacteriophage may enter the bacterium, mingle chemically with the microbe's nucleus, and then lie low during two or three generations of bacteria. At some later time, and in one particular granddaughter microbe, the virus reproduces and explodes the cell. As a third possibility, the virus may stay on within the cell, stimulating it to grow and divide rapidly. This, as we have seen, is one concept of how viruses may cause cancer.

Viruses, we now can well imagine, have affected the course of human history many times—and in curious, sometimes frightful, ways. A virus infection was behind the tulipomania that occurred in Holland during the seventeenth century. There was wild speculation, and fantastic prices were paid for tulip bulbs that produced blossoms with colorful streaks, known technically as "breaks." Wealthy men were known to offer a daughter in marriage, and throw in a house and farm, for a single bulb—containing, as botanists now know, a virus responsible for the color variations.

In contrast, the visible effects on people were not so amusing. In medieval Europe as many as one in ten persons died of smallpox, and many thousands more were crippled or disfigured. About half of those recovering were pock-marked. Thus, the beautiful lady of that era had other facial hazards than sun, wind and age.

In the direction of man's cruelty to man, the Spanish conquistadors practiced viral warfare long before anybody had heard of bacteriological warfare. Finding the Indians of Mexico highly susceptible to smallpox, the Spanish colonizers deliberately infected them with the disease, virtually exterminating many Indian communities.

As an example of how viruses pervade modern life, many of the Irish potatoes that we eat contain a latent virus *X* that almost universally infects certain species; for some reason, the potato plants are completely immune to its destructive effects, and the virus does not reveal itself or do damage until put into another variety of plant.

Many of the cigarettes we smoke contain a virus. A test of ten brands at the University of California disclosed that, though the tobacco was flue-cured, the heat did not kill the tobacco-mosaic virus that all ten contained. If you smoke a cigarette while setting out tomato plants and get moisture from the tip of the cigarette on the leaves, the tomato plants sometimes develop mosaic disease too.

Happily the plant viruses—there are several hundred known kinds—do not infect humans. Each kind of virus is choosy about the creatures and even the cells within these creatures that it will infect.

In any event, we have more than enough viruses of our own. It is likewise apparent the hunt for them is only begun.

As various bacterial diseases have been wholly or partially eradicated, the new virology meanwhile has brought virus infections to the fore. This acceleration of knowledge would itself create the impression that we have experienced an actual increase in virus infections. We can find some reason to doubt such a misfortune. For instance, the 1918–1919 worldwide influenza pandemic is now a good forty years behind us. No recorded pestilence before or since has equaled the 1918–1919 death toll in total numbers. In those two years an estimated 21,000,000 died of influenza-pneumonia throughout the world, some 850,000 in the United States alone.

Nevertheless, virus-disease prevalence really may be increasing. Some virus diseases that used to strike only sporadically, such as polio, have become truly epidemic in modern life. Measures of personal hygiene and sanitation greatly reducing bacterial infections—abundant soap and hot water for baths, flush toilets, sewers—seem to have an opposite effect with some viruses. Such conveniences reduce our childhood opportunities to build up a natural resistance through mild infections, yet do not destroy the viruses that periodically move about by person-to-person contact.

More important, some virologists believe, we have become more efficient virus spreaders. Thanks to the automobile and more people traveling from place to place, these experts suspect that we have expedited a continual mixing, mutation and revitalization of some of the less stable, more elusive viruses. At any rate, we expose ourselves to the stranger's viruses more often. The effect of mobility would be reinforced, of course, by an increasing population and more people living in crowded areas. Big-city schools are great virus trading posts, and children are a big source of adult virus infection.

We reached the crest of a virus-infection cycle in the 1950's, according to United States figures. Measles, for example, set a record in 1958 with more than 750,000 reported cases. Polio was at an all-time peak in 1952 with nearly 58,000 cases and hepatitis reached a high of 50,000 cases in 1954. The trend for both polio and hepatitis was generally downward for the next several years. Then, in 1958 and early 1959 polio showed a moderate increase, despite previous vaccination of more than half the population under forty. And in 1959 hepatitis has also taken an upward turn.

Then there was the Asian-influenza pandemic. Asian flu, spreading world-wide from Southwest China, accounted for an estimated 20,000,000 of the more than 100,000,000 respiratory infections that put Americans to bed in the fall and winter of 1957–1958. The situation would have been worse without the concurrent crash program of flu vaccination.

We perhaps get some inkling of the possible impact of virus infections by noting that in the United States the long-time downward trend in the annual death rate from all causes ended in 1954. Since then, the rate has shown a slight rise. In 1954 the infant-mortality rate—babies born alive but dying in their first year—rose slightly after a dramatic, continuous decline during the previous twenty-one years. The steady increase in average life expectancy meanwhile reversed itself for the first time since 1943, dropping from 70.2 to 70, according to life-insurance statistics. It is difficult to assign a primary cause for these small breaks in a healthful over-all trend. Some experts name Asian flu as the leading villain in 1957.

Whether there has been an absolute increase in virus infections, or whether they are simply holding their own, but with more publicity, it is hard to say. But one of the worst things about them is that, with one or two exceptions, such as parrot fever, they do not respond to treatment with the "wonder drugs." Recent experiments suggest future progress in this direction. For the present, however, our best hope of protecting ourselves against the viruses lies in prevention. This means the use of vaccines; and in the next article of this series we shall show how scientists, from Jenner to Enders and Salk, have learned how to grow better and better vaccines in a curious variety of laboratory gardens.

Next week Mr. Williams tells the little-known story of the breakthrough that made possible mass production of the Salk polio vaccine. —THE EDITORS

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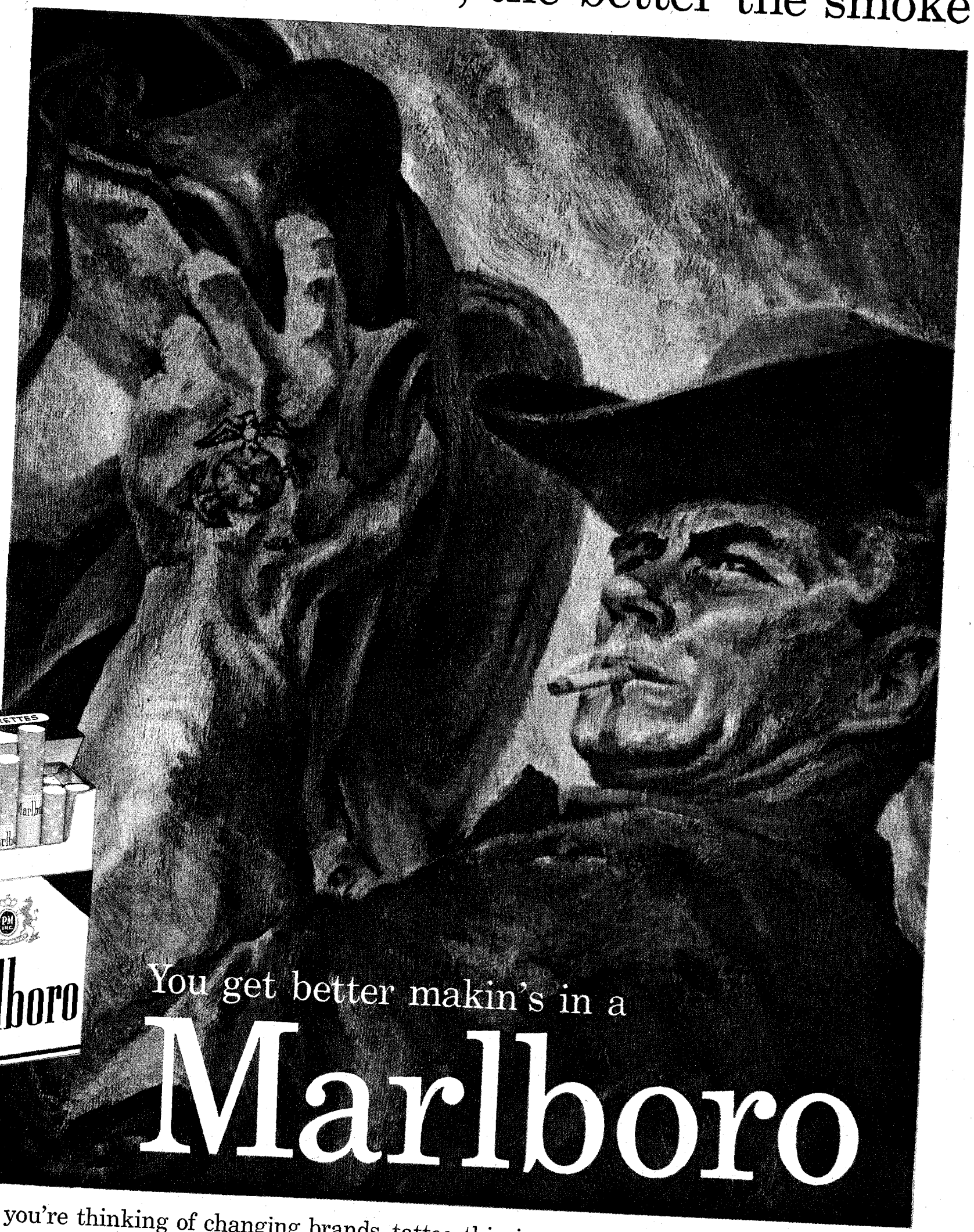

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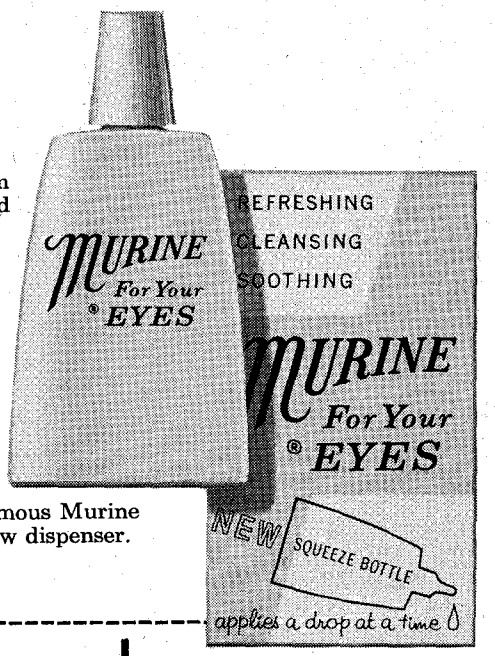

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Not For Sale (Continued from Page 29)

last dozen hens. You can putter around the garden, but then, one by one, you stop puttin' in this this year and that the next. Shucks, you can buy cheaper than you can raise anyway.

He'd hung on to his peas. He had never talked about how he felt about peas. He could not have explained it very well even if anybody cared enough to listen. That they were the earliest garden crop of any importance had something to do with it. You planted them just as soon as you could stand on the ground and not bog down knee-deep in mud. You could plant radishes that early, but a radish was a miserable, scrawny-growing half weed, and you could not become exalted about a belch-berry like a radish.

But starting from the very first moment when the wrinkled, seemingly dead, pea seeds rattled out of his fingers into the hoe-wide planting trench, and he covered them with soil as dank and sodden and cold as rust sludged off winter's iron, and they lay there swelling and sprouting, taking the chill rain and the foggy nights and the white dustings of sugar snow in the bitter Maine spring; and then, with the very first warm kiss of sun, shoving up their sturdy bright-green spikes and quickly opening their first leaves and never stopping no matter what the weather, struggling up with their tiny hairlike tentacles seeking his chicken-wire trellis until they thatched it thick and crowding and bloomed for the June bees and then made their pods that held the delicious food, every day of his peas was precious to him.

Nothing so vividly depicted the miracle of rebirth, the marvel of life. He resented that the lily should be the symbol of resurrection. It was a fraud compared to his peas. That growth should come from a fat bulb, waxy with stored vitality, snug and tight bedded a foot deep in the earth, was no divine miracle. How could it compare with his rattling, dead little pea seeds, the sepulcher-cold shallow trench under the snow, that triumph of reanimation his pea vines showed him every spring?

Now the time had come to kill them off, turn them into dull food. There was no putting it off. When a pea is ready, it's ready. Mary, his wife, had insisted he get started and get the task over. She had given him his quota. Two people to eat. Peas no more than once a week and a little extra for company. One year's supply! That's all, said Mary. No sense in having food piling up the way it used to when we were young and grabbing everything in sight and spending days over that hot pressure canner. You get weary of seeing so much food. Sick of thinking about it.

"Aw, Mary," he had said. "Never sick of peas."

He had almost added, "My last peas too," but he had not. Mary would have snorted in disdain and then, seeing maybe he meant it, comforted him by pointing out that they could buy them a lot easier and just as good. He dreaded hearing that, even if it was true. So he had just said, "Never sick of peas, Mary."

"Yes, Edward," she had said. "Sick even of your beloved peas. Three bushels, if they are filled out the way yours always are. That's the quota."

She had laid out a clean-washed pair of blue dungarees and a clean blue shirt and made him comb his hair, for he was going to be on display. He had put the peas in the road piece this year. Peas should never be in the same ground two years in succession and, Heaven knows, they must never be grown where a deer will dare to come day or night. That meant he had to use ground near the house, and it was the road piece's turn. The road was up a five-foot shoulder a few feet away. He turned his back on it. Most people seeing a man working and wanting to say hello would just give a short toot of the horn, and he could throw up a hand in answer without looking and they would understand and go on.

He did not want to have to stop. There is a joy in rhythm, and even as complex a series of motions as reaching down for a handful of vines, pulling them up by the roots and gently tearing them loose from the wire and holding them aloft with one hand and pulling off the cool, fat, emerald pods with the other and tossing them into a galvanized bucket at his feet could be done with a regularity that was pleasant. The bucket slowly filled until it could hold no more. Only then was there reason to stop and look about and walk back to the apple tree where the bushel baskets waited in the shade. He poured slowly from the bucket, letting the perfect pods cascade into the white wood like a fortune in jade. Not a flaw in one of them, not a runted pod or the stain of a blight. He could make peas, if that amounted to anything. To most people it didn't. Just fodder! Just something to gobble down. Just peas.

He looked back at his wire. He had bared no more than a scant third of it. Three buckets to a bushel. He was going to have a big bushel a row this year. With six rows he was going to have three bushels more than Mary would stand for. What he could do with three extra bushels he didn't know. Sell 'em. A man picks the last peas he'll ever make and dickers for an extra dime or two with a miserable huckster who'll double the price and sell them a pound or two at a time in a paper bag. Pity a man couldn't do something nobler than that with his last perfect pea crop. Something like a starving settlement like there used to be in the French and Indian War days. All hands sick with scurvy—and then come galloping in with three bushels of extra peas. Save everybody! How good those three bushels would smell and taste boiled in the big, iron settlement kettle. He went back down the wire and started picking, thinking about the scurvy-doomed settlement.

There was no ignoring the car that came up the road. He could hear it coming with a fast, powerful sound that meant it was going by in a hurry, bound for Augusta. But it squealed its tires and came to a stop.

"Oh, lookit!" a man's voice said. "A man picking peas."

It was a long, pink car with its top down. The man driving it had a fat face around blue sunglasses, and his sport shirt was just enough brighter than the pink of the car so that it looked indecent. There were women with him wearing sunglasses shaped like oversized oriental eyes.

"What kind of peas are those?" the man asked.

A second car came up then and stopped behind the other. The man in the sport shirt turned and tried to motion it by with his hand.

"What kind of peas?" he asked again.

"They are called Victory Freezer," Edward said, not stopping his work, "but they are really a Thomas Laxton."

"Victory Freezer, eh?" the man in the sport shirt said. "You got any to sell?"

"Yes-s-s."

"How much?"

"Five dollars a bushel this year."

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"I'll take a bushel."

"All right. You can have either that far row or the next one this way. There's a bucket beside the baskets over there. If you pick carefully, you'll get your bushel."

"I pick? When I buy peas, I buy 'em picked. You pick my peas when I'm paying you for them. Why not?"

"Well—not that I think you'll understand," Edward said, still going on with his work and not changing or raising his voice, "but there are still some people in the state of Maine who are not servants of you tourists, and I happen to be one of them. If you want my peas this morning, mister, you pick your own."

He turned and looked full at the long, pink car then. Not defiantly. Just very quietly and seriously. The pink car stared back at him with its three pairs of dark sunglasses. Then it roared alive and leaped, affronted, away. He shifted his eyes to the second car. Young Wilder Hunt from down the road, the boy who had won the state tractor-driving contest, was at the wheel, and beside him, the car's owner without a doubt, was a fine-faced city man with gray hair at his temples.

"Don't glare at me," the man said. "Me, I'm a man who wants all of a sudden to pick your peas. I'll buy that far row."

He tried to open the door on his side, but had trouble with it, and young Hunt leaned across and worked the latch for him.

"You go see your girl, Wilder," he said. "Be back in an hour and a half."

The roadster slid away and left him—a man in a blue coat and gray pants with a stoop to his shoulders. He came down the road bank and smiled at Edward.

"Could I ask you to help me off with this jacket, please, sir?" he said. "I'll be able to get it back on, but the jints are a bit dry and creaky this early."

It was a Shetland coat so light and soft it was hard to believe it was wool. Edward slid it down the stiff arms and as gently as he could over the pitiful, swollen red hands. Hands that looked as if they had been boiled and the fingers had swollen into spread pink sausages in the boiling. The old man did not have to be told what kind of hands they were. Like Elmer Weeks' hands down the road, and his bent-almost-double back. Like a dozen other hands he knew. Hands of agony! Arthritic hands! But for the grace of God and no excess of uric acid in his blood, his hands. Any old man's hands.

"Now listen here," he said. "I didn't like that pink-shirted feller. I'll pick you a bushel of peas gladly, mister."

"No, no, no," the man said, using his right hand and arm all together, like a stiff club, gathering up the coat. "The thought of the cool, green things appeals to me. I want to pick. Don't let my groans disturb you. Talking to Heaven and whimpering seems to help with the jints at first.

"These are beautifully grown things," he said from the end of the far row. "I didn't look at your thumb, but it must be a Kelly-green one. Thomas Laxton, you called them."

"They give them fancy names these days," Edward said. "Fancying up the catalogue, I suppose. But all the good ones go straight back to Thomas Laxton. He was an Englishman, a nurseryman back seventy-five or a hundred years ago. He made the modern pea. My father planted them. A boon to mankind, he called them. Shouldn't forget the name of a great man like Thomas Laxton."

The man did not answer and, after a time, Edward looked back at him across the shining-green billows of rows between. He had managed to pull his first handful of vines and was holding them aloft with his left arm straining. His feet were spread and his face screwed up in pain as he fought to get them high enough so his right hand could reach the pods.

"Now!" he pleaded. "Now! Come cool green fingers! Come the laying on of hands! Cool fingers! Come cool green fingers!"

His uncool fingers creaked and strained and closed around the first pod. He made a quick, desperate tug that slipped off the pod, missed pulling it off. The arm dropped and hung in exhaustion. Then it came up again, and the wooden hand closed in slow, (*Continued on Page 66*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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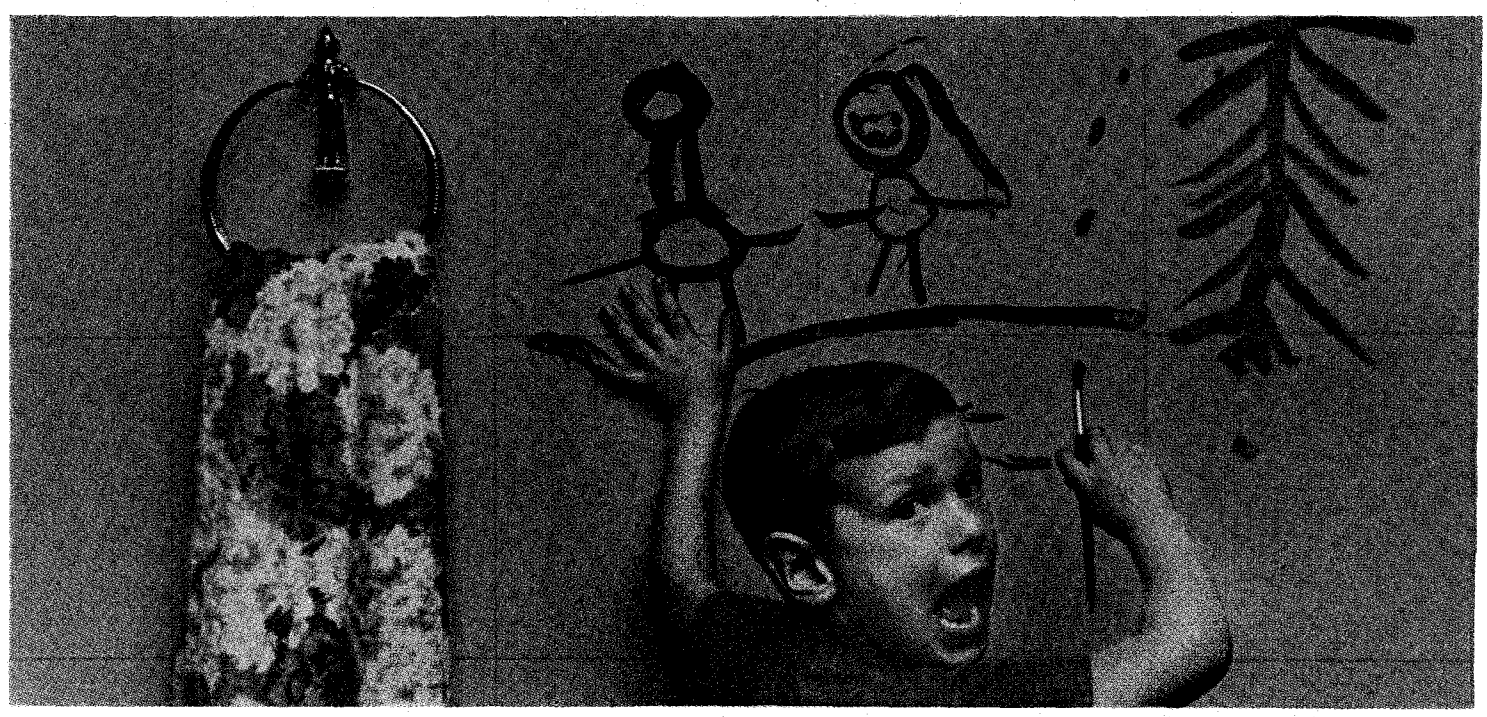

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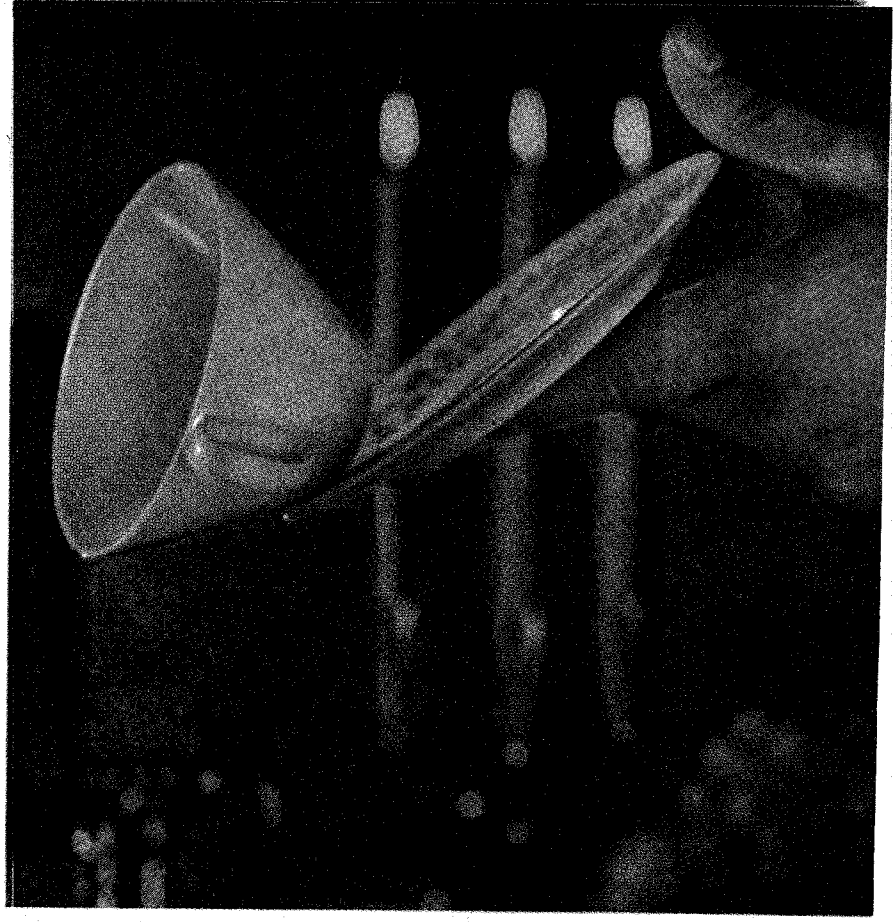

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(*Continued from Page 59*) awful agony. The lunging, desperate tug got the pea this time.

"Ah," came the exultant groan. "Ah! You are cool. You are beautiful. Perfect and cool. Perfect and green! Fingers of God! Help me, cool fingers."

Edward could stand and stare no longer. Not that it mattered. The man was in a trance of concentration, unaware of outside sight or sound. But the scene was so painful, so private and hopeless it seemed indecent to gawk at it. He turned back to his own task. The muttering, pleading half prayer, half blasphemy went on behind him.

He filled his second bucket before he let his eyes lift across the green rows. The man was grinning now in a fixed, wet grin like a mask. His face was soaked with sweat. His fine white shirt glistened with sweat. But he was picking peas. His right arm was holding up the pulled vines this time. The picking hand was the left one now. It reached out, still wavering, still awkward, but swiftly, and the fingers grasped the dangling pod, picked it, worked it back into the hand's palm, held it there and picked the next pod, held that, then picked another. The vine was empty. The man tossed it behind him and reached down for another, ripped it free from the wire and came up with it in his left hand, and it was the right hand now that used its fingers and picked in that studied, wooden fashion until it was clean. He was alternating his hands, working both of them out in the grim exercise.

"Hey," Edward called, "how about a breather? I'll get some cool milk from the springhouse."

"I wouldn't stop now for a thousand dollars," the man said. "Thanks just the same. I'm working in color. You know what color pain is? It's blue. Electric blue. A beautiful blue. It harmonizes with the green of your peas. That's beautiful too. Pain beautiful! Nature beautiful! Pain is sterile. Nature bountiful. It takes the gluttony and grease out of the thought of food when you can see it and feel it clean like this."

He reached for a handful of vines and pulled them up. "Come fingers of God," he said. "I'll gather you. Come sensuous fingers of Ceres. Come graceful fingers of Buddha."

There was a little deftness coming into his picking now, a little rhythm in his arms and thin back, hard and supple under the soaked, expensive shirt. The old man resting under the apple tree watched him.

"Getting your deities sort of mixed up, ain't you?" he asked.

The younger man—he was younger than Edward had sized him up at first; he was a man right in the middle of his life, you could see now—came striding down the row with his bucket crowned with peas. He grinned.

"When you've got my kind of rickets, you play all the bets," he said. "Especially when you know you're winning. Never—never will I let myself get in this shape again. It's avoidable, you know. Just a little courage."

He dumped his bucket into the empty basket Edward placed for him and, dropping it, flexed both his hands.

"But it would have meant hours, maybe two days of drab, resentful, complaining heat therapy, water therapy, gadget therapy back in the clinic before I could be as good as this," he said. "Shows you what the right doctor can do, doesn't it? Well—mustn't stop."

He snatched up the bucket and swung away. "What about this Weeks couple down the road?" he said. "They friends of yours?"

"Yes," Edward said. "He's got your trouble. Got it bad. They've got to sell their place, I'm afraid. It's pitiful."

"I know," the man said, back at his vines again. "I came down here to look at it. She's putting me up. Gave me that big north room. If I should buy that place and give them life tenure on some sort of a boarding arrangement—she keep house and cook; I take care of all the rest—do you think it would work out?"

"Just you?" Edward asked.

"Just I. I'm all alone. I can live anywhere, but I've got to get out of the city or die. Get my hands into this sort of thing. Into the soil. Wallow in something I can forget myself in, like these vines of yours. Swing a hoe or an ax! Planting! Cultivating! Pruning! If I can do that, I've got a chance. I can keep going a few more years. Do you understand?"

"She's a wonderful woman," Edward said. "You saw that house, how she keeps it. If you could take the worry off her shoulders and off his, poor devil, it would be a blessed thing. Everybody in the neighborhood would call you a saint."

"And that would be a grievous error. I'm no saint. I'd be solving my own life pretty desperately and selfishly. I'm none too easy to live with. But then she would understand. She knows what our kind of jints are. Let me shut up now and think. I'm thinking quite well again amid this greenery."

The two picked with just the soft clutter of peas into the buckets, the rustle of the pulled vines. The regular oriole that owned the house elm every year came like a flung flaming fagot out of the blue sky and perched on the dipping branch beside his nest and made his song to his mate, with just her head sticking up out of the soft gray pocket.

"Tweety—datweety—datweety," he shrilled over and over.

The man swung his head and found him. "He says I'd be a fool not to follow my hunch," he said .... "All right, buster. Who would know, if you didn't?"

The car came back down the road, and the Hunt boy swung it into the drive and sat there waiting. He was a fine, respectful boy, quiet and well mannered like all the Hunts. The man waved his hand to let him know he had seen him and kept at his picking.

His third bucket was full ten minutes later and his row finished. He had made it come out even, just as it should. Edward joined him under the apple tree and watched the bucket heap up the basket. It was a fine bushel of peas.

"I met you an hour or so ago," the man said, "but I'm going to use you as if you were my Dutch uncle. I'm buying the Weeks' place. Now—the next four or five days I've got a job to do. I'm going to need these hands as I've never needed them before." He stretched them out and closed them strongly and made them into creaking fists. "Need them just as lubricated as they are now. Can you store these peas for me and let me come tomorrow morning and shell them?"

"I'll be in a rocking chair right in the shade of that elm," Edward said, "doing just that thing. There'll be a rocking chair for you. We'll make Mary blanch yours out along with ours, and there's plenty of room in the freezer. I'll freeze for you. You'll have some good eatin'."

"Wonderful! May I pick that second row the day after that?"

"And the third row after that, if you want it."

"That will do it, my friend, my friend indeed."

He picked his blue jacket from the apple branch where he had tossed it and felt in its pocket for his wallet.

"You can have all the money you want," he said.

"Five a row is enough," Edward said. "Mary'll make you pay for your freezin' tubs, but you'll have to dicker with her about that. No hurry about any of it."

"No hurry, eh?" the man said. He strode to his car and leaned in and opened the glove compartment.

"Let's see how these jints work," he said, coming back. "Here, take your money."

He had a heavy black crayon pencil in his left hand. Squatting, he picked up the round wooden cover that belonged to one of the older baskets. It was made of a smooth piece of pine with a rim of barrel hooping. He flipped it over, and the underside was still bright and clean. With strokes so deft and sure, what he was drawing seemed to jump into life before the old man's eyes—a pea vine, hanging its pods so real the dead wood seemed to come alive. A hand with fingers holding the vine, then an arm and, bending down as if leaning from above, a girl's face. The Hunt boy silently stood beside Edward, watching too.

"Ceres?" the man asked. "Is our girl Ceres? Nope! Her neck's too scrawny. She's coming out a Protestant angel. Here!" He tossed the cover at the old man's feet. "She's pretending she's giving you your peas. A fraud, of course. You are the one who made 'em. Mister, I'm drawing to suit me. Wonderful! I'll paint this afternoon and bless you and your peas every stroke."

"That's your job?" Edward said. "That's what those fingers mean?"

The man nodded. "An artist," he said. "And a darned good one. Up in that north room I've got what will prove it again. I realized how good it is right down your pea row. I'm getting to it—and to a clean shirt—as fast as I can. Come, Wilder. I'll take that wheel again. She's my car again."

The car roared into a quick-swinging back out the drive and then, with a wave of the driver's arm, down the road like a scared cat. Edward listened to it fade away. He picked up the basket cover with the crayon drawing and, studying its amazing vitality, walked slowly toward the house door and Mary. The thing was beautiful. Good enough to hang on the wall. Only a moment before it had just been an old basket cover. He was glad he had it to convince Mary he wasn't yarning again. Maybe she wouldn't believe what he had to tell her anyway. But she'd better. All she was going to get, by gosh, whether she meant what she said or not, was three bushels of peas. This year anyway—and next year too.

Cotton Fields by Moonlight

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

No sea so silent now as this
white reach
Of cotton bolls beneath a
brightening sky,
Ebbing in hollows of drying
honeysuckle
And fields of goldenrod.
No breaker's sigh

Nor sudden turning of a
midnight tide
Shall wake the silences the
moment yields
Where shadows of clouds,
like pickers scattered wide,
Move slowly, as though
harvesting these fields.

The Cold-War Blonde (Continued from Page 33)

"Yes, indeed, he's a scientist," Manners assured her. "Their top man in the field of astronautics, and a sound administrator to boot. Why, our technical intelligence people"—he lowered his voice as the sacred word "intelligence" slipped unbidden from his lips—"are convinced that he's the big wheel of Soviet missile development. The boys say that if anything happened to him, it'd set the whole program back maybe as much as two years."

Too late he saw the warning glitter in the blue eyes—a glitter that narrowed to little twin points of ice-cold fire.

"It doesn't make sense," said the mayor of South Brookbury.

"What doesn't make sense, dear?"

"Letting that man go home again."

Meredith Manners gulped. One frantic right-and-left glance assured him that nobody was close enough to have overheard that terrible remark.

"Too bad we washed up the Dirty Tricks Department after the war," he remarked with a hoarse chuckle.

"What do you mean, you washed it up?" the mayor shot back. "How about that Berlin business you told me about? How about that German wench you sicked on that Soviet colonel? How about what happened to him afterward?"

Her voice was lifting with every syllable. A couple of curious faces half turned their way.

"Please, darling!" Manners begged. "Let's move along a step. Now listen," he half whispered as he guided her toward a corner that was at least less jammed than the middle of the room. "A colonel is one thing, Elinor, but a member of the Soviet Council of Ministers is a horse from another garage. You want us to start a war?"

She took that quite seriously. "Certainly not," she informed him. "I want to make it harder for them to start one. As for ministers being different from colonels, they're men, aren't they? Suppose he just disappeared—what could his government prove? We could drag it out for months, and meanwhile we could be working on him." Her lips set in a hard, pitiless line. "What's one man's life," she wanted to know, "against two years' start in a race that can mean life or death to millions of men and women and children?" (*Continued on Page 68*)

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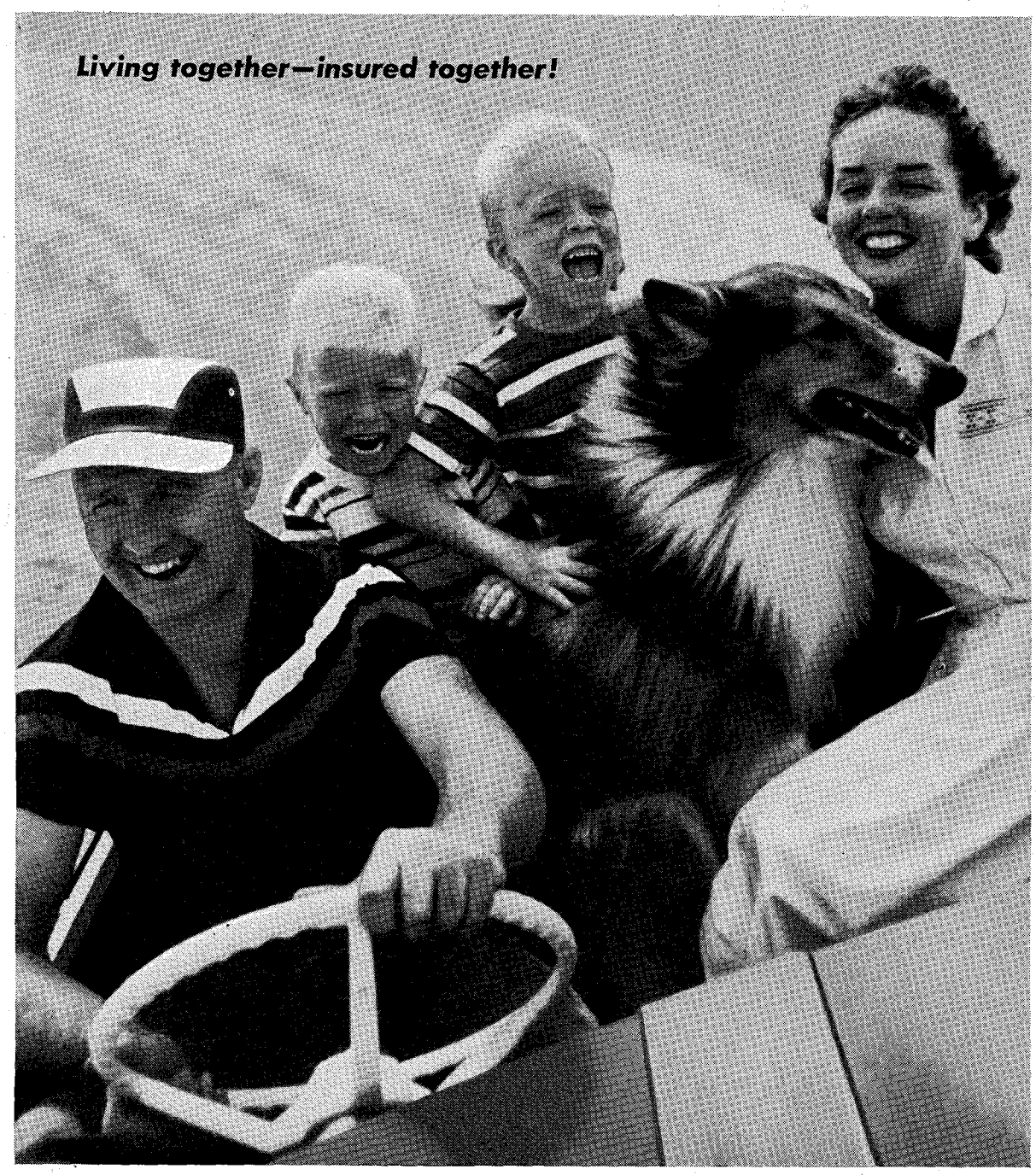

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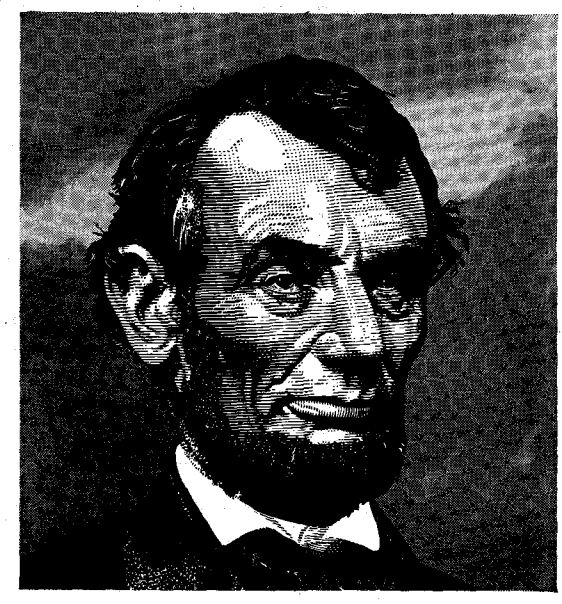

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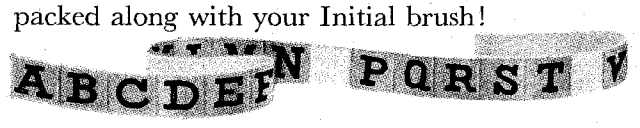

(*Continued from Page 66*) "Suppose you're right—in principle," he argued. "How's the thing to be done? You see those two goons with Zaspurov over there? One's his so-called secretary. He's reporting Zaspurov's every word and action to the party organization. The other we're not sure about, but we think he works for their military intelligence. Then there'll be one or two characters from the secret police around somewhere. His chauffeur for one, probably. So how do you figure he can just disappear and have it all a big mystery, when he's never out of sight of at least two pairs of watchful eyes, and usually more?"

"Never?" asked the mayor, wide-eyed again. "Even when he's in bed?"

"If they don't sleep in the same room, they sleep next door with somebody always on watch," Manners told her, improvising a little. "And there'll be microphones in his bedroom, just in case he talks in his sleep out in that Long Island hideaway where he spends his nights."

"Oh-oh," said the mayor of South Brookbury softly. "So that's where he holes up when he's not on public display. I know the place—it's just about five miles from my own darling little village hall. They're not allowed to drive —— Merry! I've got to meet Mr. Zaspurov."

"I'll fix up an introduction for you any time, Elinor," promised Manners, grabbing at straws. "But this evening, dear, I was thinking we might ——"

"Oh, Merry, I just remembered. I have to go home," she interrupted. "Only first —— No, Merry, an official introduction wouldn't do. You see that, don't you? Call me tomorrow—I've got to hurry now, while he's still talking to Kelsey Kyger."

"Elinor!" cried the desperate Manners. "Wait ——"

Over one departing shoulder the mayor of South Brookbury asked gently, "What did that German wench have that I don't have? 'Bye now, darling."

Short of physical force there was no stopping her. Meredith Manners watched her click across the room, watched Kyger's face light up when he saw her—watched how she lifted her blue eyes with timid deference and awe as she was introduced to the great man of Soviet science. Meredith Manners said several short words which would not have been approved by the chief of protocol.

The big car was slowing down for the turn off the highway, which meant ten more minutes before Zaspurov had to reach a decision. Once arrived at the country estate where he was quartered, it would be too late. The reports would be delivered, the machinery set in motion. But until that gate closed behind him, he could still order the car to turn around and take him back to New York—back to the grim gray building in the East Sixties where the ambassador had his residence. Once there, he could tell the story himself—to the ambassador and to that other one before whom, save in public, even the ambassador cringed. But, if he did that, would he seem to be giving evidence of a guilty conscience?

Might it not be better to wait, to let his secretary, Smirnov, and his military aide, Colonel Vassilivich, inform their respective superiors of what had happened and then wait to see whether anyone higher up took it seriously? After all ——

Damn the woman. What stupid female impulse had caused her to say such a thing? The highly trained brain of the minister for scientific development remembered her words exactly as she had spoken them: "I just wanted you to know, Mister Minister, that I heard your speech and that one American, at least, understood your message—what you were really trying to tell us!"

Who was she anyway? The mayor of some wretched village or other, Kyger had said. She looked like no female village mayor the minister had ever seen, though female officials were common enough in the Soviet Union. He had paid no attention to the name of the place—or to her name—and now it wouldn't be smart to ask Smirnov. He recalled that she'd invited him to visit her, to see for himself how American democracy worked at the village level, and he'd given her some formal answer.

That, of course, was before she'd made that silly remark about the message—after that, Zaspurov had taken himself away fast. If only he'd taken himself away two minutes earlier.

He eyed Smirnov's deferential profile, outlined against the lights of a gas station, and Vassilivich's broad shoulders, there in the front seat beside the chauffeur. He had caught the gleam of suspicion in their eyes, yet real suspicion could hardly remain long with Smirnov. Smirnov knew how little Zaspurov had had to do with the construction of that speech. Of course, there were those small changes in phraseology—the "individual touches" which ministers were allowed as long as there was no change in basic meaning. Too bad he'd made any changes. On the other hand, Smirnov had a soft job, with pickings. He was by no means assured of as good a one with the next minister, if it came to that. Vassilivich was in a different position—he was just a stupid soldier. Suspicion was his natural state of mind.

When all was said, though, the thing stood alone—there was nothing, absolutely nothing else to connect the minister for scientific development with this woman in any way whatever. He had never seen her before. He would take good care he never saw her again.

Abruptly, as he often did in the laboratory or in his headquarters office, Zaspurov took his decision. He would put the matter out of his mind. It was absurd to suppose that a woman's foolish babble would be taken seriously—against one so valuable to the state as Vladimir Vladimirovich Zaspurov knew himself to be. He would forget the whole affair.

The car was slowing—red lights showed ahead across the roadway. Red lights and a sign with an arrow: DETOUR—ROAD CLOSED. The arrow pointed to the right. Other cars were making the turn. Pavlinko, the chauffeur, braked almost to a stop, muttering under his breath.

"What's wrong?" demanded Zaspurov. A car behind honked impatiently.

Pavlinko said, "With submission, Comrade Minister, we should not leave this road. It is prescribed ——"

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"Move along!" interrupted Zaspurov. "Follow those other cars until we're past the obstruction, whatever it is."

"But ——" began Pavlinko.

A chorus of impatient honking drowned his further words at the same time that it popped the safety valve of Zaspurov's temper.

"Get going, you stupid ox!" he roared. "Do you want to keep me out here all night?"

The car jerked forward as Pavlinko slammed his foot on the gas; it swung to the right on squealing tires and went racing down the dark side road.

Smirnov, at Zaspurov's side, stirred uneasily and said, "I don't like this."

"Why?" snapped Zaspurov.

"Pavlinko is the only one of us who belongs to the New York mission," Smirnov pointed out. "He knows—ah, bah, let us hope he gets us through without more difficulty."

He lighted a cigarette. Zaspurov looked out the window, trying to see whether there was any indication of the detour's coming to an end. The lights showed a white sign lying face down beside the road, a broken post marking where some careless fool had hit it. These Americans!

There was a street light ahead. They were coming to some kind of town—perhaps it would be best for Pavlinko to make inquiries.

A siren screamed almost in the minister's ear. A car shot past on the left, swung in ahead of the embassy car. A red-lettered transparency flared: STOP—POLICE.

Pavlinko jammed on his brakes so suddenly that the minister pitched forward against the back of the front seat. "I told you—I told you!" the chauffeur squalled angrily. "Now you will see."

A policeman, badge and buttons glittering in the glare of the headlights, got out of the police car and came trotting back. Pavlinko cranked down his window.

"Diplomat!" he protested. "Diplomat!"

"I know all that," said the policeman. "This car's listed as belonging to the Soviet Embassy. Right?"

"Diplomat," repeated Pavlinko. Zaspurov wondered impatiently if that were the limit of the chauffeur's English. He knew Vassilivich understood English, but rarely spoke it. Smirnov was in much the same class.

He leaned forward, taking charge himself. "This is a Soviet Embassy car, officer, certainly," he said, in crisp official tones. "You have no right to detain us. My name is Zaspurov. I am a member of the Soviet Council of Ministers. I'll appreciate it if you'll direct my chauffeur back to the road."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the policeman with weary politeness, "but before we get to that, are you all Soviet citizens?"

"Of course."

"May I see your passports?"

He glanced at the four folders, handed them back.

"Sorry," he said. "You're in an area in which automobile travel by Soviet citizens is forbidden. I'll have to ask you to come with me to the police station." The cop's voice sounded as though he didn't mean to argue the point.

First Come First Serviced

By Loyd Rosenfield

The man whose car needs
gasoline,
A brushing out, some air,
Who wants brake fluid,
water, oil
And checking of his spare,
Desires his lights and
windshield wiped
Until they fairly shine,
Is parked behind me glaring
while
It all gets done to mine.

"What the devil is all this about?" Zaspurov demanded of Pavlinko in Russian.

"You would not listen, Comrade Minister," the chauffeur sulked. "We are supposed to go only on the highway, and by the prescribed road after we turn off the highway. The road was blocked. We left it without making any arrangements. I tried to tell you before it was too late."

"This may be serious, Comrade Minister," murmured Smirnov. "I think you had better refuse to go to any police station. Stay right here."

"In which case, how shall we telephone to the ambassador and have matters adjusted, dolt?" Zaspurov wanted to know. In English he said, "Very well, officer. Lead the way to your police station. I'll have a word with your superior about this outrage. Follow the police, Pavlinko."

Zaspurov was still busy with the mental details of fixing blame on the wretched chauffeur when the car slid to a stop in front of a pair of concrete steps flanked by green-shaded lights. Pavlinko jumped out, ran around behind and opened the door for Zaspurov. Smirnov followed his chief to the sidewalk. Vassilivich, who hadn't said a word all the way from New York, came along too. The policeman ushered all four of them up the steps and into a bare little room where a sergeant sat behind a wooden counter.

"Here they are, sarge, like I told you on the radio," the policeman announced.

"Yeah," said the sergeant, getting to his feet. "Which of you is Mr. Zas—Zaspureff?"

"Zaspurov," the minister corrected. "I demand ——"

"This way," cut in the sergeant. "Right this way. The mayor's waiting for you."

The sergeant led them across a dimly lighted corridor, knocked once and, without waiting for an answer, opened half of a pair of double doors to show softer lights beyond and a stretch of carpeted floor. "In here, please." He motioned Zaspurov to pass through.

Zaspurov strode into the room, head back, words of haughty protest quivering in his throat. The mayor of South Brookbury came swiftly to greet him, both hands outstretched in welcome, the light making an aureole of her ash-blond hair about her eager face. "You really came!" she cried. "Oh, how wonderful! I never thought you could manage."

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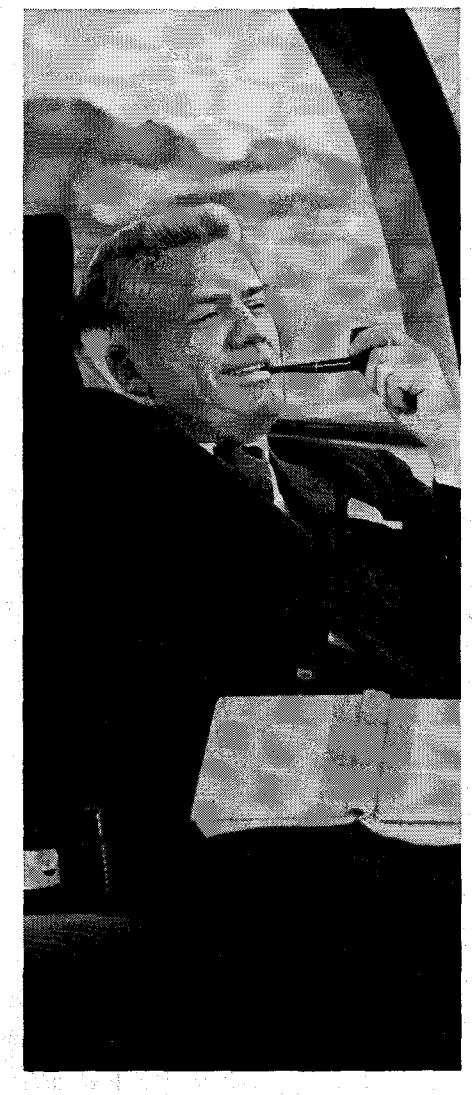

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Zaspurov heard the sergeant roar—"Outside, you!"—heard the door slam shut, cutting off Smirnov's squawk, Vassilivich's bull bellow of protest.

"I never thought you could manage to accept my invitation so soon," the mayor was saying.

Zaspurov's steel-pivoted brain, speeded by desperation, pounced upon the one best course of action. No one would ever believe this was coincidence. He knew how fishy the tale of the detour sign and the lurking policeman would sound in Moscow. Very well. Pass it off as an indiscretion—an affair of the heart, or rather of the flesh. After all, the woman was quite pretty enough to make the idea plausible. Such conduct was not without precedent among his ministerial colleagues. Nor was it unforgivable—provided there was no public scandal.

He bowed gracefully over the mayor's hands. "There are ways of arranging matters when the desire is strong enough," he murmured and kissed each hand with lingering lips.

Since there was no other way of escape, he might as well enjoy this one ——

"Can't you get any more speed out of this junk heap?" demanded Meredith Manners.

"Keep your striped pants on," advised Kelsey Kyger. "We'll be there in five minutes more if we don't get pinched."

He zipped past an intersection just as the light changed from amber to red; the speedometer needle settled back to sixty-five. The photographer in the back seat spoke briefly on the subject of reporters at the wheel.

"I don't get this—I don't get it at all," complained Manners.

"I've told you all I know about it a dozen times, Merry," Kyger grumbled. "That cute dish of a mayor asked me to give her a number where she could reach me all evening—just in case. She called about half an hour ago and said beat it out to South Brookbury fast and bring a photographer. She also said bring you if I could find you in a hurry. Hah! Who knocked down the sign? Some drunk—anyhow we're now within the incorporated limits of the village of South Brookbury. Village Hall, Her Honor said. If we don't see her around, we're to ask at the police station."

Kyger was slowing down, weaving his way through the evening traffic. Manners eyed his hawk profile with acute distaste.

"Here we are."

Kyger bounced out of the car almost before it had stopped rolling and went up the steps to the police station in one jump. Manners, a close second, was just in time to hear an impressive peroration by Smirnov—the punch line, as he learned later, of that gentleman's third speech (in bad English with passionate Russian interludes) on the subject of the dire fate which would befall Sergeant O'Leary if he, Smirnov, were not allowed to use the telephone, but immediately. Smirnov was stamping around in front of the sergeant's desk and waving both fists in the air. At the rear of the room, in a grated cell, Colonel Vassilivich and Pavlinko the chauffeur watched the performance with their faces pressed glumly to the bars.

Manners took this all in, his heart sinking. But he walked briskly up to the sergeant and presented his identification card. "Manners—State Department. What goes on here?"

Smirnov stopped yelling and listened. He recognized Manners as somebody who might do him some good.

The sergeant jerked his thumb toward the two prisoners. "We hadda lock 'em up for their own protection. They kept trying to bust into the mayor's office," he said. "Besides, the big one had a gun on him. This fella here wants to telephone somebody or other, but his boss is in with the mayor, so I thought he better wait. Maybe the mayor'll let his pals go anyway, so why raise a stink?"

Flash bulbs were popping by this time. Soviet official faces behind bars made wonderful picture copy.

"Let 'em out immediately," Manners ordered. "You can't lock people like that in your jail."

The sergeant was just opening the cell, still not quite sure whether he ought to, when three or four young men burst in through the street door, two of them carrying cameras.

They bayed happily at the sight of Kelsey Kyger.

"Hi, Kel! Another Kyger scoop, ha-ha! What gives, boy, what gives? Soviet citizens in the clink yet?" More flash bulbs.

A head topped by a uniform cap came round the edge of the corridor door and a hoarse voice said, "Hey, sarge, there's a lotta scufflin' goin' on in the mayor's office. You think that I oughta—why, you—"

This last came in an outraged squawk as Meredith Manners straight-armed the cop out of the doorway and charged on through as he'd done when he carried the ball for dear old Ivy Walls—through, and across the corridor to tear open the mayor's door.

The mayor of South Brookbury, panting a little, was behind her maple desk; the ash-blond hair wasn't arranged quite as neatly as it had been; the insubstantial magic which held her dress to her shoulders had quit working—on the left shoulder anyway.

At the far end of the desk, his hands on the edge in the very act of vaulting over it, Vladimir Vladimirovich Zaspurov half crouched, his eyes alight with the fire of the chase.

"Hold it, Mr. Minister!" Manners warned, as one diplomat to another. "The press is here!"

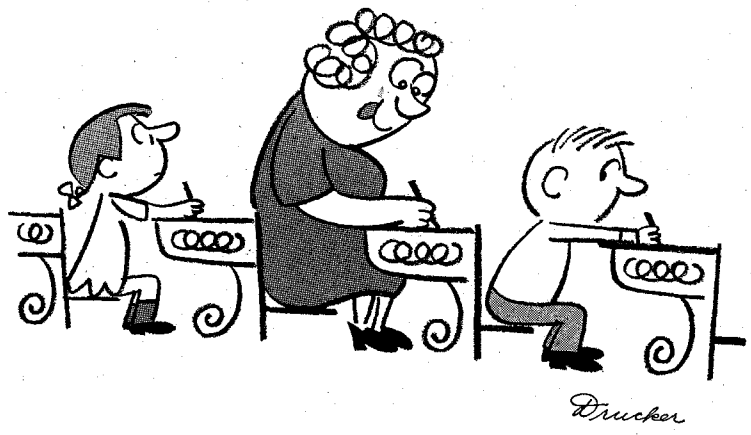
Zaspurov snapped erect—his face went blank, one quick hand jammed the end of his tie inside his coat. Manners noted with admiration how instantly the mayor reacted too—hair in place, dress back on shoulder in a twinkling, and a small smile lifting the corners of her mouth. Calmly she moved toward Zaspurov.

Her fingers were actually on the minister's arm when the first flash bulb let go in the doorway. Not ten seconds had passed all together from the time the cop had given his warning. Now here came the others, Kelsey Kyger in the lead. Pouring out questions, they surrounded the mayor and Zaspurov amid the rapid fire of the flash bulbs.

"Gentlemen! Please!" The mayor's voice beat through the babble. "Please!" she begged again. The noise died away a little. More people were coming through the door—Vassilivich, stony-faced, followed by Smirnov and Pavlinko.

"I'm sorry to have caused you all this trouble," the mayor was saying. "When I called you, Kelsey, I really believed I'd have a worth-while story for you." She glanced at Zaspurov and with just the tiniest suggestion of deliberation, she removed her fingers from his arm. "But I am afraid," she went on, "that I was being a trifle impulsive. Or perhaps I should say"—she paused as though searching for a word—"premature."

The three syllables echoed across the high-ceilinged room in a second of silence—then the pack was raving at her again, battering her with questions: What had she been impulsive about?



The Perfect Squelch

The new English teacher, on reading Calvin's first theme, thought he had a genius in his class. The theme was logical, literate and adult. Too adult for a sixth-grader, the teacher reluctantly concluded. Calvin's second theme, also in a mature and sophisticated vein, confirmed the teacher's feeling. So did a telephone call from Calvin's doting mother, asking how the teacher liked her son's work.

At the next classroom visit of the mothers' group, the teacher put Calvin's theme on the board with others and marked it FIRST PRIZE. Sure enough, Calvin's mother stood over it, pointing it out with pride to all comers.

"That's my son's," she proclaimed.

"Yes," said the teacher, "and quite advanced for a sixth-grader. Why," he added casually, with a look at Calvin's mother, "it's work you'd normally expect from a seventh- or eighth-grader."

Joe Byers

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What was she premature about? Why was Manners here? What had she been talking to Zaspurov about? Why had the Soviet Minister come to see her? Why had her cops locked his people up? Had she ever met him before, and was he in love with her? Was she in love with him? Had she ——

High above the rest came the inevitable question from young Olivant of the Bugle: "Your Honor, has Minister Zaspurov said anything about seeking political asylum in this country? Is he thinking it over? Is that what you meant by being premature?"

"That's unfair!" the mayor cried angrily. "It's not true. I deny it absolutely and categorically. You have no right to draw such an inference!"

The newsmen were scribbling furiously, and Manners could see the headlines that would blossom from those scribbles: SOVIET MISSILEMAN TO GIVE ALL FOR LOVE? . . . ZASPUROV PREFERS BLONDES TO BALLISTICS? . . . UNFAIR QUESTION, SAYS LADY MAYOR.

Zaspurov was beginning to get the pitch. As the lady went on protesting, the color drained slowly from his face, leaving it a sort of crumbling gray like the wall of an abandoned graveyard.

Vassilivich, with the air of one who makes up his mind once and for all, put on his hat, jerked the brim down, and started across the clamorous room toward Zaspurov. Behind him, abreast, marched Smirnov and Pavlinko.

He reached Zaspurov's side. He touched the minister's arm with one spadelike hand.

He spoke one word—a Russian word, but everyone present understood it and its meaning. "Come."

Pavlinko stood at the minister's other elbow. Smirnov was just behind him. The eyes of all three were as dark and stony as bits of obsidian. Two flash bulbs popped.

The mayor of South Brookbury said, high and clear, "But since we're discussing the subject, I'd like to ask Mr. Meredith Manners of the State Department whether, in case Minister Zaspurov were to ask for political asylum, as has been suggested, his request would be likely to be granted?"

Meredith Manners was beginning to get the pitch too. He took his career in both hands and answered firmly, "Yes. I would say that's a certainty."

Vassilivich snarled like an animal and began dragging Zaspurov toward the door.

"Sergeant O'Leary!" the mayor sang out. Blue and brass thrust in between Vassilivich and his quarry—O'Leary and a patrolman, wearing the proud insignia of the South Brookbury Police Department.

Now Zaspurov stood quite alone in a little cleared space, facing the mayor of South Brookbury across that pretty desk. Her eyes, Meredith Manners noted, were just as hard and unyielding as Vassilivich's.

"You must decide now, Mr. Zaspurov," she said. "For this one more moment you are quite safe. If you so choose, you will continue to be safe. Or you can go with these men and take your chances. You have exactly thirty seconds to make up your mind." The direct approach. Period.

Zaspurov said, speaking slowly and carefully, "I am a man of science. My brain is trained in analysis, in selection. It is not quite as you imagine, Madam Mayor. The choice you offer me is not necessarily one of life or death. It is rather one between exile and uncertainty. They will not shoot me if I go home. Not this time. But they will not trust me either. And who knows what changes may come next year or the year after? There can be no comfort in such a life, and I have known enough comfort to become attached to it. Therefore ——"

He shrugged, turned an eloquent shoulder to Vassilivich and sat down in the mayor's armchair.

The double doors splintered as the group of reporters stampeded for telephones, hoping to catch first editions. The headlines should read, ZASPUROV CHOOSES COMFORT, thought Manners cynically.

Vassilivich, Smirnov and Pavlinko drew together, hesitated, then turned as one man and marched out of the room under the watchful eyes of the police force of South Brookbury.

The photographers snapped flash bulbs at them, then moved in on the mayor and Zaspurov. "How about shakin' hands?" . . . "Sit on the arm of the chair, can't ya, mayor?" . . . "How about a lil cheesecake, Yer Honor?" To Meredith Manners' annoyance, Her Honor obliged with a little cheesecake.

The mayor of South Brookbury grinned at Meredith Manners across the small triangular table in the darkest corner of the Goliath's cocktail lounge.

"What I don't understand," Manners was saying, "is how on earth you got Zaspurov to come to South Brookbury in the first place. The Soviet embassy's put out a fantastic yarn—all about a mysterious detour sign and your police waylaying their minister—a perfect farrago of falsehoods, of course. The Nassau County police have officially denied that any detour sign was posted anywhere in that vicinity last night. Still, Zaspurov got to South Brookbury somehow—and his chauffeur knew he had no business to drive by that route under the order restricting motor travel by Soviet citizens. So ——"

The mayor of South Brookbury laughed gently. She had already decided Merry wouldn't be any happier for knowing the sordid details. After all, he was a diplomat; she was a village mayor and worked daily with policemen. It had been easy enough for her to figure out how her police cruiser could pick up the Soviet car when it turned off the highway and report its progress on the authorized side road by radio. Sending the village street-repair truck out with the red lanterns and detour sign and putting them in place just for the necessary few minutes had been easy enough too. Of course, a few motorists had been inconvenienced—but the risk of any coming forward to confirm the Soviet story wasn't great. The cops and street repairmen were her own people. They'd never say a word. Neither would O'Leary's brother, who just happened to be a lieutenant on the county force.

The mayor patted Meredith Manners' hand. "Don't worry about it," she advised. "Maybe the chauffeur was confused. Maybe Zaspurov was impatient. Or maybe he really came to see me because he wanted to. I did ask him, you know." Manners snorted. "Anyway," the mayor went on, "when he actually turned up in South Brookbury, I just took it from there and played the rest of the tune by ear."

"It was a good tune for our side," Meredith Manners admitted.

The mayor of South Brookbury leaned over quickly and kissed him on the mouth. "You're sweet, Merry," she said. "Order me another martini, will you? I feel just a little like celebrating."

Maybe, she thought, with a little patience and tactful guidance ——

THE END

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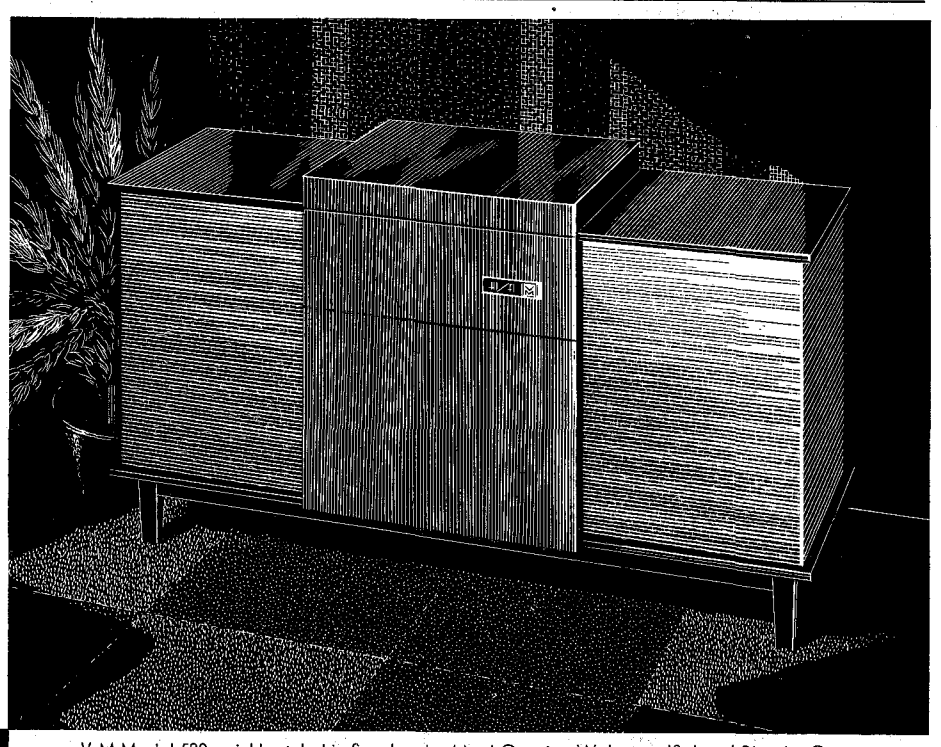

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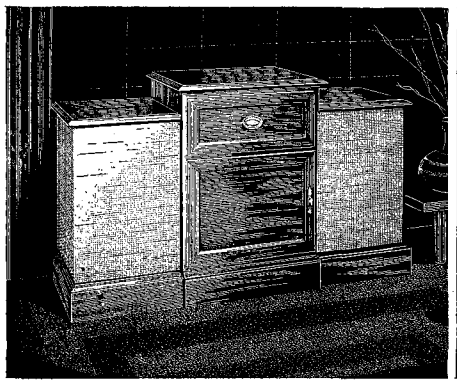

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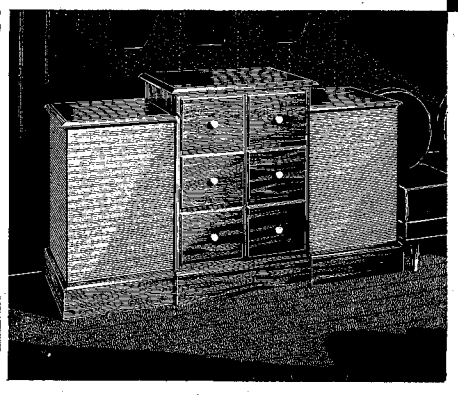

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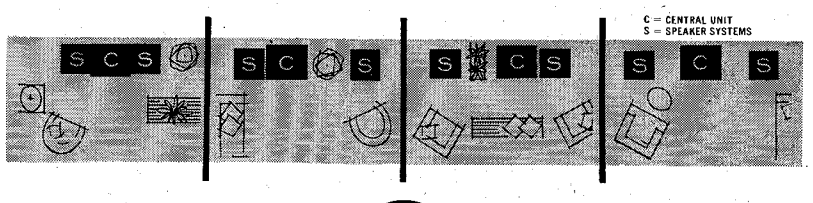

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Payoff Bout (Continued from Page 24)

nodded, listening to the music and admiring the way the girl handled it with the equipment she had. She sang *Go 'Way, Boy*, and the customers gave her a hand as she stepped down.

The dim lights went up a fraction, and a big man in a well-cut suit sat down at the table. He said, "Hello, Fenton." He looked over at Miller and nodded, "Hello."

Fenton said, "Hello, Newman. A nice place you got here."

The big man shrugged. "It's a place. It brings in a buck."

Fenton said, "We came in this afternoon, and I called you like you said. What's on your mind?"

Miller watched the big man light a cigarette and thought he didn't like Mr. Newman too much, but then he didn't have to. Newman said, "On my mind is the fight next week. There's an extra grand in it for you, if Miller here doesn't bust a blood vessel tryin' too hard."

Fenton looked at Miller, and Miller said, "What's the gaff? I thought you had a real tiger."

"He's good," Newman said. "He'll beat you. He'll go all the way in a year. But we like a little insurance."

Miller thought about it. Otero must be good. He had had only twenty, twenty-five fights, but the last two times out he had beaten Russell and knocked out Dorgan.

Newman said, "I could go to two. We got a big investment, is all."

Fenton said, "It looks all right to me. We ——"

"We'll think about it," Miller said. "The fight's a week away."

Newman looked at Fenton. "You manage him. He always like this? Otero'll beat your bowl off anyway. What's to think about?"

Fenton shrugged. "I never know what goes on with him."

Miller didn't want to talk about it. He said, "Your combo is pretty good. So is the singer."

"I guess they're O.K.," Newman said. He studied Miller for a long moment. "I'll send her over."

"I didn't mean that."

"She's got nothin' to do for another hour." Newman got up and moved away from the table.

Fenton stared at him. "So you're a big man. You couldn't use two thousand."

"I said we'd think about it."

"I can add," Fenton said. "We come down here for the lousy four thousand we get for the TV. There's traveling and the hotel, and then another five hundred for Baldy to come down from New York just because you like to have him in the corner like in the old days. And his fare."

Miller said, "Look. I beat this guy and then we get Porter, and we beat Porter and we get Florez." Florez was the champ.

"You fought Porter," Fenton said patiently. "And you fought Florez."

With Porter it hadn't been too bad. And with Florez he had gone the full fifteen, but he hadn't been able to eat or move out of his hotel room for two days. He said, "All right. But that was a couple, three years ago."

"Why don't you stop that yack?" Fenton said. "So you get younger? The only thirty-one-year-old middleweight in the business who gets younger? Florez is now an aging twenty-six."

"Mr. Miller?" the girl said, and they stood up. "Mr. Newman said you liked the songs. I'm Helen Casey."

She took the chair Miller held for her. She was tall and not as young as she had looked on the stand. As handsome, but not as young. Her eyes were a little tired and held a bit too much knowledge. She was only a couple of years younger than himself, Miller figured. Her smile was pleasant and practiced as Miller introduced her to Fenton.

"You were very good," Miller said.

"Thank you. Those boys up there keep me honest."

"They're fine." Miller almost asked her what they were doing in a joint like this and realized how that would sound. "I liked that *Miss Me?*"

"It doesn't sound like Clooney," the girl said.

"We didn't mean to take up your time. You didn't have to come over just because Newman asked you to. I mean, we just told him we liked the way you sing."

"Well, maybe that's why I came over. I can take a lot of talk like that." Then, "I understand you're fighting here next week. You don't look like a fighter."

Fenton snorted. "He's a millionaire. He just does this for a hobby."

"It's probably because I don't cut easy and have a small nose," Miller explained.

"And a small brain," Fenton said. "That's why he's never been knocked down."

"You could say that about a lot of fire hydrants," the girl said, and Miller grinned at her. She looked at him. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be smart."

"It's all right." He had liked the gag and he had liked the swift apology.

Fenton got up. "I'll see you back at the hotel. There must be a card game in a town this size. I've got to make money some way." He said good night to the girl and left.

The girl was surprised to find that Miller was a jazz buff, and they talked about bands and instrumentalists and records, and then it was time for her to work again. Miller got up with her. "It was nice of you to waste your time."

"I get paid for my time." Then she smiled, and it wasn't a set, for-the-customer smile. "It was fun."

He stayed for her next group, listened to her sing *One for My Baby* and a couple of others. It was too bad she didn't have a voice. When she had finished he went back to the hotel.

In the morning he had a good breakfast, and after a while he and Fenton went cross-town and found the gym, and Miller spent half an hour skipping rope and working on the bags, and then he went three rounds with some big guy Fenton had dug up. He felt good, but then he always felt good. The way he worked, fighting every three weeks or a month, training was just a workout every day.

He had showered and dressed and was leaving the place when Otero came in with Newman. Otero was tall, dark, with high cheekbones. The eyes were coal-black. Miller said hello to Newman, nodded at Otero. He had seen him work in the gym in New York. Fast, a nice left hand, a heavy right hand. Otero stared at him, then nodded. A real friendly type.

After lunch Miller bought a fishing license at a sporting-goods store and got the car from the lot back of the hotel. Oak City was a big town, but you could get out of it fast and into the hills that bordered its western side. He had spent a couple of weeks here four years ago—when he had fought Jordan the first time—and he had remembered it because he had liked it. It took him an hour to find a stream he recalled, and then he got waders and net, rod case and reel and fly book from the trunk of the car.

The woods were spring-fresh, and the sun cast a dappled pattern of light and shadow through the stirring leaves. The brook was clear and cold and softly noisy, and he fished upstream without success until he found a shadowed pool, and here he got a strike on his first cast.

In an hour he caught four fine trout, and in the next two hours he brought six more to net and released them. He cleaned his fish in the murmuring silence, wrapped them in a wet piece of cloth and returned them to the creel. He climbed the easy bank and sat on a rock and smoked a cigarette, feeling easy and relaxed as he always did in the woods.

He walked back to the car and stowed his gear, and now he brought out into the open part of his mind the thing he had been hiding from all day and with which he hadn't wanted to spoil the fishing. Newman's proposition. He had never worn the handcuffs before, but that didn't mean there couldn't be a first time. Two thousand dollars was a lot of money right now. Three or four years ago it wouldn't have meant much, but now it did. It was something to think about.

Back at the hotel he went to the kitchen and gave the chef a couple of dollars and told him he wanted the trout for dinner, then went up to the room. Fenton was not there, and he flaked out and had a nap.

Fenton woke him at seven, and he got up and dressed and asked Fenton if he liked trout. "It's a fish."

"I didn't think it was a bird. Yeah, I guess I like it. So you been fishin' again."

"I found a spot I remembered from the last time we were here. When we fought Jordan. It's real nice out there."

"I'll bet it's ginger peachy. You been thinkin' about what Newman said?"

"Some."

"Well, you better give them the go-ahead sign pretty soon. There's a lot of bettin' money in this town. Otero's nine-to-five, but there are plenty of takers, just enough to keep the price level. They remember you."

"I'll take care of it."

They went down and ate the fine broiled trout, and Fenton said, "Well, you weren't wastin' your time. This stuff is good." When they had finished Fenton said, "I found that card game. They're pretty good, but I can still make a buck. I'll see you in the morning." He left.

It was too early to do anything but go to a movie, and Miller found one he hadn't seen and sat through it, enjoying it. When he came out, he thought of the combo and the girl and grabbed a cab for the short ride to the High Hat Club.

The place was almost empty, and he took a table in a corner. The combo was just as good as he remembered. They had the music and they didn't care if there was a soul in the place. The music was enough for them.

It was different with the girl. She came up there and smiled and sang, and tonight it seemed that no one paid any attention to her. The inadequate voice reached out through the low room, and the consideration, the response a singer needs was not there. But she gave it all she had, just as if the place were crowded and the crowd was breaking its hands for her. She didn't ease off or loaf, but gave it to them as if they were paying a ten-dollar cover charge.

He was surprised, a few minutes after she had finished, to see her walking toward his table. She stopped beside him and said, "Hello there."

He got up and held a chair for her. She said, "You're a glutton for punishment."

"I'm hooked when I hear a good beat. Have a drink?"

"One," she said. She pointed at his glass of soda. "The training department?"

"I never learned to use the stuff. Oh, Christmas, a party, a wedding. Like that."

He ordered her drink and wondered for a moment if Newman had sent her over, then decided to forget about that for a while. They talked about jazz, and then Miller was surprised to find that they were talking about themselves.

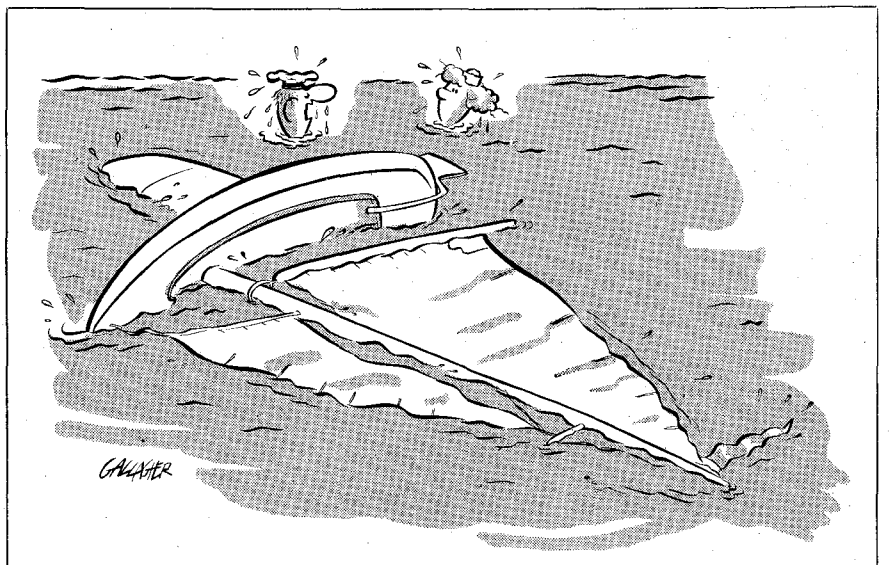
He discovered himself telling her of working for his father when he got out of high school. A carpenter. He still kept up his card. And he'd started fighting six years ago when he'd come out of the Army after Korea. He could hit and he didn't hurt easy, and after the Army, Seldon City, Ohio, hadn't seemed very big, and he'd felt he had to keep moving.

She came from a town in New Jersey and had sung in the choir. "I'd look real good in a choir now," she said, fooling with her drink, her eyes lost somewhere in the past. Then she had won a singing contest on the radio. "A really great station. You could hear it about ten miles away if the wind was right." The small town couldn't hold her after that. She had somehow found an agent, and there had been a job here and a job there. She'd worked in New York, in Chicago and San Francisco, in New Orleans and Miami. She'd been here for four months. *How many years?* Miller wondered. *How many years of places like this?*

"But things are looking up," she said. "The agent thinks he has me spotted in the Empire Room. That's in the Waldorf-Astoria. In New York. In a couple of weeks." She smiled, defying him to call her a liar. "Or it might be the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. He's not sure."

"That's swell," Miller said. "It'll be a little different."

"That you can say once more." She looked at (*Continued on Page 74*)



"And then, besides yawing and tacking, we have the capsize."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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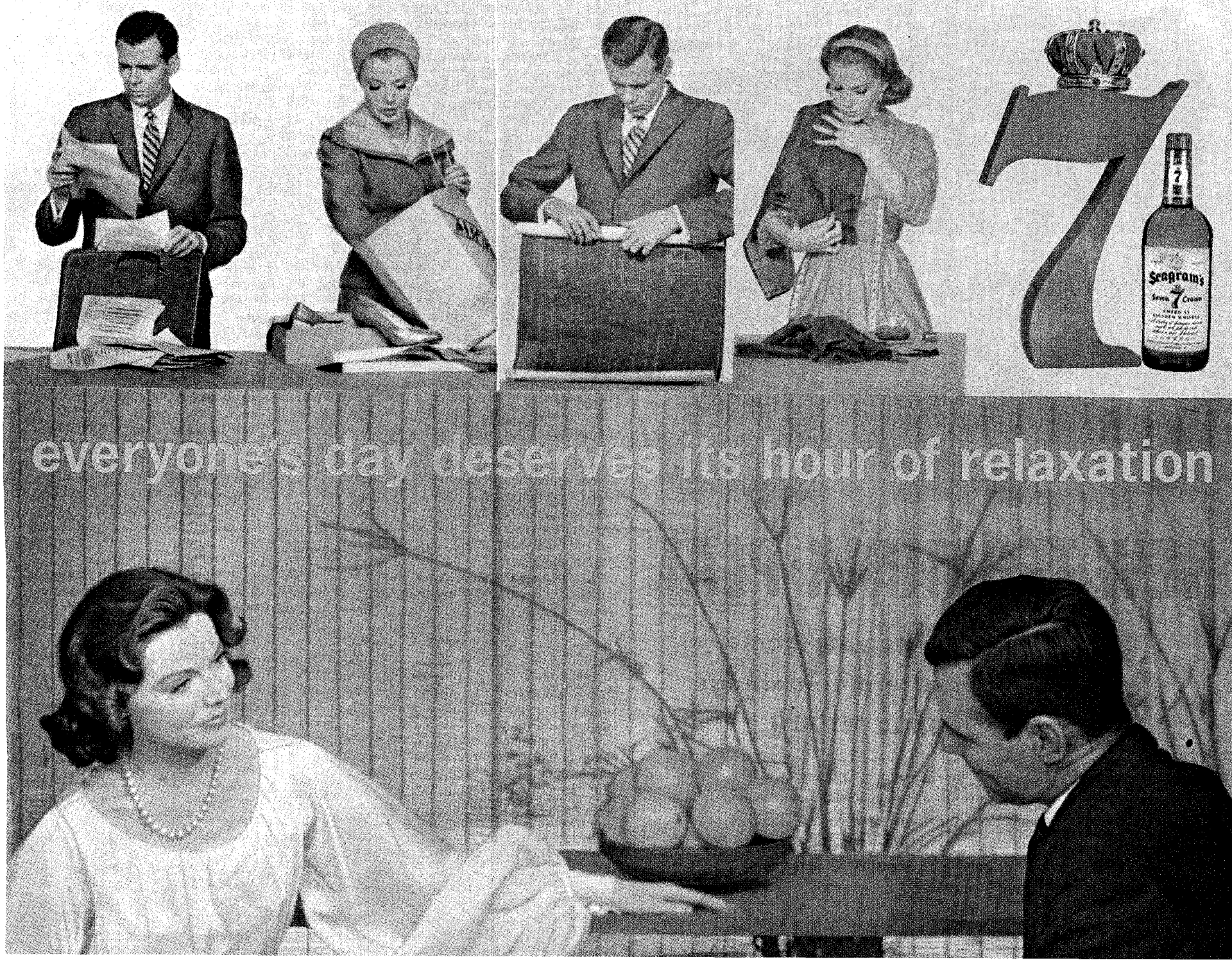

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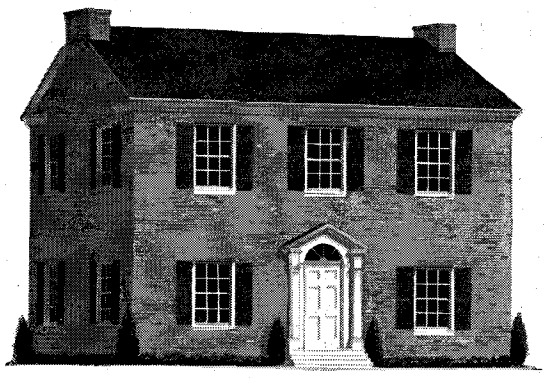

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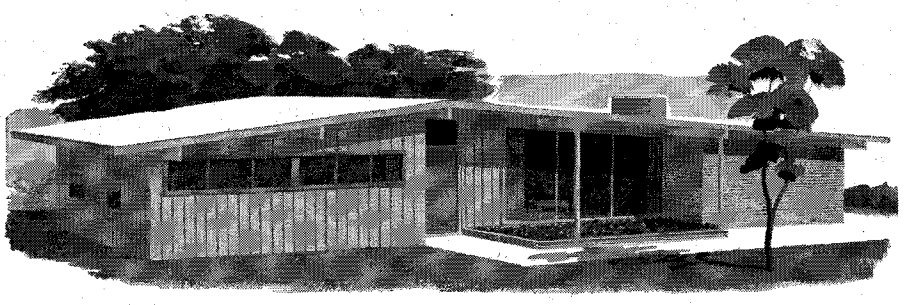

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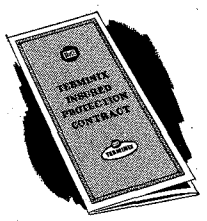

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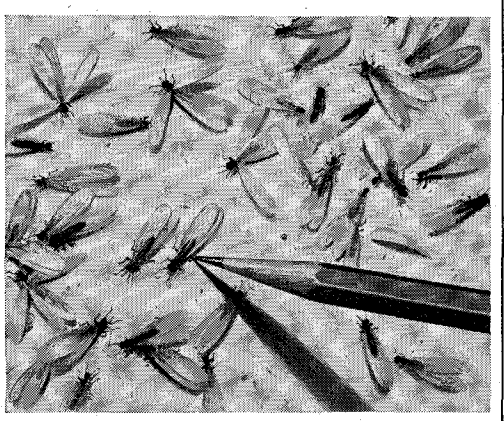

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(*Continued from Page 72*) him. "How about you? This one a big fight?"

"It could be. If I beat Otero, there's one more between me and the champ. And him I fought once before. He beat me close." He almost believed it.

"Well, I hope you make out. That Otero comes in here once in a while. He gives me the creeps with those beady eyes." She moved in her chair. "Well, back to the salt mines. I guess it's about time."

Miller said, "There are about fourteen customers and you're giving it to them like there were fourteen hundred. Relax."

She looked at him, and her eyes were faintly puzzled. "But you always give them everything. How else could you do it?" She smiled and went up to the stand.

He listened to her work hard through five numbers, admiring her, recognizing her as a tough pro. She gave the empty tables and the loud talk everything she had. It wasn't too much, but she didn't hold back a thing.

In the morning he went out early and got the car. Four miles outside of town he found a lovely country road and parked. He jogged for half an hour by his watch, thinking of the fight, of what Otero might have, of what he would say to Newman. When he'd been out a half hour he turned and trotted back to the car, put on a short, warm coat and drove in to the hotel.

He fished again that afternoon, finding a different stream, just as lovely as the other, but apparently containing no fish.

He didn't see Fenton that evening and knew the card game must have resolved itself into one of those two-day affairs. After dinner he found another movie, and it was just before ten when he hit the High Hat. It was getting to be a habit, but it was good music.

The girl was just going on. There was a better crowd than the night before, and when she had sung five songs, finishing with *How About You?* you could at least hear the applause.

He wondered if she would come to the table again, and she did. She grinned at him. "You're in a rut. There are other places in town."

"This suits me fine," he said. He asked about the combo, and she told him they had had good club dates, but the clarinet was a lush and now no good room would take them. They had been together for four years and didn't know how to break up, but Tommy had been on the wagon now for three months and maybe they would make it back up there again.

He said unconsciously, not meaning to be unkind, "Maybe you'd take them with you."

Her glance was quick and searching, but he somehow kept the truth out of his eyes. She said, "Maybe I will."

They gassed, and he told her his name was Eddie. He told her about his kid brother who was a hot-shot high-school athlete and about his father, who owned a small building business and who was always after him to come back home.

She spoke in guardedly envious tones of a younger sister who lived in Jersey with three small kids and a husband who ran a garage. "A real square. Can't even cook. I tried and tried to teach her, but she figures everything has to be slightly burned."

Then she went to work again, and while she was singing Newman came over to the table. He said, "Miller, you want to come in the office for a minute?"

Miller said, "O.K.," and followed the big man through the bar section and into a small room that held a desk and a couple of chairs. Newman sat behind the desk and Miller stood in front of it, his hands in his pockets.

"It's gettin' along around that time," Newman said. "There's a little important money around we'd like to cover. You want the two gees?"

Miller was a little surprised to hear himself say, "No, I guess not."

Newman stared at him. "You gone a little soft in the head? He'll take you anyway. Why make it rough for everybody?"

Miller was thinking somehow of what the girl had said the night before about the empty house. "*How else could you do it?*" He told Newman, "No. This could be a big one for me. Porter and then Florez."

Newman shook his head in disgust. "I'd heard you still had all your marbles. With a lead pipe in each hand you couldn't take either of them. Or my boy."

"Then how come the hedge?"

"The angle," Newman said. "I always like to have it workin' for me. So long, Miller."

Miller went out, feeling no anger—he had been in this business a long time—wondering if he was being stupid, wondering if a good combo and a third-rate girl singer had done something silly to him. He paid his check from the bar and listened to the girl in her slightly uneven contest with *My Heart Has a Mind of its Own* and then went back to the hotel.

Fenton turned up at the gym the next morning looking as haggard as death warmed over. "You want to go five? I've got the big guy and another one."

Miller said, "All right." He went three rounds with the big fellow he'd had before, then two rounds with a lightweight who made him feel as if he were wearing hip boots. He jigged around and cooled off, and when he had a shower and had dressed, Fenton said, "I hear you talked with Newman last night."

"That's right. I told him to let his boy work."

"You get smarter every day. You know this guy'll beat you, don't you?"

"I'll find out about it for sure."

"That you will. Well, I'm making my end of it with the cards, so it's no skin off me. I thought you had a little brains left."

"You gotta have heart," Miller said.

"What?"

"Nothing. It's the title of a song."

He fished again that afternoon, and in the evening he went to the High Hat, but this time not to hear the combo or hear the girl. Just to see the girl. She sat with him, and they talked about everything and nothing, and somehow her smile was not at all professional, and it was unaccountably shy at times.

The next day was Saturday, and he hit the road in the morning and fished in the afternoon. Fenton showed up for dinner, looking like the mouse who had found where the cheese was hidden. He said, "All day long a guy kept trying to fill inside straights. I just live right, is all."

Miller looked at him and played a hunch. "And I'll bet half a buck you put a bundle on Otero."

Fenton was not embarrassed. "You know I never let friendship interfere with business, Eddie. A dollar is a dollar is a dollar. Don't let it discourage you."

The High Hat was crowded when he got there later, and the best he could do was edge himself into a spot at the bar. He listened to the girl sing *Love Is a Smoke Ring*, *Walking Along With You*, and a couple of others, and she was very lovely in a black strapless dress and very valiant, he thought. The noisy crowd didn't pay much attention to her, but she stood up there and smiled and sang to them just as if they were the people she'd soon be singing to in that Empire Room.

He thought she might not bother, but she found him at the bar, and somebody was polite and gave her a seat. He said, "It was good. I like that Walking thing."

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She smiled at him.

He said, "Look. Tomorrow's Sunday. You don't work tomorrow night?"

"No work."

"Me either. The day before a fight I loaf. Would you like to come fishing with me? I'll tell them at the hotel to put up a lunch."

She didn't hesitate. "I'd like it, Eddie."

"Good. Wear some old clothes. I'll pick you up around noon."

She told him where she lived. "It's a rooming house, like. I have a little apartment."

She was ready when he called for her the next day. She wore a tweed skirt and a shirt and loafers and no make-up aside from lipstick. She looked five years younger and he hardly knew her.

The day was rich in sunlight and soft breeze, and he showed her the beautiful stream that housed the deep pool. He persuaded her to try the rod; she had nice co-ordination and within an hour knew what she was doing and started to enjoy herself. When she caught her first trout she was calm and workmanlike until he had netted it for her, and then she almost fell into the pool in her joy and laughter.

They had fine chicken sandwiches and a big bottle of lemonade, and the girl threw crusts to a couple of blue jays that snatched them up and scolded her wickedly from a nearby branch.

And when the shadows grew deep around the pool, and the breeze had died

---

Car sickness strikes almost every motorist about the time his monthly payment falls due.

G. NORMAN COLLIE

---

with the beginning of evening and it was time to leave, she came into his arms as if she had been there before, as if she belonged there. Her mouth was soft and loving under his own.

He said, "Hello, singer."

"Hello, fighter."

He kissed her again, and they walked back to the car hand in hand, and Miller had a lump in his throat as big as a boxing glove.

Dinner at an inn far outside of town was a subdued, wonderful affair that had never happened before to any two people, and when he drove her home he kissed her again and said, "I'll see you tomorrow night. I'll be a little late."

"Take care of yourself, my Eddie Miller."

"I always try to."

In the corner, after the referee had talked to him and Otero, Baldy said, "This bum is fast, Eddie. Keep that left hand out of your puss and you'll be all right." Baldy had always worked in his corner a few years back, in all the big ones. It felt good to have him around.

Fenton said, meaning it, "Take care of yourself, kid." And then the bell turned him and sent him out.

Otero was muscle-lean, the face like a mask, the left arm eight feet long. Miller went in low, hooking for the body, and took a lovely right-left combination to the head for his pains. Otero was very fast with the hands. Miller got inside and found that the man was strong. It would be quite a night.

He stayed inside as much as he could, punching to the body and trying to stay away from that left hand. In the third Otero hit him solidly with a right-hand lead that shook him, and Miller thought that it would not have happened a couple or three years ago. No one was hitting him with right-hand leads then.

In the fourth Otero missed with a left hook and was off balance for a moment, but by the time Miller got the right hand going it was too late, and Otero was moving out of there. Too late.

Through the fifth and sixth, Otero punished him as he kept sliding in. He saw Otero make standard mistakes that a really seasoned fighter would not be guilty of, but his own reactions were not swift enough to take advantage of them.

In the seventh Otero smashed him with a right hand that was high and cut him beside the eye. In the corner Baldy fixed it. "It ain't much, kid, but keep it out of his way."

Miller said, "So how does it look up to here?"

Fenton said, "You passed up a couple of thousand bucks the hard way, is how it looks. You got maybe two rounds, and the second might have been even."

There was nothing to do but go in and try with the hook and keep the bad eye out of the way. Otero had been putting a stop to all that with the long left. But now Miller ducked under it and threw the left solidly to the body and then hooked it high to the head. Both punches felt good, but Miller was the most surprised man in the house when he saw Otero drop. He got to his feet at nine but he had nothing, and Miller dropped him with a left and right and left. Otero rolled over once as he was counted out.

In the corner Baldy was exultant. "That hook!" he said. "That lovely old-fashioned hook!"

Fenton said, "It was nice, kid. Real nice. And what a smart slob am I. So we got at least one good payday comin' up."

Miller showered and dressed, and as Baldy fixed the eye with a little piece of tape he thought of many things. He thought of the openings Otero had left him, of the mistakes the guy had made. He thought of the fights with Porter and Florez, and there had been spots there, too, when he should have scored and had not. There had been a little something missing tonight. There had always been a little unnamable something missing. If he couldn't be ahead of someone like Otero after eight rounds ——

He told Fenton and Baldy that he would see them later at the hotel, then took a cab to the High Hat.

A Monday night, and the place was hardly pulsing. It was no trouble finding a table. The combo was absorbed in *Rampart Street*, and in a few minutes Helen came on and did *Sister Kate* and a couple of others. He knew she was kidding with *You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me*, and when she was finished she came over.

"I saw the fight on TV. You were very good, Eddie."

He shook his head. "No. It was just that no one had ever tagged him before. It always comes out in the wash, but sometimes it takes awhile."

"Well, you should know."

"I know a couple of other things," he said, and he was a little afraid to speak. "There'll never be any Empire Room, Helen."

There was no defeat in her eyes. "I know that."

"And there'll never be any championship for me. Tonight was the last."

Her eyes removed any stigma from the admission. "If you say so."

"But there are other things to do."

"A lot of other things."

Miller grinned at her. "Like I could build you a house. In Seldon City."

She leaned forward on the table and reached out and gently touched the piece of tape beside his eye. She said, "How many rooms, Eddie?" THE END

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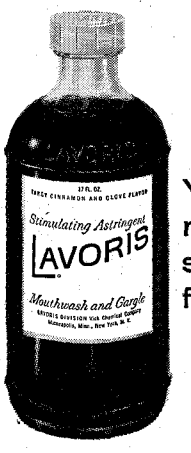

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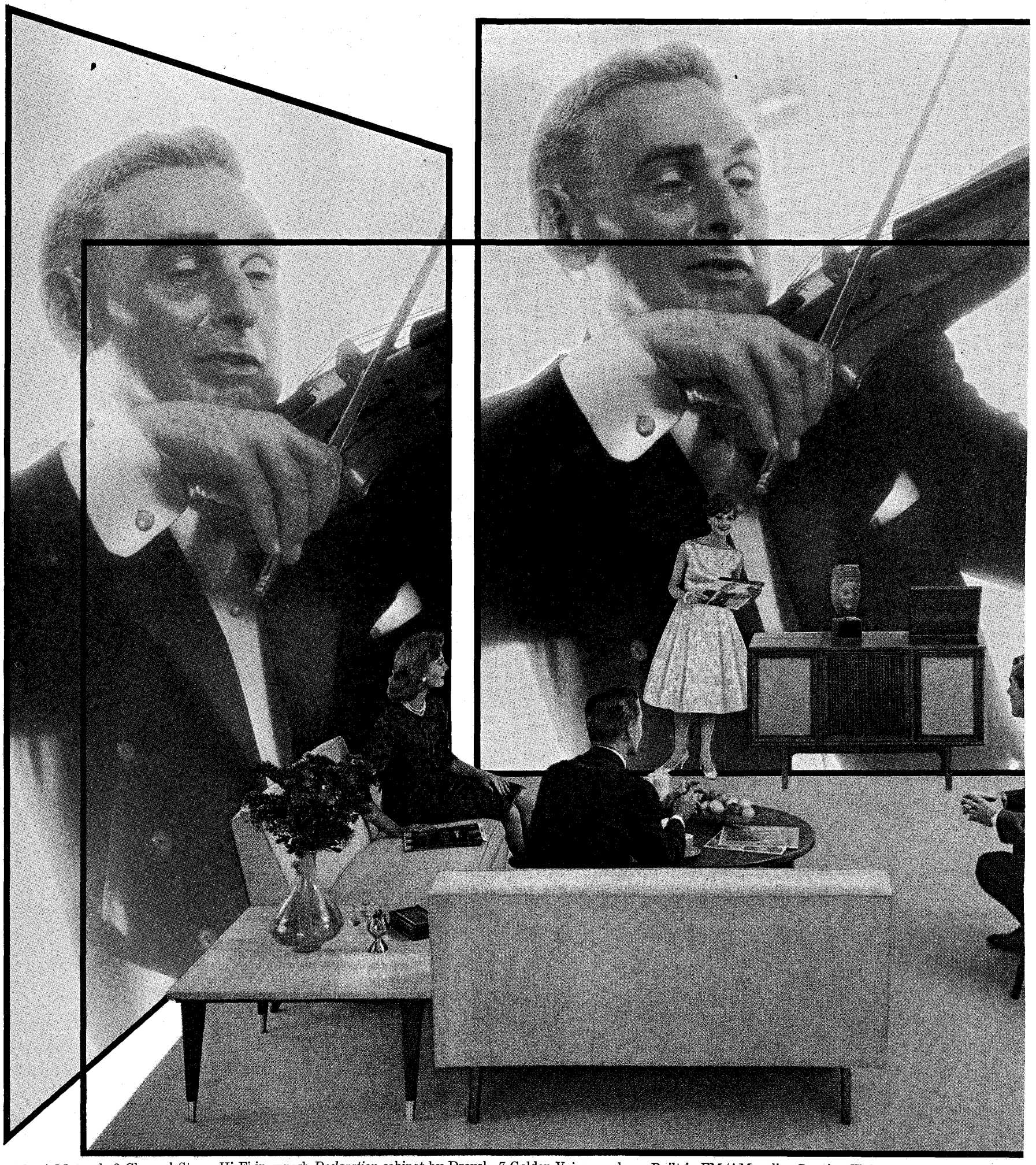

(*Above*) Motorola 3-Channel Stereo Hi-Fi in superb *Declaration* cabinet by Drexel. 7 Golden Voice speakers. Built-in FM/AM radio. Genuine Walnut veneer. Model SK32.

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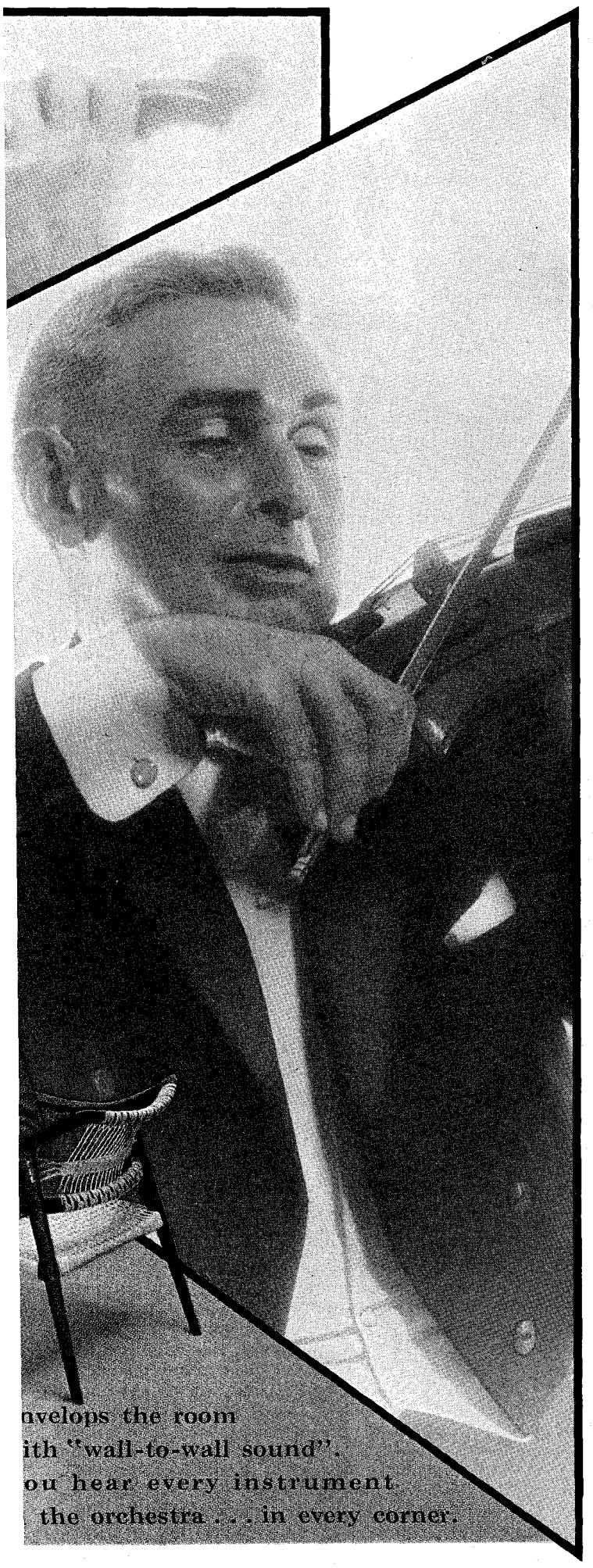
annel Stereo Hi-Fi



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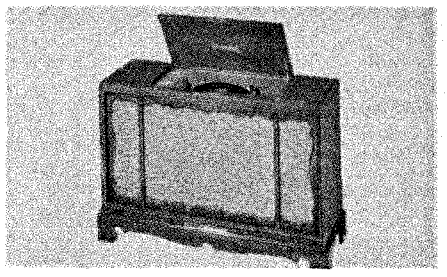
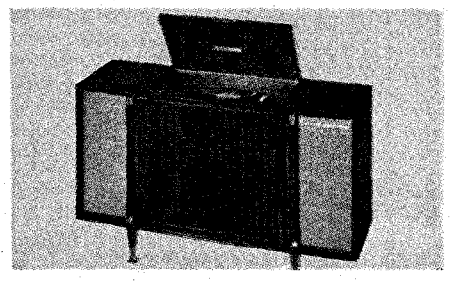
Only Motorola has a complete line of authentic 3-Channel Stereo Hi-Fi models with *3 separate sound systems*. They are so far superior to any instruments now in existence that no comparison can be made. You cannot possibly know what you are missing until you hear this breath-taking perfection of sound. Enjoy a demonstration soon at your Motorola dealer.



Beautiful 3-Channel Stereo Hi-Fi Console in graceful Early American design, grained Cherrywood color. 5 Golden Voice speakers. Golden Stereo "400" Automatic Record Changer. Model SK37.



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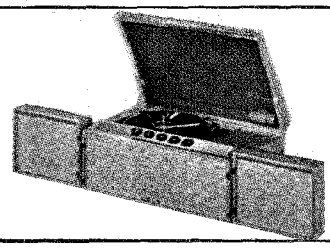

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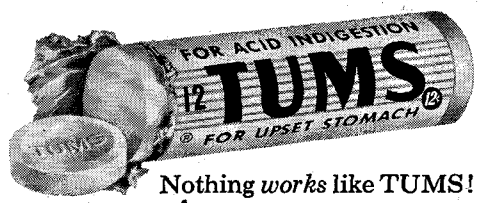

Nothing *works* like TUMS!

The U-19's Last Kill (Continued from Page 41)

side; a million and a half dollars was no help to us now. Then, in the instant before throwing it, I ran instead, freely now, as fast as I could go, the trunk high over my head between my upraised arms, elbows bent, the muscles of my arms accepting the jogging weight of the trunk, like a set of springs.

I stumbled, almost tripping, down the last few of the stairs, then heaved the trunk into the launch, the waiting seaman, face astounded, scrambling out of its way. Then I was in the launch, pulling and yanking loose the line that held it, not wasting even a fractional instant to glance up the ladder. Crouched at the rope just as it came free in my hands, I was suddenly knocked sprawling by someone falling, pushed or leaping into the launch. Pressed against the bottom, the wriggling body on top of me jamming the side of my head against the varnished planking, I could only hope it was Vic or Frank. Then I saw Frank in the stern seat, his hand grabbing at the tiller, and just beyond him, not four steps from the bottom of the ladder, the first of a dozen officers and crewman leaping down the stairs after us.

He actually jumped, splashing into the water, his outstretched hands grasping for the gunwales. But even as he sprang, Frank had a hand on the throttle and the motor was roaring, the stern digging deep, and the man's clawed hands scraped down the sides of the launch and then along it as we moved out from the side of the *Mary*. It took only seconds, the body on top of me still thrashing; then an ankle dropped in front of my face, cutting the ship from view. It was a woman's ankle, in sheer nylon, and Alice Muir's voice was crying out, "Hugh! Where are you taking me?"

We untangled ourselves then, sitting up in the bottom of the launch, and Alice, sweeping a strand of hair from her face, sat staring at me. I swung around; Vic was in the bow just past the open-mouthed seaman, scrambling up onto the varnished hatch cover over the engine. Then he turned, his hands shot up, and he caught the tumbling, flashing object—the knife—which Lauffnauer had tossed to him as I turned. The spring clicked instantly under Vic's thumb, and the blade shot out, pointing at me.

For a moment we stared at each other, and I knew what had happened. They'd taken Alice from the lounge, forcing her to go with them, in the moments just before someone had burst in with the news that a destroyer had been signaled. Then they'd run down the ship's ladder behind me, Alice between them probably, forcing her to run, too—and I'd heard her call frantically, "Hugh!" and had pictured her standing at the ship's rail.

I knew what had happened now and understood why, and in a way I couldn't really blame them. But I couldn't go along with it, and I shook my head at Vic. "She's going back to the *Mary* in the launch," I said. We were some three hundred yards from the sub, heading straight for her; just past Vic's right shoulder I could see Rosa and Moreno staring motionless on deck, and Linc climbing up out of the tower.

"No," Lauffnauer said. "Impossible." Sitting on the stern seat, a hand on the tiller, he shook his head. "We took her from the ship, and she will stay with us. She knows you; dozens of people saw that. She would talk; she would have to. She would identify you, Hugh, and through you they'd find us."

There was no time for words or argument; I didn't turn again to look, but I knew we must be no more than two hundred and fifty yards from the sub. By suddenly heaving my weight far to one side I might capsize the boat, I thought, but I doubted it; I'd ship water surely, but the launch was a big one, and I couldn't tip it. If I grabbed Alice and jumped —— Vic's voice interrupted.

"I'll use the knife, Hugh, I'll have to," he said quietly; then the tip of the blade pricked through my sweater and touched my skin. "Don't make me do it, Hugh," he murmured. "She won't be hurt, but she's got to come along."

And on the other side of the *Mary* the destroyer was slamming through the water at this instant, full speed. Any least delay now—seconds counted—and the sub could be just barely under, just beginning her dive when the destroyer flashed around the *Mary's* stern or prow to begin lobbing depth charges. It was an agonizing understanding to accept, but I knew the only thing I could do for the terrified girl who sat staring at me was actually to co-operate, as fast as we could move, in getting her down into the *U-19*. The launch's stern rose, the propeller reversing; then Moreno's hand slapped onto the prow, and we were stopping, scraping the side of the sub, and "I'm sorry" was all I could say to Alice.

Then we moved fast. "Destroyer!" Vic was shouting. "We've got to dive, dive!" and I was scrambling up over the bow onto the sub, moving well away from the launch; there was no time to be lost in leaving anyone in doubt about my intentions. Then Vic was dragging the trunk over the varnished bow of the launch, handing it up to Moreno; and Frank, a hand on Alice's elbow, was both urging and helping her out of the launch. Rosa put an arm around Alice's shoulder and led her to the conning tower, no one wasting time with questions, and Linc was grabbing a handle of the trunk. Frank shoved the prow of the launch away from the side; then the seaman came to life, scrambling back toward the tiller.

Alice and Rosa were climbing down, and even before they reached the bottom of the ladder I'd grabbed the trunk, yanking it out of Moreno's and Linc's hands, and I heaved it over into the tower. I jumped in after it, upended it and thrust the bottom into the hatch opening to let it drop down through. But it jammed, and I squatted beside it to force it through. Then I saw that the width of that trunk was a single inch greater than the diameter of the open hatch. Two of the brass-bound corners were wedged in the hole; the other two projected just beyond its rim: there was no possibility of getting it through.

"What's wrong!" Moreno yelled it and I looked up at the four bearded faces staring down at me. But they could see what was wrong, and Moreno grabbed the trunk's upper handle, yanked the trunk out, and then the four of them—two on each side of the trunk, open now—were tugging, their feet sliding on the deck gratings, trying to wrench that trunk apart, to break it into its two halves by brute force. They couldn't do it. It simply would not yield; they only twisted its heavy brass hinges, and that very slightly. With a chisel, with a hammer or even an ax, we could have smashed it apart; but all we had was a knife. Vic was springing it open, and Frank grabbed it from his hands, cursing in German in a steady, vicious monotone. As I climbed out of the tower, he jammed it into the hole he'd made on the inside of the trunk, heaved on the handle—and snapped off the blade. There was a moment when we

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stood in motionless silence there on the deck of the *U-19*, looking down at that trunk. Then we glanced up at one another, stared for a moment, and almost in the same instant our heads swung to look off at the *Mary*, around which the prow of the destroyer might flash any instant.

There was nothing else to do; I knew it, but for one more last instant my mind would not accept it. Then I snatched up the trunk, lifting it high, straight overhead, and with all the strength of my arms I heaved it over the side as far as I could throw it. It struck with a small splash, floated high for a moment, lying open and slowly revolving. Then it lowered, pulled down by the weight of the water seeping into it, its two halves slowly closing in a v. Still revolving, it sank an inch, then another; then suddenly it filled and sank out of sight. "Move!" I yelled, so loudly it strained my throat, and my voice broke and went husky. "We've got to dive, dive!" I croaked, and I swung a leg over into the tower, then simply dropped down the hatch, not even touching the ladder. Then I was on my feet, Alice staring at me, and as I raced through the sub back toward my engines, I heard the clatter of the others swarming down the ladder, then the clang of the hatch slamming shut.

It can take even a modern submarine with a trained and full crew many seconds to dive and more long seconds to get any real depth between her and the surface; and as I ran I was picturing the destroyer, screws flashing at full speed, ripping through the surface of the water on the other side of the *Mary*. "Dive! Dive!" Moreno was shrieking, and I heard the periscope heaving up from the well. Then I was throwing the clutch, disconnecting the engines from the shaft and connecting the motor. Running back toward my switchboard, I could hear the sub's air-intake valves clamping shut, then the heavy clatter of the hand levers opening the ballast-tank air vents.

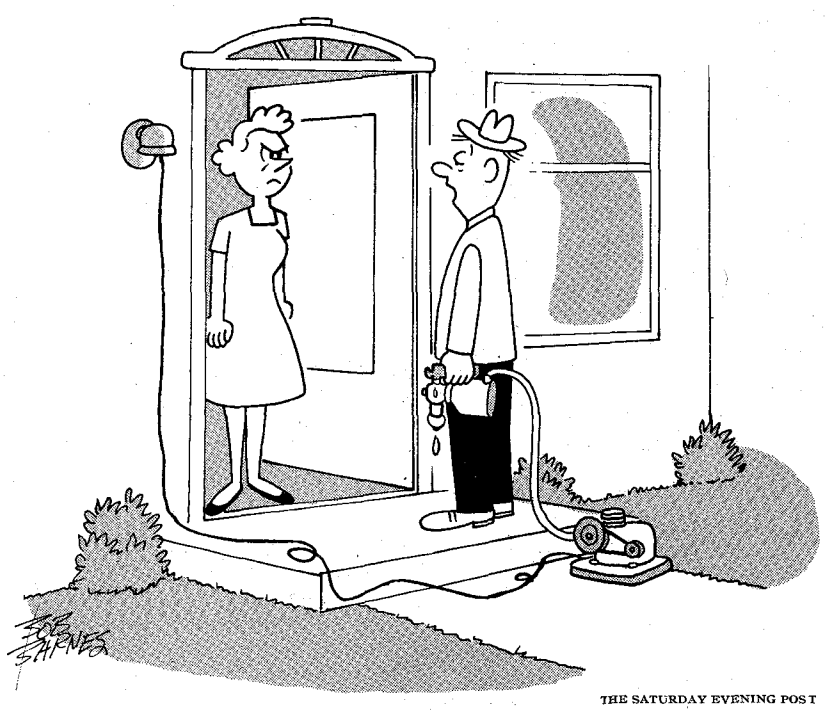
There are two ways a submarine can dive. The ballast tanks only partly filled, the submarine still retaining a little buoyancy, it can nevertheless dive by the power of its motors. The screws revolving and the diving planes tilting, the sub forces itself under just as an airplane, tail surfaces and ailerons tilting, forces itself lower with the power of its engines. That's the slow way to dive, the submarine gliding forward as the water creeps up its tower, sinking ever lower for a considerable distance and time. But in a crash dive, the ballast tanks completely flooded as fast as the water will pour in, all buoyancy is destroyed. Even without the motors the submarine will drop below the surface to sink to the bottom if nothing prevents it. Combine the two—use the motors and dive rudders in addition—and you are crash-diving.

Now, grabbing my switch handles and slamming them closed, I was listening for the roar of the air vents from water gushing into the tanks through the open valves at the bottom, driving the air out through the top vents. My motor began turning, almost silently except for a steady, high-pitched whine, and I felt the deck slanting under my feet and heard the tanks filling, but not in the roaring gush I'd expected. I swung to stare into the control room just beside me. Linc was at the rudder wheel, holding it steady, Vic and Frank heaving at the dive-plane wheels. Then Moreno, at the periscope, yelled, "Steady!" and Rosa, standing at the big Kingston levers, heaved them closed as Vic and Frank dropped their hands from the dive-plane wheels. We weren't crash-diving at all; we were moving slowly forward at no more than four knots, the water level outside—I could picture it—creeping slowly up our sides.

"What the devil are you doing?" I shouted at Moreno, but he didn't reply. Palms on the periscope handles, his face pressed into the eyepiece, he stood staring ahead at an angle to port, gradually lifting the periscope as the sub slowly slid under. Then he quickly walked the periscope through a hundred-and-twenty-degree arc, stared for a moment and swung back again. He was watching the bow, then the stern of the *Mary*, alternately. I understood.

Beside him, eyes on the compass reflector, Linc sat at the big rudder wheel holding a steady course straight ahead, Vic and Lauffnauer beside him at the bow and stern dive-plane wheels. Rosa reached out to Alice, who stood, her back to a bulkhead, speechless and terrified, and put an arm around her shoulders.

"There she is, at the stern!" Moreno yelled suddenly, and his periscope steadied at a port angle for a moment. Then he began walking it slowly around, turning gradually toward the stern of the sub. Following his movement I could picture the movement (*Continued on Page 82*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What I said was, 'Don't open the door'. . ."

Over 100,000 automotive experts coast-to-coast install AP longer-lasting mufflers.

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This fall Chris-Craft Cavalier dealers are offering maximum trade-in allowances on brand-new 1960 Cavalier models! The selection is *great*—from fun-loving 18-ft. Sports Utilities* to sleek, livable 23-ft., 25-ft., and 30-ft. Express Family Cruisers! V8 power options! Low budget prices and monthly installments! Deferred deliveries offered by many dealers. *Now's* the time to step up to the inboard class — see your Cavalier dealer without delay!

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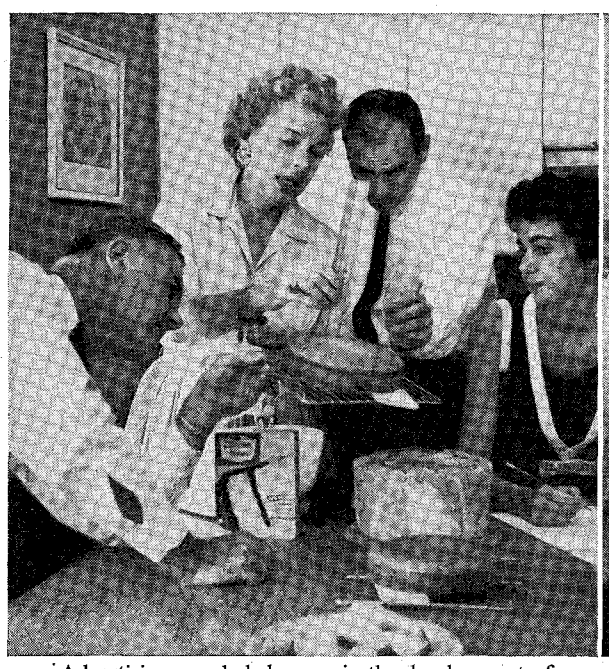
New York Life Presents *the 38th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*



Advertising people help even in the development of a product. They invent product names, design packages, suggest pricing and selling methods, advise in many other ways before the product is introduced.

When the product is finally ready for market, the agency creates advertising which best presents the product's benefits to the public. This joint effort involves writers, artists, TV producers, many others.

Meanwhile, specialists decide which media (TV, magazines, newspapers, etc.) should carry the advertiser's message—present the advertising to as many potential buyers as possible, and at the lowest cost.

SHOULD YOUR CHILD GO INTO ADVERTISING?

People often ask me what the advertising business is really like.

To begin with, it is seldom as "glamorous" as it has often been portrayed in novels, movies and TV shows.

Actually, advertising is a serious, sober business—the business of applying talent, time and money to the job of keeping sales moving and the economy alive.

Let's suppose that a great new product has been developed and it is your job to introduce it to the American people.

You don't just dream up a slogan. It takes skill, creativity, teamwork and long, patient effort on the part of dozens, perhaps hundreds, of specialists to produce effective advertising.

First, the product is pre-tested among consumers to make sure it fills a real need and is acceptable to them. Then various advertising campaigns are prepared and examined in an effort to find the single, most dramatic and convincing selling theme. Meanwhile, media specialists deliberate on how best to deliver the message. Should it appear in national magazines or local newspapers? Star-studded TV shows or radio "spots"? Should you combine these media and others to boot—outdoor posters, car cards and the like?

Month after month, you and your associates work to develop and test the campaign. Finally it is launched from coast to coast and you await the results anxiously. If the product moves according to expectations, fine. If not, it may mean going "back to the drawing board" and starting the grueling process all over again.

Interesting and Exciting

To my mind, advertising is one of the most interesting and exciting occupations in the world. Its chief product is ideas, and ideas are wonderful things to work with.

Recently a veteran of the business—a man who works long and hard at his job just because he loves it—said this: "I believe that advertising, the business of selling in the face of competition, is one of the most stimulating ways ever invented to make a living."

I agree with him one hundred percent. I wouldn't give back a minute of my forty-four years in the field. And I would willingly recommend it to young people with the right qualifications. It offers big horizons, big rewards, big dreams.

Role in the Economy

The vital role that advertising plays in our American economy has long been recognized. Just as the assembly line makes mass production possible, so advertising gives rise to mass consumption. By holding up an image of a better, fuller life, it stimulates the demand that keeps our factories rolling.

New York City can testify to what would happen to our economy without advertising. For days and days, most of its newspapers were closed down by a strike a while ago.

The impact on business in the city was dramatic. Department stores' receipts fell twenty-five percent. The sale of used cars dwindled. So did applications for jobs. Theaters were almost empty.

When people were asked afterwards, "What did you miss most in not having your newspaper?" forty-two percent replied, "The ads."

Aids Many Public Causes

Advertising is more than a tool for selling goods and services. It is a weapon for defending our free, democratic institutions.

Take, for example, what happened during World War II. Under the aegis of the War Advertising Council, a group representing all elements in the field, over 150 campaigns were run for the government—free—to get people to buy war bonds, save fats, plant victory gardens and do other patriotic things. Every one of these campaigns was a success.

Since then, advertising has been equally effective in the public interest. The Advertising Council (as it is now known) has run successful campaigns on everything from traffic safety and mental health to the need for better schools and anti-polio inoculations.

Offers broad opportunities

You'd like to know what the prospects are for a young person in advertising today? To commence, let me tell you that advertising is a fine, healthy business.

It is really amazing how it has grown. In 1945, the total outlay for advertising in the United States came to $2,874,000,000. Now it is nearly $11,000,000,000. By 1965 we expect it to exceed $15,000,000,000 a year!

One hundred and fifty thousand persons are now working in the field. In another ten years the number should be 250,000.

This means that advertising will continue indefinitely to need many new people. It is estimated that a minimum of 15,000 jobs must be filled each year.

These jobs are in four areas. There are, first, the advertising agencies, 5,063 of them at last count. It is they who create the majority of advertisements we see and hear. In this they act for advertisers who have engaged them. These agencies maintain creative, research, media and marketing staffs that are at the advertisers' call.

Next are the advertisers, big and small, manufacturers, retailers, utilities and others, all over the country. They pay for and have the ultimate control over the advertising that the agencies produce. Sometimes, as in the case of most department stores, these companies prepare advertising themselves.

The third category comprises media: the magazines, newspapers, outdoor poster companies, TV and radio stations and networks who are anxious to sell space and time to the advertisers. The TV and radio people—and I'm including the special "package producers" among them—create most of the programs that go on the air.

Last are the advertising suppliers. They include printers, typographers, lithographers, engravers, photographers and others who help in the preparation of advertising materials.

Talents of all kinds welcome

What kinds of jobs are available in these various areas?

The greatest assortment conceivable. A young person who wants to write can have a field day in advertising. He can do magazine and newspaper ads, TV commercials, car cards, pamphlets, mailing pieces, sales letters. And lots more besides. An artist can run the gamut from oil painting to cartoons. Or he can become an art director who designs ads and has other artists illustrate them. A person with theatrical talent can develop TV and radio shows. Musicians can find places, too.

There are positions for researchers, statisticians, marketing and merchandising experts, psychologists, public relations men. For media specialists and sales experts. For layout and printing production men. For business administrators, accountants, secretaries and clerks. For smart, personable young people who can work their way up to be liaison officers between advertising agencies and their clients. Account executives we call them. And, of high priority, for young people of vision and versatility to become advertising managers.

Are the best jobs only for men?

Certainly not! Women are more than welcome in all

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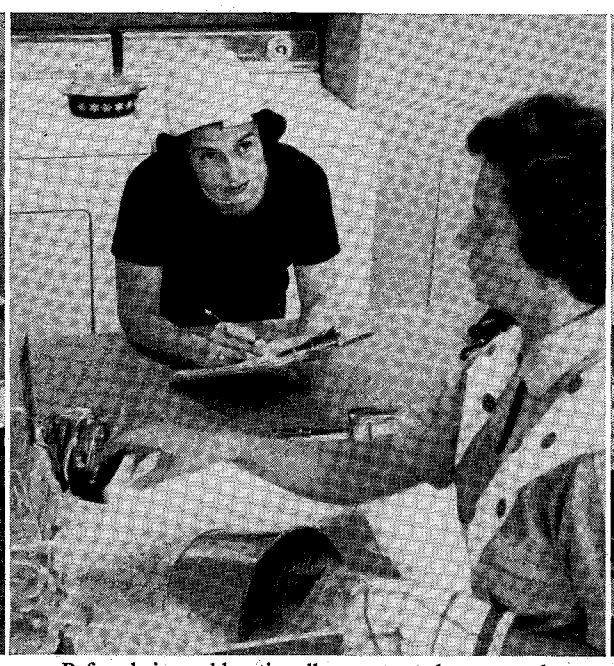
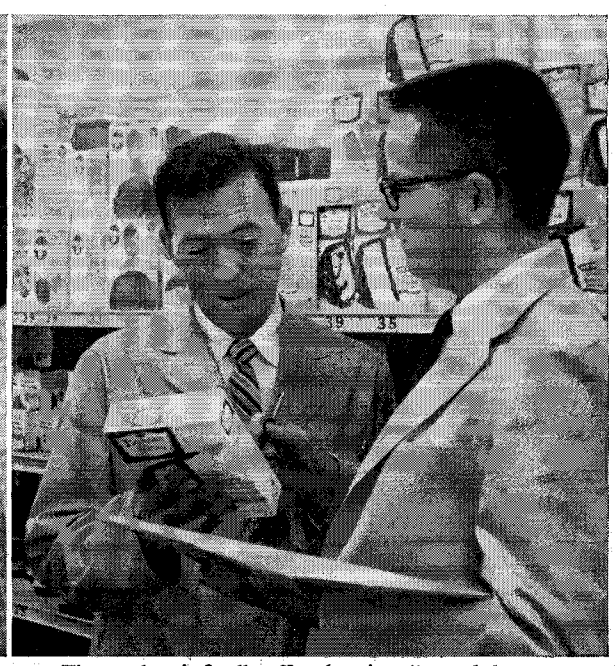
PHOTOS BY DAN BUDNICK

Next step is for agency account executives to present the recommended campaign to the client for approval. Because advertising is such an important selling tool, this decision involves the client's top executives.



Before being sold nationally, most products are advertised and sold in limited areas. Specially trained researchers then interview consumers to learn their reactions to both the product and the advertising.



The product is finally offered nationally, and the true test of advertising begins—at the point of sale. Both agency and client check sales frequently to determine how well the product is being accepted by the public.

by Paul B. West *President, Association of National Advertisers, Inc., as told to Donald Robinson*

echelons of the advertising world. I know women who are ranking copy chiefs, art directors, TV producers, research directors. Many women have risen to be top agency executives or advertising managers of multi-million-dollar corporations.

Actually, the opportunities for advancement are excellent for anybody with ability. In no other business is talent recognized so quickly. A gifted young man ten years out of college can often make $20,000 a year. At age forty-five, a top-notch person may be earning $40,000. Or more.

It is difficult in a field so extensive as this to set forth a comprehensive salary scale. I can cite a few sample figures, though.

Not long ago, an authoritative trade magazine made a study of 212 advertising agencies to ascertain the salaries they were paying. It found that in agencies placing over $10 million of advertising a year, senior copywriters were paid from $10,990 to $14,200 a year. Account executives were getting from $11,000 to $14,970, supervising account executives from $19,500 to $26,500. Research directors averaged just over $18,800, directors of TV departments about $23,000. In the "command ranks," executive vice presidents were drawing up to $62,000 a year, heads of agencies as high as $110,000.

Another study showed that salaries of advertising managers in industry ranged from $7,000 to as much as $70,000 a year.

Incidentally, many advertising managers have graduated to the presidencies of their companies. Some have gone beyond that. A man I know recently rose through advertising to become President of one of the nation's leading corporations and then Secretary of Defense.

Pressures can be great

The satisfactions that may be derived from a life in advertising are many. You are likely to associate with prominent men in industry, broadcasting, and the press. You face new, challenging problems every day and you can be as creative as you wish in solving them. You constantly have a chance to do a real sales job—learning what millions of people want, why they want it, and then figuring out the most persuasive means of selling its benefits to them. You continually enjoy the zest that comes from meeting and beating tough competition.

In short, advertising can be an enjoyable career—for those who are mentally and temperamentally suited for it. However, as in any other business, art or profession, there are some who, perhaps lured by false visions of making untold money at a "glamorous" career, just don't belong. And most of them are pretty unhappy.

DID YOU KNOW...

- ... advertising needs many new people—a minimum of 15,000 each year?
- ... it is estimated that in ten years there will be a quarter million persons working in this field?
- ... women are more than welcome in all echelons of the advertising world?
- ... the annual outlay for advertising is now nearly $11,000,000,000?

This series of articles is brought to you to help you and your family plan for the future. Your New York Life agent can be of assistance, too. He is specially qualified through training and experience to aid you in making plans for education, retirement and all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Get to know him soon.

A job in advertising is no sinecure. The hours are long, the demands many, and the pressures great.

Anonymity is the painful rule. Few people on the outside will ever know who wrote the slogan that all America repeats. Rather than public applause, ad men are more likely to hear private criticism. Everyone thinks he knows better than the professionals how a campaign should be handled.

It is no occupation for the man solely concerned with finding security. Men quite often move from one job to another. However, I have known some men who have remained happily with the same organizations for thirty years and more.

Calls for Imagination

Now, I'd like to mention some of the traits that a young person should have to make a career in advertising. I feel that a boy (or girl) should be imaginative, quick-thinking, and have a bent for solving problems. He should like ideas for their own sake, and all kinds of creative activity. He should have a wide range of interests. He should enjoy working hard under pressure. Above all, he should like people and be curious as to what makes them tick. "Why" should be a favorite word with him.

A college education will be a help. Most employers prefer to hire college graduates. Not that a degree is imperative. Many men have achieved success who never got closer to college than a football game. They learned by experience.

Boys and girls who do go to college would be wise to take liberal arts courses, with emphasis on English, literature, history and sociology. Plus some classes in advertising, marketing and economics.

If your child is interested in advertising, let him remember this. It is a career he can be proud of and one that can give him the gratification of knowing that he is contributing to the growth of our economy.

Booklets available on many careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are: a list of similar articles on thirty-seven other careers which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "Planning a College Education." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:

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Career Information Service
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(*Continued from Page 79*) of the destroyer as though I could see it too. "U.S. destroyer," Moreno muttered, and I suddenly understood why we'd dived as we had, and I knew that we'd picked a good captain.

A destroyer can move faster and turn sharper than any other large ship, but still it can't make a right-angle turn either. Moving at high speed, flashing around the *Mary's* stern—perhaps sighting us, perhaps not—it was swinging, deck slanting, rudder hard over, heading toward where she knew we must be. But the arc of its turn was nevertheless wide and was carrying it—as Moreno had understood it would have to—in a tight quarter circle around toward our stern.

Abruptly he housed the periscope; we were a dozen feet under, though the depth gauge beside him was lagging behind; it showed only seven feet. How far ahead toward the *Mary* we'd moved, I could only guess. "Flood!" Moreno said. Rosa swung away from Alice to slam the big levers over, and now I heard the sea gush into the tanks and the underwater gurgle of the vents. "Bow and stern planes, thirty degrees!" Moreno shouted. We heard the heavy clank and clatter of the diving mechanism, then the deck slanted, sharply this time, and Moreno's head swung to stare at the depth gauge. The destroyer placed now—watching her still in his mind's eye, I knew—Moreno was fighting for depth as we moved silently ahead under the ocean toward the huge sunken keel of the *Mary*—now no more than two hundred yards ahead.

I didn't know how deep the Mary lay; but I knew it could be forty feet or more. And if we didn't make that depth, if we didn't pass under her, we'd crash into her within two hundred yards and have only a few frenzied chaotic moments left to live then. Yet I knew that Moreno had done the one precisely right thing to do. Beside Rosa, Alice said, "Hugh!" and I turned my eyes from the depth gauge to smile at her and nod reassuringly. It was all I could do for her; the less she knew about what was happening now the better for her. Then I turned to stare at the depth gauge again.

Moreno had had to dive slowly, I understood; he had to find out where the destroyer was before we became blind. Yet he couldn't have waited on the surface; he had to begin his dive toward the *Mary;* she was our only hope of even temporary safety. If the destroyer reached us before we reached the *Mary*—and we could hear the throb of her propellers now—we'd be blasted from the water or forever down into it; our pitted, half-destroyed hull couldn't withstand any depth-charging. The depth gauge showed twenty feet now, then it crept to twenty-five. Turning to Linc, Moreno said quietly, "Rudder hard aport," and Linc began twisting the big wheel. We were curving in toward the *Mary* as we approached her, curving toward her stern; then we heard the ping of the destroyer's sonar sounding through the sub as though it had struck the hull an actual physical blow.

Now, the ping sounding regularly, we were at thirty-five feet, the rudder still hard over, Moreno's eyes fixed unblinkingly on the compass reflector. At forty feet the ping of the sonar stopped abruptly, and I knew we were terribly close to the great sunken cliff of the *Queen Mary's* vast hull. Our tiny submarine lost against that enormous underwater expanse of metal, the destroyer could no longer detect us, nor could she approach any closer without ramming the *Mary*. She had shut down her sonar and now, too, the thrash of her propellers was suddenly diminishing; then it was gone. And I knew the destroyer—our course and position plotted—was heeling over as she turned to dash for the *Mary's* bow or stern to intercept us on the other side.

For a moment I stood tensed and motionless, waiting for the terrible crash of our prow against the side of the *Mary*. It was too late to stop or shut down the motors. We were about to crash or pass under—all any of us could do now was wait to see which.

"Rudder hard astarboard," Moreno said quietly—the depth gauge read forty-five feet—and again Linc heaved on the big wheel. A moment later we heard the awful sound, faint at first, but swelling rapidly—the indescribable blend of humming, murmuring and growling sounds of the cityful of machinery that crowded whole sections of the *Mary's* lower decks. We were directly beside them—feet away—their sounds, ever louder, passing through the *Mary's* hull, through the water and filling our little submarine. The sound grew to a chattering roar, swelled to a peak—we were about to crash if we were going to, within two, three, four seconds at most. Then, just barely perceptibly, it began to diminish, and I knew we were under—with how very few feet to spare I was glad I didn't know. For an instant Moreno's eyes flashed in triumph, and Linc swung around to grin at him, then at me, and I grinned back, but I felt the sweat on my face begin to cool.

"Level off!" Moreno said, eyes on the depth gauge, which stood at fifty-five feet; Vic heaved on his wheel, and the forward end of the submarine rose, the deck coming level. "Quarter speed," Moreno said to me, and I turned to my board and reduced speed. Then I leaned into the control room, beckoned to Alice, and she came toward me, stepping over the coaming, and I took her in my arms. She was trembling. I glanced over at Rosa, who grinned at me tightly.

"Very close," Rosa said to Moreno then. "And now what is our captain to do?" He didn't answer, and I began gently patting Alice's back, comforting her as well as I could, but standing motionless, listening intently. Moreno was maneuvering in a series of S curves as tight as he could manage, to port and to starboard alternately. We were moving slowly ahead toward the *Mary's* bow, passing under her regularly from one side to the other. Moreno listening and guiding himself, head cocked, by the alternately swelling then diminishing roar of sound from the great ship's hull, he spoke his commands, and Linc heaved on the rudder wheel—starboard and port.

No more than any other ship can a submarine make a sharp turn, and I knew we must be passing out beyond first one side of the *Mary*, then the other. The curves couldn't have been held tighter, and we were safe so long as we remained where we were. The destroyer couldn't even risk a few depth charges for luck, on the off chance of damaging us; the *Mary's* hull could be sprung, too, and we lay just underneath it.

Vic said, "What now, Ed? We'll be up to the bow pretty soon."

Absently Moreno said, "Turn and go back the same way," and then he looked at me. "How much power we got left?"

I glanced at my watch, gently removing Alice's arms from my neck. We'd been under three minutes, and I said, "Fifteen minutes maybe; I can't really say. We'll know when the motors start slowing, and we better not be under the *Mary* when they do."

Lauffnauer said, "Ed, they will figure out what we're doing; they probably have already. Then the *Mary* will simply move off and leave us here—at about the time we will have to surface."

Moreno nodded. "That's right," he said. "You know it and I know it." Then he jerked his thumb to point upward. "And so does the destroyer."

Then—it astonished me—Lauffnauer laughed, Vic and Linc staring at him and frowning, as I was. "Are you thinking as I am thinking?" Lauffnauer said softly.

"Hard astarboard," Moreno said to Linc, then grinned a little at Lauffnauer. "Sure," he said. "And so is the destroyer captain. If he isn't, we're finished, but I think he is. His radio's on, and he's talking to the *Mary's* captain right now; I'll bet on it. And they're working it out. He'll get into position, lined up with the *Mary* maybe two hundred yards astern. Then, at a signal, the *Mary* moves off as fast as she can make it, the destroyer moving ahead, too, maintaining the distance, depth-charging as she goes. Lobbing them off from the sides, and rolling them off the stern, catching us for sure somewhere under the wake of the *Mary* or forcing us out from the sides to pick us up with their sonar. Isn't that how you'd figure it?" He looked at Lauffnauer, who nodded, smiling.

Once again the life sound of the great ship swelled above us, then diminished, but now it was quieter and well astern, and we knew we were under the huge, silent cargo holds, approaching the *Mary's* bow. And now we made a great figure eight under the *Queen Mary*, then began snaking along underneath her again, the underwater sound of the ship growing again as we moved back toward her stern.

"Well?" I said angrily to Moreno then. "Why aren't we sailing out then? We've got an exactly even chance that the destroyer'll be on the opposite side." I wasn't arguing exactly; I had a real respect for Moreno's captaincy, but I did want to know. "We might get pretty far out, before the destroyer ——"

Moreno was shaking his head. "We could come up directly in her path, for all we know. And with the best of luck, a few hundred yards out from the side is the most we could make, and they'd pick us up with the sonar right away; we can't dive very deep. We'd have to surface soon anyway. A hell of a fine plan that is; we'd be asking for it. Begging for it."

"All right!" I said. "But what other chance is there? Sit here and wait to be depth-charged?"

"That's what they'll do, isn't it?" he said calmly, and I saw Lauffnauer turn to grin at me, his eyes amused. "They'll kill us if they can, won't they?"

"Maybe." I shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe they know we have a woman on board now, a passenger. Maybe they won't depth-charge at all."

"And maybe they will!" Moreno shouted. "Who's commanding that destroyer! Some kid, maybe, some loot commander; who the devil knows what he'll do? I'd depth-charge if I was him; force us up! He doesn't know what kind of deathtrap we're in; he thinks we're in a modern sub, a new type; that's what we told the *Mary!* Force us up, capture us, and the girl won't be killed; it's how he's got to figure. What else can he do? Sit up there and let us sail away!"

I shrugged again. From the look on Moreno's face, he had something in mind, but I didn't know what it could be. "Still," I said, "what else can we do?"

Grinning at me, his voice almost gentle, Moreno said, "Why, we can just torpedo the louse."

I stood staring at him. "Torpedo him?"

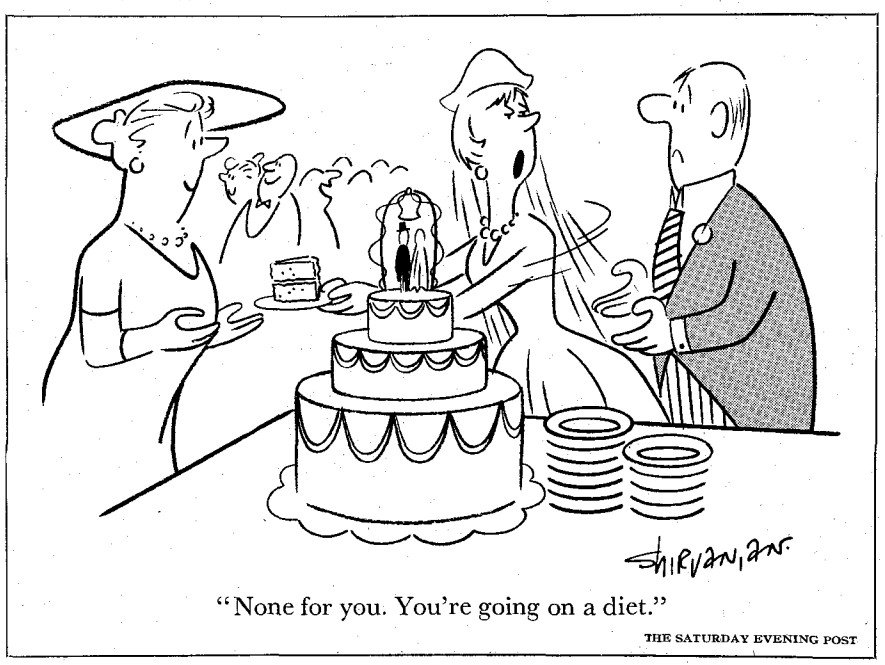
"Sure," he said softly. Then deliberately misunderstanding me, as though I were merely questioning his strategy, he said, "I think I know what he's going to do. And if I do, I'll know where he is the moment I hear the *Mary's* engines start. Once they start, out we go—off to the side, just like you said. Only then"—he grinned—"we curve back, toward the *Mary's* stern, blowing our tanks as we go. We'll pop up heading right for the destroyer, a full broadside shot with two torpedoes ready to go. One of them will get him for sure. Right, Frank?"

"I will not miss," Lauffnauer said.

I hadn't moved; standing there looking into the control room, I was still staring at Moreno; then I looked at Vic, who was watching me, and I saw the confirmation in his face. "The torpedoes are live?" I said gently to Moreno. "You didn't convert the others?"

"Starboard rudder," Moreno said, and Linc began heaving on the wheel again. Then Moreno looked at me. "Brittain," he said wearily, "you're a pretty good man in your way, but I said it from the start; you got to be ready to do anything necessary, at times; anything. But you're not, you're noble; I know the type. So we just didn't tell you, lieutenant; sure the torpedoes are live! All but the first one; you saw me convert that. You fool," he said quietly, "did you think we could bluff the *Queen Mary* with an empty gun?"

His voice soft and persuasive, Frank Lauffnauer said, "The captain of the *Mary* fought through a war, Hugh; you can be sure of that. And when you have survived a war, you understand reality. Now he is placed in command of one of the largest ships of the world; what kind of judgment must such a man have? There is only one way to bluff such a man, Hugh; and that is not to be bluffing at all. (*Continued on Page 84*)



"None for you. You're going on a diet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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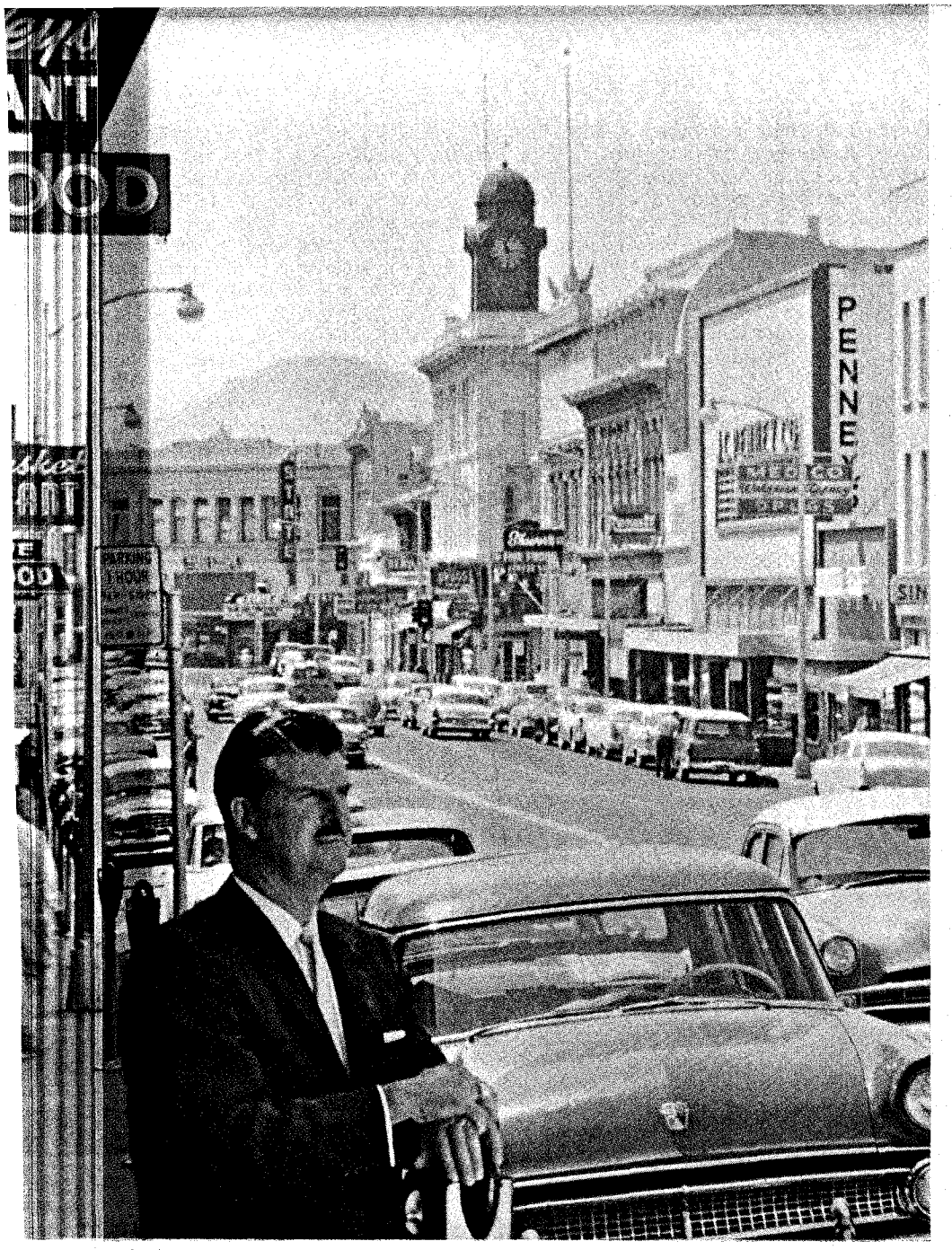
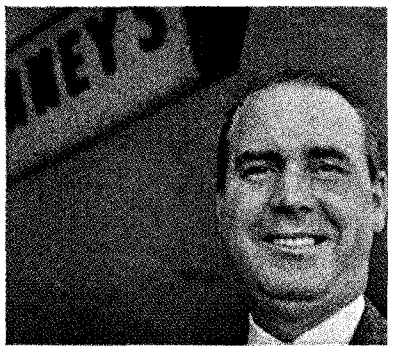


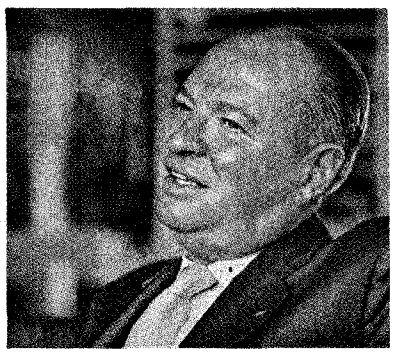
"There's a new spirit in town," explains Arthur W. Parent, Mayor of Petaluma, Calif. "When the relief route was opened, it was like getting Main Street back again. The heavy through traffic is gone—and so are the accidents, noise and fumes."

WHAT HAS THE BYPASS MEANT TO YOU?

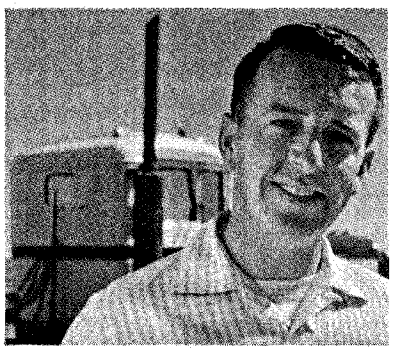
Melvin Del Maestro, chief of police: "Our accident rate has dropped 20 per cent since the new road was opened. It has cut down, too, on hazards for our children crossing streets to go to school."



Harry C. Empey, Manager of J. C. Penney Co., Petaluma: "Our store is on Main Street. Before the new road, we couldn't carry on a conversation because of the noise of trucks. If we opened the door, we got a noseful of fumes and dust. Our business has never been better than it is now."



A. J. Vanderschoot, President, El Rancho, Inc., motor lodge-country club, restaurant and service station: "We believe in the relief route. We bet our business on it. We are located on the old road. The new road takes traffic 800 feet away. But, as chairman of the State Chamber of Commerce Highway Committee I favored the relief route even though our corporation has over $1 million invested in 26 acres on the old road. Our business decreased somewhat when the new road opened. We now are surpassing all prior sales records. We have purchased 10 more acres for expansion."



Russell Taylor, fruit buyer and shipper: "We truck operators are as happy to avoid going through Petaluma as the people are to have us out. We save 30 minutes each way on a 50-mile haul. Not to mention all those minor accidents we used to have in town."

Their city was bypassed–and they love it

Four years ago, the 13,500 citizens of Petaluma, Calif., watched apprehensively as construction men and their big Caterpillar earthmoving machines went to work on the edge of town. U.S. 101, which was funneling 20,000 cars a day through town, was being rerouted . . . replaced by a broad freeway which would bypass the city. Some thought it would make Petaluma a ghost town.

"Today there's hardly one among us who would trade back," says Mayor Parent. "The bypass is actually a relief route. Our town is cleaner, safer and happier."

Benefits of the new freeway have cropped up in unexpected ways. For instance, the presence of the freeway is one reason the state is considering locating a four-year liberal arts college at Petaluma to serve 5,000 area students. Three industries, employing up to 600 people, now are considering locating in the area. More than 350 new homes have been built since the freeway was announced. Property values have tripled near the freeway. Population has increased to 15,500.

The new freeway was planned and built by the State of California, which may invest as much as $2 million each working day on its fast-moving highway program. Congress authorized the Federal government to contribute half the cost for this and other thousands of miles of primary and rural roads throughout the nation. These roads as well as the breath-taking 41,000-mile Interstate-Defense System are part of the nation's farsighted road-building program.

It will affect the lives of more Americans than anything the nation has ever built.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders
Earthmoving Equipment

MACHINES THAT BUILD
FOR A GROWING AMERICA

New U.S. 101, which now bypasses Petaluma, is seen in the background, right.

Highways are just one need of our fast-growing nation. *By 1975, our nation must have . . . almost double our present water supply • double our school facilities • 20 million new homes • 20% of our present housing rebuilt • 2½ times more oil • 60% more lumber production and double today's pulpwood production • 55% more metal ores • soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 farm acres • 123,300 new dams and 1,200 miles of levees • double our present hospital facilities • triple our electric power.*

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Protect your home, your family

INSTALL A

KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANT

for your own electricity when power fails

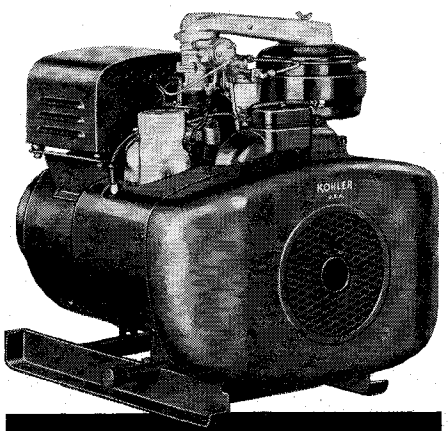
Whenever storms or accidents cut off central station power, a Kohler electric plant will provide electricity, within seconds, for lights and equipment vital for safeguarding health, comfort, property. Used in homes, institutions, hospitals, movies, schools and other public buildings.

As sole source of electricity, Kohler plants reliably serve camps, trailers, trucks, construction projects, drilling rigs, boats . . . Sizes to 100 KW, gasoline and diesel. Write for folder D-46.

KOHLER CO. *Established 1873* **KOHLER, WIS.**

MODEL 5RM61

5 KW, 115/230 volt AC. Remote start.



KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Iron and Vitreous China Plumbing Fixtures • Brass Fittings • Electric Plants • Air-cooled Engines • Precision Controls

(*Continued from Page 82*) Don't you see? We had to have live torpedoes! We had to mean what we said! Couldn't you tell? Couldn't you see it in my face and eyes as I spoke to him? Couldn't you hear it in my voice? The captain of the *Mary* did, Hugh."

"You'd have torpedoed the *Queen Mary?*" It came out a whisper; I couldn't seem to control my voice.

Moreno shrugged. "You're darn right," he said.

"And now you'd torpedo that destroyer?"

"I *will* torpedo it." Fists on his hips, Moreno stood grinning at me, mocking me. Then again the rumbling roar of the *Mary's* machinery began to swell, and he said, "Port rudder," to Linc.

I glanced at Vic, who was staring at me. "Vic," I said softly, "that's a Navy destroyer."

He bit his lip for a moment, glancing down at the deck. Then he shook his head, brows rising regretfully, and looked up at me again. "Out to get us, though, Hugh," he said, and I stared at him.

From just behind me Alice Muir said bitterly, "The rebel, who didn't want to sell his life," and I turned to look at her. "Well, look where it's got you!" she said, eyes flashing with fury. "You didn't sell it, not you—you handed it over to a bunch of murderers!"

I nodded several times before speaking. "Looks like it," I said, and she stared at me in bitter disgust.

"I admired you," she said contemptuously, "in spite of my own feelings; a strong man capable of rebellion! But rebellion needs a cause to go with it, Hugh! Bigger than simple selfishness!"

"You can't," I said, staring into the control room, looking from one to another of them. "You just can't do it; you can't sink a Navy destroyer!" But Lauffnauer only smiled pityingly; Linc didn't turn, and Vic didn't look up. Moreno simply turned away contemptuously.

"Hard to starboard," he said to Linc, and once more we heeled over, to continue our snakelike progress under the *Mary's* keel.

Just beside me stood a little steel locker, and now I turned, opened it, fumbled inside it, then brought out a cap I'd put there, my old Navy cap with the insigne removed; I'd worn it a few times working on the sub. "Cut out the corn," Vic said, his voice ugly, but I put the cap on, grinning at him meanly.

"Yeah," I said, "it's corn all right, that's all it is. So how come it bothers you, Vic?" Then I snarled it at them. "Call it anything you like, but I'll tell you what it means; I won't let you sink that destroyer! I'll do anything I have to; *anything!*"

We stood motionless then, muscles tensed, eying each other, and waiting. There were four of them, but I had this advantage—standing just outside the little control room, one hand on each side of the open doorway, they couldn't get at me except one at a time. And I knew what I was going to do, while they did not.

Again the sound of the *Mary's* machinery was swelling and growing overhead, but well behind us now: once more we were nearing the *Mary's* bow. Moreno gave his command, and I turned my hands at the wrists, no longer leaning against the sides of the opening I stood at, but gripping the edges. Linc twisted the wheel, we heeled over once more, and I tugged with all the strength of my arms, yanking myself forward through the opening and leaping at the same time—springing into the control room, an arm reaching out for Lauffnauer. I caught him on the neck with my open palm in a wide, swinging motion, flinging him across the little deck into Moreno. Then I had a hand on the air valve, yanking hard, and the ballast tanks began blowing, the pressure of the air flowing into them forcing open the Kingstons.

But, of course—and I'd known this, hopelessly—there was really no chance that the tanks could even begin to empty before they were on me, except that Rosa had leaped right behind me. She was between me and the others, her back to me and facing them—a fighting fury in black. Kicking, gouging, her clawed hands raking at their faces in the crowded room, she fended them off, struggling and writhing to keep them from me and the air lever. Then Lauffnauer smashed her to the deck, and Moreno sprang, not swinging, but arms wide, and before I understood, he had them around me, just above the elbows, his hands gripped tight at my back, and I couldn't move my arms. I actually lifted him from his feet momentarily, swinging my body, trying to fling him off, but Lauffnauer was past us and shoving the air lever instantly, heaving open the air vents with the other hand, the water gushing into the tanks again. But nevertheless, air had replaced some of the water in the tanks and we'd begun to rise, and now as Lauffnauer reversed the process, checking our rise, we felt the jar—the entire length of the submarine rising to crash against the giant hull of the *Mary*, and I heard Alice scream.

Then we were sprawled on the deck, all of us, tumbling and sliding helplessly across it as the sub tilted far to starboard, glass tinkling on metal, dust and cork insulation flying, the whole submarine ringing and vibrating with sound like the inside of a vast bell, and the lights went out. An instant later—I'd done my work well—the emergency lighting flashed on, and now all of us lay where we'd sprawled, listening for our lives. For three, four, five terrible seconds the awful grinding and crunching of the two metal hulls, one against the other, continued. Then it stopped, as the submarine, tilting slowly to the horizontal again, began to sink.

There was nothing I could think of to do now, or even try; and I knew I had failed. We heard nothing, no sudden rush of water; the submarine was on an even keel, and I knew we'd only nudged the *Mary*—slowly and almost gently, just as our rise had been checked, jarring us, but with very little force. Vic stepped back into the control room and said, "There are pressure leaks forward; several stuffing glands badly jarred, but the leaks are small. Probably the same back in his compartment." He gestured at me.

Moreno nodded slowly, staring at me all the time. "You'd of killed us," he said to me. "Killed yourself along with us. Well"—he shook his head in a kind of scornful admiration—"I've said this before, too; you've got guts of a kind."

I just shook my head at him, slowly and stubbornly, and said it again. "You can't sink a Navy destroyer; you can't. Vic, damn you!" I yelled. "You belonged to the Navy that destroyer is part of! You still do! You're in the reserve. You probably know people on her!

"And now you're tied up with Nazi scum," I said softly to Vic, my eyes holding his. "Working with him to sink a Navy destroyer. How low can you get; do you like your adventure now?" Then I yelled, "How important is it to stay alive?" and Vic's teeth bared, and I knew he'd hate me forever. "Ed!" I yelled then. "You were in the Navy too!"

"Oh?" he said nastily. "You remembered that, did you? You finally remembered. Yeah, lieutenant, I was in the Navy, too, just as much as you were. No gold stripes, but I was in it too." Linc glanced up at him, Moreno nodded, and once more Linc began twisting the rudder wheel. Then Moreno suddenly shouted, his face flushing dark, the veins on his temples popping out. "Well, all right! What else can we do! What would *you* do, you college gold-stripe hero! You tell me, brave boy! Because I've got everything you've got, and more!"

"Do?" I said softly. "Why, I'd go out, too, Moreno." Then I shouted it. "Straight out! Right through the back door the minute the *Mary* moves!" I stood staring at him for a moment, then I leaned toward him and said softly, "I've got the nerve to do it, and you know it. To do anything necessary, Moreno—to keep from murdering a Navy crew."

What's Going On Here?

It is a time of national turmoil. Delegates from five discontented states meet at a special convention. The air fills with rumors that their states are about to secede from the Union. The United States Government prepares to use force, if necessary, to halt any such action. The convention gets off to an ominous start by electing as its president a fiery leader who sponsored the United States Fugitive Slave Act for the return of fleeing slaves to their masters and who termed democracy "the government of the worst." What convention, what leader, and what came of it all?

Richard Q. Rodgers

Answer on page 86

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Moreno glanced at me, then at Rosa. "Rudder aport," he said quietly, and Linc looked at him for a moment, then swung the wheel. The sub listed as it heeled, and Moreno stood, head cocked, listening intently to the growing murmur of the *Mary's* machinery. "Starboard rudder," he said. Linc heaved on the wheel again, and the sub began righting. But before it could begin heeling again, Linc stopped the wheel in the same moment that Moreno yelled, "Dead ahead; straight rudder!" and for a moment they stared at each other, then both of them grinned. "Yes, sir!" Linc said.

"What do you think you are doing?" Lauffnauer said quietly.

"Doing?" Moreno said. "Why, I'm getting us out of here; maybe. Just like the man said. He thinks it can be done—or he's willing to try it."

Lauffnauer's mouth was opening to speak, then the sound overhead swelled suddenly to a giant, rumbling roar, and Moreno shouted over it, "I'm in command! Stations, stations! Man the dive planes! Full motors, Hugh! Dive, dive, or we're finished!" For a single instant Vic and Lauffnauer stood staring, then they swung to their dive-plane wheels as I turned to my switchboard and brought the motors whining up to full speed.

The terrible roar of sound—the *Mary's* giant turbines coming to sudden life, four enormous thirty-five-ton propellers ahead beginning to revolve—never stopped growing. "Forty degrees! Forty degrees!" Moreno shouted, and already it was hard to hear him. The incredible roar of tons of tumbling water grew and swelled, increasing rapidly as we moved toward it and the *Mary's* propellers chewed into it faster and faster; it was hard even to think. Slowly, slowly, the sub's bow dipped, the deck tilting under us.

Standing at my board, watching my dials, I knew my motors were screaming, driving us under at the highest speed I dared feed into them, but I could detect no hint of it in that unspeakable volume of sound. It was approaching us now, sickeningly fast, the distorted sound of all the waterfalls of the world; there had never been such a roar. Rosa and Alice had their hands clapped to their ears, trembling and waiting; it was all any of us could do. There was nothing more to be done. The sub was diving, as steeply as it could, as fast as possible—and moving, simultaneously, toward the undersea hurricane rushing at us.

And then we were in it. An unspeakable force shoved our stern down hard like a giant's footstep, the forward deck heaving, and we were tossed like dolls in a blanket—lifted from our feet, flung in every direction. Instantly the lights were out, and the tiny submarine was being tossed from one side to the other like an insane pendulum, and it squealed and groaned and shuddered from prow to stern. And the sub clanged and vibrated, the sound of its own torture mingling with the immense roar above us, reverberating the air past endurance.

I knew we were past it, going under not through it, by the fact that we were alive. Diving down, we must have skirted the very bottom edges of that massive ball of seething water. I pulled myself from where I'd been tossed, crawled across the leaping floor to my board, dragged myself upright before it and, hanging on with one hand in the darkness, I yanked at my switches, ending the terrible drain of power from our batteries.

Then Moreno had a flashlight on, shouting, "Blow all tanks, blow all tanks!" and, in the sudden, comparative silence, I heard the liquid spurt of water under pressure jetting into the ship. But—someone had the second flashlight on the dial—the depth gauge was dropping; I could see it from where I clung to my board. We were at a hundred and twenty-five, then a hundred and thirty, then a hundred and thirty-five feet as I watched, and none of us could give a thought to what was happening far overhead.

Then the air flasks were hissing, the tanks blowing, but slowly, sluggishly. And as I watched the gauge, it dropped to one-forty, then one-forty-five, and I swung to Alice. She was crawling to Rosa, who lay flat on her back, arms outflung, eyes closed, and I could see that she was dead or unconscious. Then Alice reached her, lifting her head from the deck, and I had to swing to my board, for again Moreno was shouting, "Fore and aft dive planes! Surface, surface! Forty degrees!" and he began calling for power.

Then my needles were slowly and reluctantly lifting themselves, and I was twisting my dials with all of my being concentrated in my fingertips, nursing those motors to turn our screws through these last moments of waning power. They were turning—but slowly, slowly—and I swung to dart a glance at the depth gauge. It hung at a hundred and fifty-five feet, no further lifting capacity to be had from the ballast tanks, and we didn't dare use power for the pumps.

Then, very slowly, nearly imperceptibly, the screws turned just a little faster, and then we were at a hundred and fifty, a hundred forty-five, a hundred and forty feet. The pressure gripping the screws lessening, they turned steadily faster, and we continued to rise, rapidly now.

We broke the surface like a sodden log, and the instant we did I cut power, and Moreno, crouched on the ladder under

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the hatch, broke open the conning-tower hatches, and I was running to the engine room. Moreno shouted to me that the submarine was sinking, decks barely awash. But I had the diesels started, and, as they rumbled into life, we had forward motion, the diving planes lifting now, barely keeping us afloat.

We got the pumps running then and, with a portion of the hull out, ending the leaks in the upper third of the ship, we kept at least even with the other leaks and moved slowly ahead toward the west, and the shore eight or ten miles ahead.

No one spoke. In the aft compartment Rosa moaned, and I turned my head and saw her sitting up on the deck, Alice kneeling beside her and supporting her. "How is she?" I said, and Alice replied, "All right, I think. She's conscious."

"I am all right," Rosa mumbled. "Where are we?"

"On the surface; we're out of it."

Moreno raised his head to look across at me, and a corner of his mouth lifted in a little grin. "Yeah," he said wonderingly, "we got through at that, didn't we? And he didn't depth-charge."

I nodded and stood dully thinking about it, then I knew what had happened. Passing over the boiling turbulence of the *Mary's* beginning wake, the destroyer captain had dropped no charges—not directly downward, at least—because he couldn't. Until the *Mary* picked up speed, distributing the turbulence of her wake over a little distance, he could not count on the action of his depth-charge pressure settings. They could have exploded instantly in the complexities of pressure just below the surface of the massive whirlpool of the *Mary's* beginning motion—lifting the destroyer's own stern from the water. And it was in those first moments—the *Mary* barely under way, the giant propellers thrashing almost in one spot—that we had passed under them. Nor could his sonar detect us in that incredible roaring boil of water.

"What's he doing now, Moreno?" I said, and he shrugged; he hardly cared just now, and neither did I, but he pushed himself forward toward me and began climbing tiredly to the deck, and I followed. The circle of sky overhead was still blue, but on the surface it was dusk; on the far-off shore ahead I saw the first pinpricks of light. Then I turned and saw the *Mary*, still high on the sea, her stern broad and huge still, but already a mile or more off. There was no sign of the destroyer, and I said, "What's he doing, Moreno?"

"Figures we're a fast, modern sub, maybe," he answered. "Able to keep up with the *Mary* for a while and hanging under her as long as we can. Probably figures we can dive six or eight hundred feet"—he grinned and shook his head at the idea—"and that we're diving at the same time. I don't know, but he sure wouldn't figure us to do what we did; he'd never figure we'd pop up far to the rear. He had to guess, that's all; he couldn't detect us under the *Mary*; he just knew we were there somewhere. He had to guess where we were and what we were doing, and he guessed wrong."

We stood staring at the *Mary* then, shrinking steadily and rapidly, her hull down now on the darkening horizon. "He could still get us," Moreno murmured. "Just turn around and come back; we're a sitting duck."

He didn't, though. Lost somewhere in the small silhouette of that great stern far to the north and east now—or perhaps ripping through the water around the huge liner, guarding the ship and hunting us with her sonar—was the destroyer; we couldn't even see her. Undoubtedly her captain felt that his primary duty was to protect the *Mary*; in any case, he stayed with her.

Steps sounded slowly on the iron rungs just below us; then Rosa's head appeared at our feet, and Moreno stooped to help her up. Alice was just behind her, and I climbed out of the tower to make room, leaning over to help her to the deck and then out of the tower.

"I'm sorry I got you into this, Alice," I said then, and she moved a shoulder in a tired shrug.

"I'm all right," she said and glanced up at me. "What were you doing, Hugh? Why were you on the *Mary*?"

I told her then—briefly, enough so that she understood—and she listened and stood thinking about it. Then she glanced at me again. "And so you didn't get your money and freedom after all," she said.

"I don't care," I answered, and realized it was true. I didn't care.

"Why not?" Alice said. "You risked a lot for it." And I stood there at the bow of the *U-19* in the darkness beside her, thinking about it, trying to answer.

"I don't know," I said slowly then. "All I know is that, instead of regret and a sense of loss, I have an enormous feeling of relief. As though I'd escaped something unspeakably dirty that would have spoiled and corrupted me for the rest of my life. I don't mean the theft." I shook my head. "I was glad to take money from a Nazi who stole it himself. And I'm glad we took it away from him. But I'm glad we haven't got it either; I really am, because the way we took it is smeared; the big adventure turned into something rotten. Would Moreno actually have fired those torpedoes at the *Mary* if it came right down to it? Maybe not. Maybe he wouldn't have, no matter what he thinks himself. I'm going to decide that he wouldn't have.

"But I don't care about the money," I said to Alice. "And for other reasons too. Maybe I've grown up a little, I don't know. But the things I've talked and worried about—freedom, living my own life—seem a little unreal now, or at least incomplete. Rebellion, resistance, not accepting everything that's set before you—they're fine, they're O.K. But you said it a little while ago, Alice; there ought to be more in back of it than simple selfishness."

She was looking up at me in the almost darkness, but I could see her lips, slightly parted, and her eyes, shining and eager and excited. I knew suddenly what she was thinking and hoping now, what she was waiting for me to say. But I couldn't.

Alice knew it, and she turned to look straight ahead again. "I'm leaving New York, Hugh," she said quietly then. "Right away; I won't even go back to my job. I don't want to be here any more." She knew that I understood why she wanted to leave New York, but—she was a wonderful girl—she didn't reproach me or even refer to it. Instead she said, "I don't want you to be caught, Hugh; you harmed no one who didn't deserve it. I don't want you to be traced through me, so I'm going away, tonight."

"You don't owe me anything," I said.

"Maybe not, but ——" She didn't finish; she didn't say, "I love you," not aloud, but I knew she'd said it in her mind.

"You've had nothing but trouble from me," I murmured. "I'm sorry about everything, Al." I put my hand on hers, lying on the cable railing, and she turned her palm upward, squeezed my hand, then turned back to the tower alone.

Watching the lights of the shore, Moreno brought us in, a mile offshore opposite the little rented house on the beach at Fire Island. He climbed out of the tower to begin untying our raft, and I climbed down inside. "We're here," I said to Linc at the rudder wheel, and he nodded and stood up. Lauffnauer and Vic said nothing, and I didn't even glance at them; but as I walked aft toward the engine, I heard steps climbing the ladder. I shut down the engine then and ran back toward the control room; the pumps stopped, I was in a hurry now, and I saw that Linc and Vic were gone.

I climbed up then and out onto the deck, Lauffnauer following. Then, once more, as he had forty years before, Lauffnauer slammed the hatch shut behind him.

Moreno had the raft inflated and waiting, and Linc had brought up the paddles. Now we crowded into it, Moreno steering in the stern, Linc forward with the other paddle, and moved carefully away, the sides of the overloaded raft only an inch or so above surface. We didn't bother anchoring the little sub; her engine off and her pumps stopped, she was dead and sinking, and we wanted to be well away when she went under. A good fifty feet off we stopped and sat watching her. Already her deck was two feet under, only the tiny conning tower above the surface. I saw that a swatch of the new paint had been scraped from it when she'd nudged the underside of the *Mary*; and in the faint, beginning starlight a part of the old paint underneath it was visible again. I couldn't see all of it or even actually read it in that light, but I knew what it said—*U-19*. Then, the last remnant of the little ship's diminishing buoyancy abruptly going, the faded white letters slipped down into the sea, and we left the *U-19*—to rest there forever now—where her first crew had left her half a lifetime before.

We didn't even say good-by; not all of us, anyway. In the little house behind the beach Rosa took Alice into one of the bedrooms to lend her a dress, hat, stockings and shoes; Alice's dress was torn and streaked with dirt, her shoes soaked and ruined. I walked directly to the bathroom, and—first trimming my beard as closely as possible with scissors—I shaved as quickly as I could. We'd meant to stay hidden here in the house for a week, only Rosa and Moreno showing themselves on the beach. Then, shaved and wearing the city clothes Moreno had brought here more than a week before, we'd have left one or two at a time—after dark and on a crowded weekend. But I wasn't staying now; in the bathroom I changed into my blue suit, a tie, white shirt, low shoes and a felt hat; and when I came out, Alice was waiting. I didn't see Rosa or Moreno, but Linc was sitting on the old davenport, forearms on his knees, hands clasped before him, staring down at the floor. "So long, Linc," I said, and he glanced up to smile wanly. "So long, Hugh," he said, and I took Alice's arm, and we walked out—past Vic in a chair and Lauffnauer standing at a front window staring out to sea—without a word or a glance.

As we stepped onto the porch, Rosa stood on the sand at the foot of the front steps, Moreno on his knees at the deflated raft, rolling it up, and they looked up at us. For a moment, pausing at the head of the stairs with Alice, I looked down at them—at this handsome woman in the black slacks and sweater, whom I'd kissed, and wondered if I was in love with. Then I walked down the stairs. "Rosa," I said, "am I going to see you again?"

She looked at me for a moment, then turned to look down at Moreno, who was kneeling in the sand, looking up at her. "Yes," she answered then, and smiled. "We will invite you to the wedding."

For a moment I stared at her, almost stupidly. "You're in love with Moreno?"

"Love." She tossed her head, grinning at me. "I will love my husband." Then suddenly she stepped close to me, lifting her arms to my neck. "You do not mind," she called over her shoulder to Moreno, "if he kisses the bride early?"

"Have I got any choice?" he growled in the darkness, but I knew he was grinning.

"No," she said, then kissed me, long and hard. I kissed her back, and once again I enjoyed it, fiercely, but now I knew; I was fond of this girl, very much, but it wasn't love. Rosa stepped back then. "Good-by, Hugh," she said softly.

"Good-by, Rosa," I said. Alice, I saw, was walking on, over the dune toward the beach ahead. I stepped over to Moreno then, and he got to his feet. "So long, Ed," I said, and held out my hand. He glanced at it, then took my hand.

"So long, lieutenant," he said, but his voice was affectionate, and he grinned at me, and I grinned back. Then I hurried over the sand to catch up with Alice.

She was waiting down at the water, and we walked along the beach then toward the ferry. For perhaps a quarter of a mile we had nothing to say, and, except for the regular slow crash of the surf on the beach and the crunch of our steps on the damp sand, we walked in silence. I looked down at the girl beside me who'd soon be leaving New York—tonight, she'd said. We'd soon be saying good-by, I thought, and then, walking along the sand beside her, I knew that I didn't want to do that. "I think you'd better tell me where you'll be going," I said, and she looked up at me.

"Why?"

I shrugged, and grinned at her. "I need a job," I said. "I might as well look for one in the same place, and maybe we can see each other. So, you mind if I tag along?"

She shook her head slowly. "No," she said, "I don't mind." Then she reached for my hand as I reached for hers, and as we walked along beside the water, grinning at each other, we heard the sound. It was far off, far to the north and east, and only just barely audible—the deep-chested, rumbling, foghorn growl of an enormous ship. It might not have been the *Queen Mary*; it could have been another ship, I suppose. But the horn of a ship like the *Mary* can be heard for miles at sea, and it could have been she; it just might have been. I think that it was.

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 84)

Delegates representing Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont met secretly at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1814. While Army officers snooped, with orders to use force if necessary, the Hartford Convention denounced Government mismanagement of the War of 1812, then still raging, and demanded sweeping Constitutional changes. It elected as its president George Cabot, a conservative who sponsored the Fugitive Slave Act while United States senator from Massachusetts. If the convention really contemplated secession, which New Englanders had threatened three times previously, nothing came of it. The war soon ended, and discontent and talk of secession subsided.

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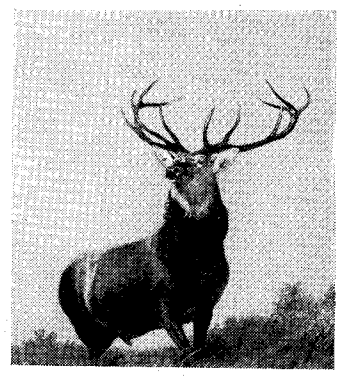

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The Coach Is a Nonconformist

(Continued from Page 25)

The latter are probably the most glorified defensive platoon in football history. Dietzel picked up their catchy nickname some time ago from a *Terry and the Pirates* comic strip which said that Chinese bandits were the most vicious people in the world. When L.S.U.'s Bandits enter a game, the student band pipes them on the field with an Oriental-style chant composed by alumnus Floyd Huddleston, a Memphis disc jockey. They are piped off the field, too, although often this can't be heard above the crowd noise if the Bandits have distinguished themselves by recovering a fumble, intercepting a pass or forcing the opposing team into a punting situation.

In four years at Louisiana State, young Paul Dietzel never had a winning team until last season. This year L.S.U. is potentially even stronger than in 1958, with thirty-one out of thirty-five lettermen on hand, plus a number of outstanding sophomores. However, football fortune is so unpredictable that almost anybody on the L.S.U. schedule was considered capable of upsetting the Tigers, beginning with the opening opponent, Rice, on September nineteenth.

Some rival coaches were confident that L.S.U. would not approach its 1958 sweep of eleven straight. They scoffed at Dietzel's three-platoon idea, and said that last year's success was more a matter of L.S.U.'s escaping serious injuries and getting all the breaks. They contended that some of the 1958 victories would have been even more decisive if superb performers like All-American halfback Billy Cannon had been able to play more than they did under the three-unit plan.

Even Dietzel's critics have to admit, though, that he is no standpatter. When he came into the 1958 season with an unimpressive three-year record of eleven wins, seventeen losses and two ties, he was determined that whether or not things got better they at least would be different. The three-platoon gimmick was merely the most conspicuous of the changes he instituted.

Dietzel was able to survive his early losing years at L.S.U. partly because he has great personal charm. Just turned thirty-five, he is a youthful Bud Wilkinson in appearance and manner. Tall and trim, with blue-gray eyes, thick blond hair and boyish smile, he is an engaging conversationalist among men and has a courtly way with the ladies.

However, Dietzel was not everybody's dish in Louisiana. Some preferred his country-style predecessor, Gaynell (Gus) Tinsley, who had batted slightly over .500 in the won-lost department. Tinsley was strictly home folks—an easygoing cattle-and-horse farmer, a lover of rod and gun. Some of Tinsley's friends thought Dietzel was "too pretty, too polite."

The L.S.U. football job has always been something of a hot seat. Back in the stormy days of Huey Long it became enmeshed in state politics. Huey took so much interest in the school's football team that, as state political boss, he threatened to levy a special tax on all the railroad bridges in the state unless students were given a six-dollar round-trip fare on a special train to Nashville for the 1934 Vanderbilt game. The railroads quickly gave in. Similarly, the Ringling Brothers circus hurriedly canceled a Baton Rouge appearance that conflicted with an L.S.U. game after Huey threatened to invoke an ancient Louisiana law requiring all animals from out of state to be dipped in a tick bath at the state line.

Col. L. M. (Biff) Jones, former Army coach, quit as the coach of L.S.U. in 1934 after a clash with Huey in which he refused to let the senator deliver a pep talk to the team between halves of the final game, against Oregon at Baton Rouge.

Following Huey's assassination in 1935, athletic director T. P. Heard, a fiery redhead and a Long protégé, assumed command of L.S.U. football. His choice as head coach, Bernie Moore, enjoyed some highly successful seasons, reaching the Sugar Bowl three times and the Orange Bowl and Cotton Bowl once each between 1935 and 1947. Then he resigned to become commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, a position he still holds.

Tinsley succeeded Moore. He had a good eight-and-two season in 1949 and a seven-three-one record in 1951, but could win only thirteen games the next three years. One faction of alumni sought to oust Tinsley; another group felt Heard should quit. A sort of trade was effected, Tinsley was released, while Heard, whose foresight was responsible for giving L.S.U. one of the finest athletic plants in the nation, with a stadium now seating 67,743, was retired on a pension of one third his salary.

Paul Dietzel, then working for Earl Blaik at Army, had no idea that this would mean anything to him. His only contact with L.S.U. was Charles McClendon, an assistant coach, who had been a good friend of Dietzel's since they served together under Paul Bryant at the University of Kentucky in 1951.

"When the L.S.U. upheaval came, I was worried about what might happen to Charley," Dietzel related not long ago. "I telephoned him from West Point. Two Army assistants had just left to take head-coaching jobs—Bobby Dobbs at Tulsa and George Blackburn at Cincinnati. I told McClendon I thought he could catch on with one of them.

"Charley said he planned to stay around L.S.U. awhile and see what happened. Then he asked, 'Why don't *you* try to get this job?' I didn't think I would have a chance. McClendon said it would help a lot if I knew Col. Biff Jones, who still had good friends on the board of supervisors that would hire the new coach.

"Well, it so happened that on the very day I arrived at West Point from Miami in 1948, Colonel Jones retired from the Army. During the festivities I was introduced to him three times—he really remembered me the third time. He went to live in Washington and helped Colonel Blaik on appointments to West Point. When Colonel Blaik put me in charge of recruiting, I got to know Jones well. Funny thing, though, before I could reach him to ask for a recommendation to L.S.U., the people in Baton Rouge contacted me. I made two trips there for interviews before getting the job."

The L.S.U. board of supervisors wound up giving Dietzel a three-year contract at $13,000 a year. New coaches generally bring in their own staffs, but Dietzel, the nonconformist, retained five of the six L.S.U. assistants. The players, too, found that their new boss had a mind of his own. He might be a personality boy away from the practice field, but on it he was more steel than silk.

Bud Montet, sports editor of the Baton Rouge *Morning Advocate*, recalls, "I would get calls from some of the boys complaining that things were too tough, that L.S.U. football had gone military. Pretty soon I'd hear that those boys had packed up and left."

When spring practice opened at L.S.U. last year there were only three seniors among the first thirty-three players. The coaches announced that a new offense, a sort of jazzed-up wing T, would replace the split T.

"Our problem was that opposing defenses, through good pursuit, had been giving us too much of a mismatch at the point of attack," Dietzel says. "We felt that our backs were the type that could be very effective if we could just get them into the open."

"We tried to keep the best features of the T and pick up the strongest points of the single wing. I visited practices at Georgia Tech, Tennessee and Cincinnati. Forrest Evashevski of Iowa came to Baton Rouge as a lecturer at our coaching clinic, gave us some tips on technique and loaned us movies. We claim no part whatever in the origin of the wing T. Dave Nelson of Delaware developed it, and Evashevski popularized it."

The job of installing the new offense was not finished that spring. Says Bill Peterson, the offensive-line coach, "Only a few people realize that our 1958 players learned a completely new system of blocking after they reported for fall practice September first. In the summer, Milo Lude, line coach at Delaware, came to a high-school coaching clinic at Baton Rouge. He sold me on the advantages of 'principle' blocking, which gives the blocker an option, over the 'rule' blocking we were using in our new wing T. Paul got sold on it too. So Carl Maddox, our offensive-backfield coach, and I rewrote our whole system. We gave it to the players the first day of fall practice. It was a drastic thing to do."

It was no more drastic, however, than the decision to gamble with three platoons. The great majority of college coaches, even those with as many varsity candidates to pick from as L.S.U.'s eighty, elect to use their best players most of the game. They substitute individually,

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or else employ two units of two-way players. They prefer a slightly tired player of above-average ability to a fresh player of average ability.

Not Dietzel. "We get more efficiency our way," he maintains. "It's amazing how much speed boys lose after they have run a certain amount of time. Right here at L.S.U., after we practice an hour or so, Bill Peterson can outrun all our guards. Before practice, they can outrun him. In a game, we figure to keep thirty-three boys as fresh as possible and going at full speed right up to the last minute."

Some coaches whose teams don't play L.S.U. claim they could wreck Dietzel's substitution procedure. "I'd jam up his switches the minute he sent in that defensive team by kicking to them," one says. "Then he'd have to get them out of there, and they would be eligible to re-enter only once more that period. If they came back, I'd kick to them again."

"That would pose no problem," Dietzel argues. "Our defensive Bandit team would just kick back. If we had to send in a punter, that's easier to do this season. The new rule allows one player to enter the game whenever there is a time out."

In any event, Dietzel believes the morale value alone of his three-platoon system makes it worth while. "I've never seen anything like our boys' attitude in practices," he declares. "You can't imagine what a difference it makes when three teams know they are going to play in a game and know they are going to get in there in the first quarter.

"At no time, in any way, shape or form, do we call our boys first, second and third teams. They're all first teams. This may sound like third-grade psychology, but all I can say is that the boys believe in it, and I do too.

"Against Mississippi last year the movies showed something I've never seen before anywhere, and I'm sure I won't see again. The first time the Bandits were in the game there were six straight defensive plays where you could count nine of them putting leather to the Ole Miss ball carrier. That's an honest count; nine men hit him before he could get to the ground."

However, the defensive platoon was by no means the whole show. L.S.U.'s 1958 starting backfield of Warren Rabb at quarter, Billy Cannon and Johnny Robinson at half and J. W. Brodnax at full was the finest combination of speed and power the South has known. The 1959 backfield is even faster, with everyone returning except Brodnax, replaced by lighter Merle Schexnaildre.

The remarkable Cannon, standing six feet one inch and weighing 208, has been described as either the world's fastest shot-putter or the world's strongest sprinter. Probably he is both; Cannon has run the 100-yard dash in 9.4 seconds and put the shot fifty-three feet, seven and three quarters inches.

Cannon gives some of the credit for his physical development to a bar-bell course he began as a 168-pound high-school sophomore. His instructor, Alvin Roy, who was trainer of the United States weight lifters at the 1952 Olympics and now operates a health club in Baton Rouge, says, "Lifting has given Billy the strength of a plow horse while letting him keep his greyhound speed. Cannon has the greatest speed and pulling power of any human being I've ever seen." Coach Dietzel has been so impressed with the bar-bell courses that he enrolled All-American center candidate Max Fugler during the past summer, hoping to build his weight from 205 to 220 pounds.

Cannon led the Southeastern Conference last season in both scoring (seventy-four points) and rushing (686 yards). He is not only a fine runner but also a competent blocker, punter, passer, receiver and defender—the nearest thing to an indispensable man at L.S.U. It's no joke that when a bolt of lightning scattered everybody at one football practice session, the first voice heard as players and coaches scrambled to their feet was trainer Marty Broussard's, yelling "Where's Cannon?"

The other halfback, Robinson, a varsity tennis player, is just a step behind Cannon in speed, and is even more elusive and a better pass receiver. Rabb is All-S.E.C. quarterback. He is smart, a good ball handler, a strong runner and an accurate passer.

Cannon, Robinson and Rabb are all Baton Rouge boys. Cannon went to Istrouma High School. During summer vacation after his junior year he and a couple of classmates got into an escapade which culminated in Cannon and one of the others being convicted of swiping $11.95 worth of whisky. They were given suspended sentences and placed on probation for ninety days.

A man who recently made an independent investigation of the case reports, "Cannon straightened up after that, played a whale of a senior year at Istrouma High and then followed his older brother Harvey to L.S.U., where his record is a publicized open book."

Cannon's father is a custodian in the L.S.U. maintenance department. Robinson's father is L.S.U.'s varsity tennis coach and a physical-education teacher. All told, sixty-six of the L.S.U varsity squad come from within the state, and only six are from outside the Louisiana-Alabama-Mississippi-Arkansas area.

Paul Dietzel's ability to recruit talented players speaks for itself. He's the inspirational type, especially effective with parents of high-school athletes. At University Methodist Church in Baton Rouge, where he is head usher, Dietzel never misses a Sunday-morning service when he's in town. He didn't look or act out of place when he was observed last January as a lay minister filling the pulpit of his old friend and wartime chaplain, Dr. Charles F. Murphy, at the Walnut Hills-Avondale Methodist Church in Cincinnati. The Dietzel children—Steve, now ten, and Kathy Anne, six—were baptized there when the family lived in Cincinnati.

At coaching clinics and on his Monday-night TV shows in Baton Rouge, Dietzel plugs football as "the healthiest possible atmosphere for a boy." He says, "At L.S.U. you can have a ducktail haircut or a football scholarship—but not both."

His 1958 squad practiced a maximum of only six hours a week—another departure from standard procedure in big-time football. His players never had a live scrimmage after the season opened. There were no night or Sunday-afternoon meetings, no practices on Fridays before games.

"We used to work out lightly on Fridays," Dietzel says, "but before the opening game with Rice last season it rained so hard we couldn't get out. We won, 26 to 6, after being doped to lose. Therefore a precedent was set, and we haven't changed it.

"Mondays through Thursdays we average practicing an hour and a half a day. If we have any contact work at all, it's on Tuesdays, and only about five minutes of bumping—not a real scrimmage. Our boys eat in their own cafeteria in the athletic dormitory, which makes it real convenient for us to have noon meetings, from about twelve-thirty-five to twelve-fifty-five.

"Up to the 1958 season we made the boys look at the movies of the previous Saturday night's game on Sunday afternoon and help grade their own performances. They didn't like it, of course. Last season I told them they would have to look at the movies on Sunday afternoon whenever they needed it. The implication, of course, was that if we lost a game we would all be in there grading pictures on Sunday afternoon. Luckily they never had to have a Sunday meeting. We showed them the pictures on Mondays. But I don't know how long this can last."

Some of these things might shock Dietzel's former coaching superiors—dignified Earl Blaik, now retired; businesslike Sid Gillman, currently with the Los Angeles Rams, and rugged Paul (Bear) Bryant, today the University of Alabama coach.

"I once told Dietzel he was too soft to make a successful head coach," Bryant confessed recently. "He had everything else—fine technical mind, lots of ambition and a winning personality." Says Dietzel of the Bear, "Coach Bryant taught me that the name of this game is 'Knock,' and that defense wins as many games as offense."

From Blaik, Dietzel learned organization. It's reflected in many little things. When the L.S.U. squad studies game films, each assistant coach occupies a permanent seat with his name painted thereon, and the appropriate players are grouped around him. The left tackles, for instance, always sit on the immediate left of defensive-line coach McClendon, and the right tackles on his right.

Sid Gillman showed Dietzel how to get the most out of game films. At L.S.U. players are graded from the movies for their performance on every play. "Whenever our team grade is below sixty-six per cent, I figure we're lucky if we won," Dietzel says. "Our highest grade last season was against University of Miami—seventy-eight per cent." L.S.U. won that game, 41–0.

The players may have a comparatively light work schedule but not the coaches. From September to December, they go home early only on Thursdays, holding meetings until as late as eleven o'clock the other six nights. Nobody works harder than Dietzel himself. Even in the off season he's at his office by eight A.M.; and he doesn't leave until five-thirty.

"You can't be a part-time football coach," he declares. "It has to be your life and your life's work. A man can't build morale on a staff. He has to earn it."

Dietzel has no interest in hunting or fishing, and has played very little golf. His hobbies are woodworking, listening to hi-fi music, and charcoal-broiling steaks he personally selects at the store. He's also an amateur artist and gets a kick out of making the pep-slogan signs that go on the wall of the L.S.U. players' dressing room from week to week.

Dietzel knew little leisure time as a boy. The son of a mechanic, he was born in the Ohio town of Fremont, near Toledo, but moved to Mansfield, Ohio, as a small child. He played junior-high football while working Saturdays as a butcher's helper. In 1941, his senior year at high school, he made All-State center.

"I was from the wrong side of the tracks," Paul says now. "I realized early that football could open doors for a boy who had neither money nor position. I treasured my football-letter sweater. It made me somebody. I was accepted.

"A Lehigh University alumnus in Mansfield said he would pay my way through his school whether I played football or not. But my high-school coach, Paul Snyder, took me and a teammate, Bob Winbigler, who was All-State end, on a trip south. We visited Tennessee and Duke, and wound up accepting athletic scholarships at Duke. I enrolled in en-

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gineering school and played center on the freshman team."

It was suggested to Dietzel that he join Navy ROTC, but his dad wouldn't sign the papers, thinking it better for Paul to await the military draft. Just before Paul's number came up in March, 1943, he enlisted in the Army Air Forces. After getting his wings, Lieutenant Dietzel married his high-school sweetheart, Anne Wilson, a striking brunette, on September 25, 1944.

Dietzel took further air training, then went overseas to Tinian in the Marianas as a B-29 copilot. After flying twelve missions over Japan—the first a fire raid on Tokyo—he was called back to the United States as an instructor. Upon being discharged in December, 1945, he switched from Duke to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, where Sid Gillman was then coaching.

"Sid had tried to get me to come to Denison University when he coached the line there," Dietzel relates. "He wrote me regularly when I was overseas. And then my wife had spent a freshman year at Miami and liked it—she was a cheerleader."

Captain of Miami's 1946 team as a junior and Little All-America center as a senior, Dietzel took a heavy load of studies, attended two summer sessions and was graduated with a B-plus average. By this time he had decided he wanted to be a doctor. He was accepted by Columbia University to prepare for medical school.

Meanwhile Sid Gillman had joined the Army football staff. One day a letter arrived from West Point which contained this message, written in pencil on yellow legal-notebook paper.

"Dear Paul: Mum's the word, but would you like to be freshman coach at Army?"

Dietzel didn't write—he phoned Gillman a quick "yes," to be relayed to head coach Earl Blaik. In 1949, when Gillman moved to Cincinnati as head coach, Dietzel followed him as a varsity assistant. He shifted to the University of Kentucky under Bryant in 1951, then went back to West Point in 1953. From there in 1955 he came to L.S.U.

After his first three years in Louisiana the best he had to show for his efforts was a five-and-five record in 1957. In the annual balloting for "coach of the year" that season, Dietzel didn't get a single mention from the 597 coaches voting. Last year he was one, two or three on 495 of 618 ballots. Such acclaim was all the more remarkable because: (1) some of Dietzel's colleagues thought he ran up the score unnecessarily in the final game against Tulane, when L.S.U.'s White team poured on four touchdowns in the last seven minutes to make it 62–0; (2) others were annoyed by having to explain to alumni why they hadn't adopted Dietzel's three-platoon idea; (3) at least one confessed, "I always vote for a coach who's old and ugly."

Dietzel had been at L.S.U. only five days in 1955 when he remarked publicly, "If I can't make good here, I'm just not a head coach." Now he believes more than ever that L.S.U. offers all the raw essentials for football success. Says Dietzel, "There are few physical plants to compare with ours—fine stadium, practice fields and offices, plenty of room, ideal athletic-dormitory setup with good food. There's no problem around Baton Rouge getting summer jobs for the players. That's especially important to the married fellows who must earn money in the summer to help them get through."

One of the L.S.U.'s eight married men, Billy Cannon, who has two children, worked for an electrical contractor last summer. During the school year, according to Dietzel, married players get the cash equivalent of what it would cost the university to feed and house them if they were living in Broussard Hall, the athletic dorm.

Like most modern coaches, Dietzel keeps close check on his athletes' scholastic grades and puts them in a compulsory study hall whenever they fall behind. He says that 70 per cent maintain a C average or better.

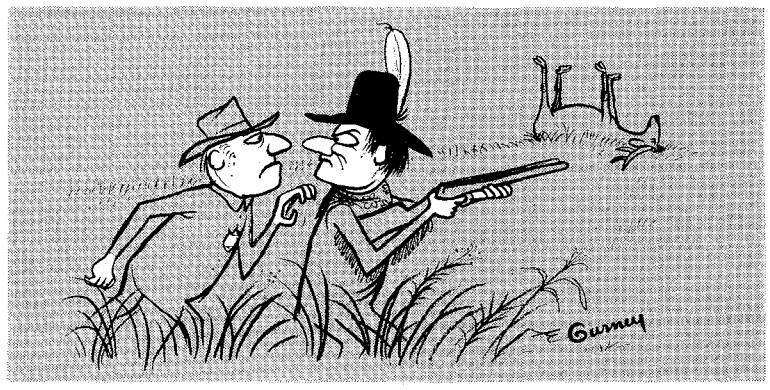
He insists that despite their separate housing and supervision, the L.S.U. athletes are an integral part of university life. "All men students take military training the first two years. The athletes make good friends there and in classes. And there are 1500 nonathletes living in the stadium dormitory. I've never seen student enthusiasm like ours at games. L.S.U.'s enrollment is 11,000, and it seems like all of 'em turn out."

Total home attendance averaged 59,315 per game last season, a new record in the South. This was gratifying not only to Dietzel but also to Jim Corbett, L.S.U.'s thirty-nine-year-old athletic director. Corbett is a go-getter. As a youth he went to Southeastern Louisiana College on an athletic scholarship, then talked the school into creating a job as sports-publicity director for him after he got injured in football. In 1945 he moved up to a similar post at L.S.U., where his ability attracted the attention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The N.C.A.A. acquired him "on loan" in 1953 as its TV co-ordinator. He had become sports co-ordinator for the National Broadcasting Company when L.S.U. brought him back as athletic director in 1955.

Under Corbett's administration have come such things as a new $180,000 lighting system—all L.S.U. home games are staged at night—half-time shows featuring a live tiger mascot, and a family plan that enables parents to take their youngsters to games for fifty cents. Every game this year will be a virtual sellout. L.S.U.'s ample football receipts already support the best-balanced minor-sports program in the Southeastern Conference.

As L.S.U. prepared for the 1959 season, only the most optimistic rooters were counting on a second-straight national championship. However, Paul Dietzel will be in a strong position even without it. His contract has been extended to 1964, and his salary increased to $16,500.

Alumni also have given him a handsome present. They didn't make it an automobile—other coaches have used gift cars to drive off to new jobs. Instead, after looking over Dietzel's new four-bedroom home on the edge of a forest an eight-minute drive from the campus, a group of alumni decided upon a present which would demonstrate that they want Dietzel to stick around a long time. They built him a swimming pool. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Big Chief Happy Hunter, a wealthy Indian, bought a huge tract of land on the site of his tribe's historic grounds. But he refused to purchase a state hunting license. The game warden arrested him as soon as he shot his first deer.

"You can't make this arrest stick," the Indian argued. "As my tribe never signed a treaty surrendering its hunting privileges on that land, I can hunt there whenever I please without a license. The law says Indians' property cannot be taken without their consent, so the hunting is still mine."

"The game laws of this state make no exception for Indians who didn't sign treaties," the state attorney contended. "Big Chief Happy Hunter was informed of this, but chose to ignore it. So he is in violation of the law."

If you were the judge, would you let the chief hunt unlicensed?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The chief lost. The court ruled against him for two reasons: Game "is not a property appurtenant to the land," but belongs to the state rather than the landowner. Secondly, Indian rights may be altered not only by treaty but by conquest and purchase, both of which ended the chief's hunting rights generations before he was born.

Based upon a 1938 State of Washington decision.

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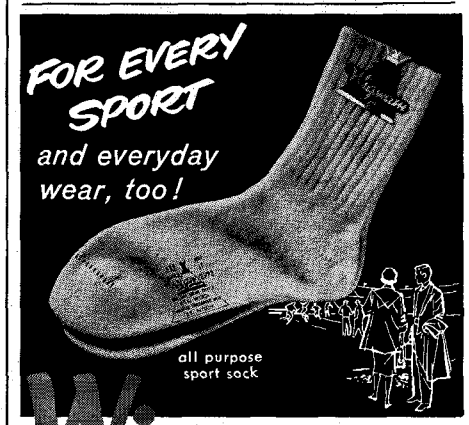

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It All Started With Elvis

(Continued from Page 27)

and then selling the master pressings of his records to recording companies in the big cities. With the money he saved he had returned to his home in Memphis, heartland of the blues, to start his own record business.

During his far-ranging tours of the South, disc jockeys and record distributors had tipped Phillips to the fact that teen-agers were falling in love with Negro music; they wanted to hear that rocking, pounding, down-to-earth stuff. Phillips was convinced that if he could find the right song for Presley, the boy might go places in the record business.

Six months later Phillips found the song *Without Love*, and called Presley. "He lived eight blocks away," Phillips says, "but it seemed like one minute later he busted in a-huffing and puffing. We looked the song over and he flipped. But it was a long time before we got a halfway decent record out of him. The kids happen overnight today, I guess, but we had to work hard to get the best out of his style. And even when we got something that sounded right, we had a terrible time getting any disc jockey to play it.

"The only place we got his records played at first was in the Negro sections of Chicago and Detroit and in California. Most of the Northern fellows were used to playing the smooth, sugary stuff, and in the South, even though Elvis was a hillbilly, the hillbilly disc jockeys refused to play him because they said he was singing 'darky' music."

In the next eighteen months Phillips worked hard with Elvis and recorded several songs under his own label, Sun Records—*Milk Cow Boogie*, *Good Rockin' Tonight* and *Mystery Train*—and Elvis' peculiar talents slowly won recognition. Alta Hayes, distributor for Sun Records in Dallas, promoted Elvis hard, and Paul Ackerman, editor of *The Billboard*, one of the leading amusement-industry newspapers, gave Elvis generous coverage in his newspaper and talked him up to anyone who would listen. Soon, Steve Sholes, who was then RCA Victor Records' music director in charge of country music, went to Memphis, heard the records, decided that Elvis had something the teen-agers would like and paid approximately $40,000 for Elvis' contract and the masters of the records he had made for Sun.

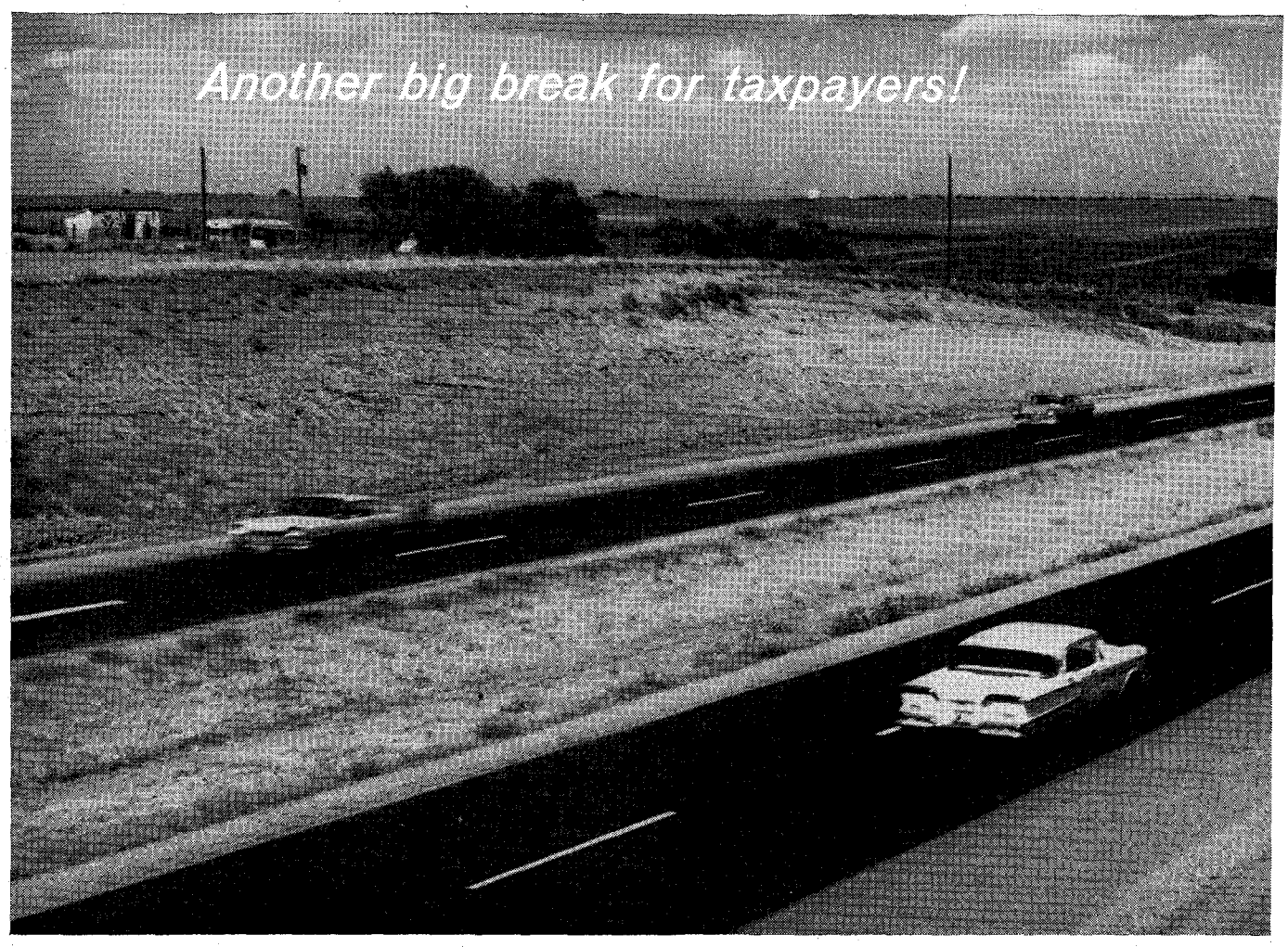
Since then RCA has sold around 35,000,000 Elvis Presley records, mostly to teen-agers, who seem to find emotional satisfaction in Elvis' passionate vocalizing. Elvis' rise helped establish the rock-'n'-roll craze, which some people think was a black day indeed for popular music. That consideration aside, the success of the Presley-Phillips combination acted as a powerful stimulant to youthful singers, musicians and would-be entrepreneurs who dreamed of hitting the big time. Kids who would have confined their music making in an earlier day to playing small engagements at local dances now started thinking that if Elvis could do it, why couldn't they?

All across the country everybody started getting into the act. In towns and in cities, youngsters with dreams of glory and gold pooled their talents. A singer would write his own song, hunt up a couple of instrumentalists, and they'd bang out tunes in rumpus rooms, living rooms or basements until they had something they thought was worth recording. Then they'd try to peddle their tapes. If a producer thought they had a "sound," some unusual quality, either instrumental or vocal, that might drive the teen-agers wild, he'd take a gamble and make records. This pattern, repeated over and over, revolutionized the popular-record field.

Today 70 to 80 per cent of the hits are being turned out by youngsters you never heard of a month or two ago, and who may disappear from the public scene just as abruptly as they came. Many of them have raucous, untutored voices or are instrumentalists who have only a passing acquaintance with sound musicianship. And many of the new recording companies are catchpenny, fly-by-night outfits that weren't in existence a year or even a few weeks ago, and may never be heard from again once the hit has run its course. The transience of these stars and companies is dictated by the teen-agers themselves. En masse they constitute one of the most fickle markets on earth. And they can't be ignored because they are responsible for the bulk of the sales of 45 r.p.m. records; adults tend to focus on the higher-priced LP platters. The only thing consistent about the taste of teen-agers is that, for the moment, they seem to "get the message" primarily from their peers. Thus the dominance of the youthful stars. Thus the disregard of solid musical values that their elders hold so dear. Thus the profusion of new songs that are simple in theme, high-spirited, vigorous and marked by a powerful and often monotonous beat.

The most important thing for teen-agers is the "sound." The easiest way to describe a sound is to say it is unique unto itself. A few months ago, when *The Chip-*

And now, Oklahoma Asphalt pavement for



Be on your way—there's safe driving ahead! You're cruising along on Oklahoma's Interstate 40—an **Asphalt**-paved highway, super-strong to take the heaviest loads, super-smooth to make the riding safe and easy.

It's Asphalt-paved because, like so many other states, Oklahoma wants the best road. That's a modern, heavy-duty Asphalt highway—one that can take the heaviest traffic anyone can foresee in the future!

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munk Song came out, the youngsters went crazy with laughter listening to those speeded-up voices that sounded as if they were coming out of a milk bottle. The record sold more than 2,000,000 copies in six weeks. Gimmicks make for sales too. *Beep, Beep*, a ballad about a race between a Cadillac and a Nash Rambler, relied on an automobile horn for its sound. The disc, recorded by The Playmates for Roulette Records, sold around 500,000 copies.

The recording engineer often uses electronic techniques to put something extra into a disc. He can speed up a voice, slow it down, magnify a treble to a bull-like roar, reduce a bass to a squeak; he can produce weird, unearthly sounds with the use of echo chambers; employing a technique called overdubbing, he can fabricate a record where a vocalist sings six-part harmony with himself. A three-piece rhythm band can be amplified to sound like a sixty-piece orchestra. There's even a "celestial sound"; it is achieved by using a high-pitched male voice against a background of even higher-pitched, floating soprano voices. The "frantic" sound is popular nowadays, and it applies to youngsters, like Presley, whose style is characterized by a frenzied, uninhibited, out-of-breath delivery. The "wail," the "moan," the "groan" and the "shriek" can, by extension, be considered legitimate categories.

A young man named Buddy Holly was one of the charter members of the "hiccup school" of singing. Holly was tall, slim as a beanpole, had dark, wavy hair and wore eyeglasses with dark frames. He had formal instruction in the violin and piano as a youngster in Lubbock, Texas; when he reached his teens he abandoned those instruments for the guitar. "That was the start of it," he once told an interviewer. "I made some demonstration records singing and playing the guitar and sent them to WSM, a radio station in Nashville that played a lot of country and western artists. That led to a contract with Decca Records, but nothing happened and I got pretty discouraged. Then I went back to Lubbock and organized a little combo called The Crickets, and we started rehearsing."

These early sessions were held in Buddy Holly's home. Buddy made some sketchy notes for songs, and the quartet improvised from there, with Buddy doing the singing. When they felt they had a group of songs worked out to a fine edge, the four boys piled into Buddy's jalopy and, surrounded by their instruments, headed for Clovis, New Mexico, ninety miles to the west. Their destination was the little recording studio owned by Norman Petty, an organist, song writer and knowledgeable recording man.

Petty listened to the group and made some tapes of Buddy Holly's own song, *That'll Be the Day*. He recognized in Holly's weird vocal tricks an authentic sound: Holly had a way of jumping from one note to the next with a hiccuplike, staccato break. After the boys returned to Lubbock, Petty made some samples of the record and sent them along to his disc-jockey friends.

As they say in the music trade, the record started "happening." Kids swamped the radio stations with letters and telephone calls, wanting to know where they could buy the record. It became a hit in Philadelphia, and word went quickly to New York. Bob Thiele, artists-and-repertoire director for Brunswick Records, telephoned Norman Petty and made a long-distance deal: $150 per side and a royalty of 5 per cent on every record sold.

"It was a sensational buy," Thiele said later. "The record sold over a million copies." The success of that record was followed by Holly's next two songs, *Oh, Boy* and *Peggy Sue*. The Crickets and Norman Petty shared at least $150,000 in royalties. Holly's career was cut short two and a half years later, in February, 1959, when he was killed in a plane crash. By then, around 6,000,000 of his records had been sold, most of them made by Petty in New Mexico and released by Brunswick.

The phenomenal successes of Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly established a pattern that has become fairly standardized in the single-record sweepstakes. If you should want to take a flier in this business, you'll need a minimum of $100 to get your record started. The first thing to do is find some high-school youngsters who are dying to make a record. There will be no dearth of candidates, and don't worry if they can't sing; just make sure they have a sound.

Once you have your talent lined up, herd them to the nearest tape recorder and start recording. Give the youngsters a free hand in what they want to sing or play. Years ago it was a hard-rock certainty that nobody could ever sell a record about marriage; today, with youthful marriages becoming commonplace, such records sell handsomely. Nobody worries much about getting perfect tapes, either. Songs done in an echoing room or against

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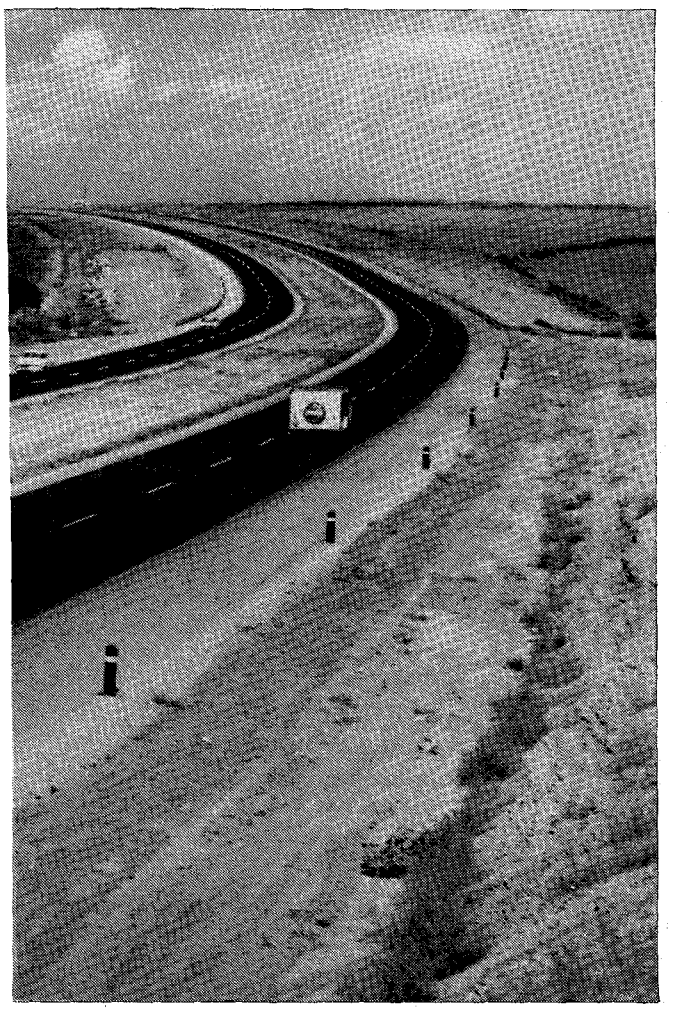
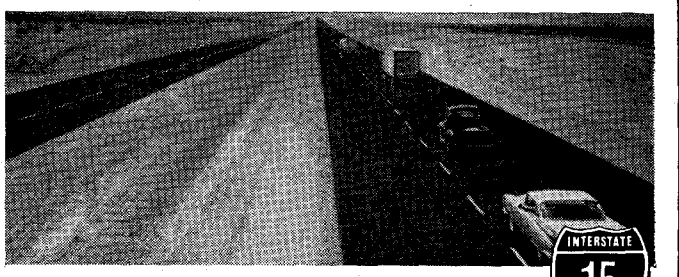
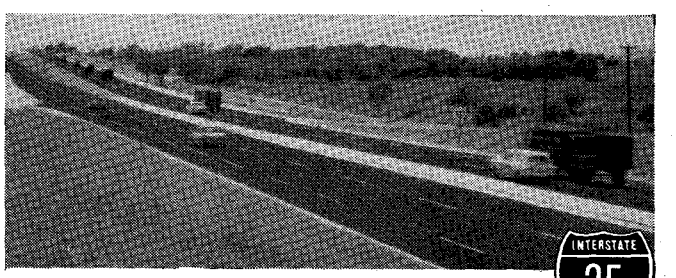




...so does California Interstate



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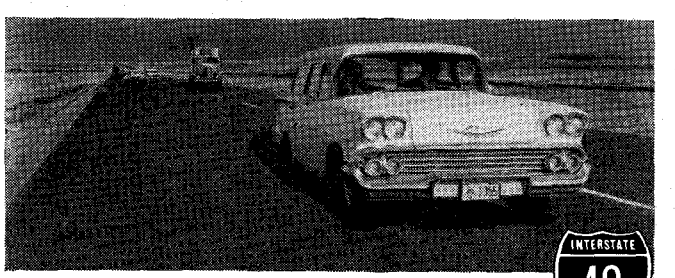

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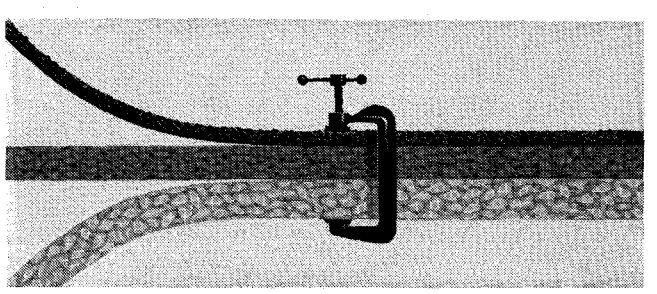

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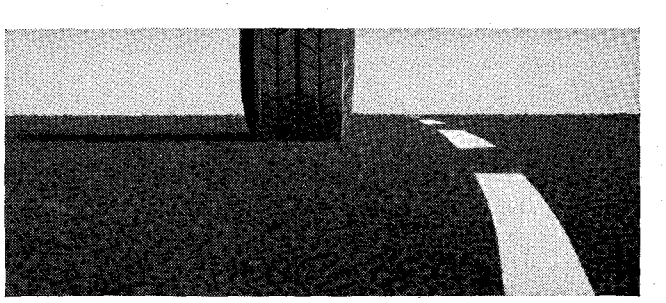

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a noisy background often have a sound that simply couldn't happen on a record made in an expensively sound-proofed recording studio. Don't look for the sanity of this. Youthful record buyers seem to go for these technical crudities.

Once the tape is made to everybody's satisfaction, you'll need around 100 sample records—called "dubs" in the trade—for distribution to disc jockeys. If the kids catch fire and start asking where the platter can be bought, you're in. At that point you start your own company, design your own label and start distributing. If your record is a smash hit and you sell 1,000,000 copies, you can earn as much as $100,000 before taxes.

However, since nobody ever knows how well a platter will do, a safer approach is to try to peddle the master to an established record company. Most buyers will pay from $1000 to $10,000 as an advance against an average 5-per-cent royalty. If the record lays an egg, you keep the advance; if it's a hit, you collect on every copy sold. Nobody thinks about the failures, of course, which explains why so many people are trying to crash the field. An expert in the pop-music business has estimated that at least 7500 masters are made every year.

The key figures in all the success stories have always been the disc jockeys. They are the middlemen between the budding stars and the teen-age record buyers; to a large extent they are the taste makers of our age. Alan Freed, for example, played a singular role in making the pop-music business what it is today. In 1952, when he was a disc jockey with WJW in Cleveland, he began featuring records with the "big beat"—Negro rhythm-and-blues songs. He called this music "rock and roll," and his teen-age audiences wouldn't let him play anything else. Later Freed moved to WINS in New York and, still later, to WABC, where he continues to play records with the big beat..

Few record shops bother installing listening booths these days; the proprietors know that the country's 4000 or so disc jockeys will air the popular records for them. Repeated plays on a popular-music show will help create a demand for a record.

Not surprisingly, some disc jockeys have started making their own records. Why not? Few people in our culture are more closely in touch with teen-age tastes in music, and it's a small jump from spinning platters to producing them. Take the case of Alan Fredericks, a slightly built, sensitive young man of twenty-four, who conducts a popular show on WHOM in New York City from midnight to two A.M., six nights a week.

Like many ambitious jocks, Fredericks stages a fair number of record hops. These are dances, held on Friday or Saturday nights, at which the disc jockey plays records and usually features guest recording artists. At one such hop, in East Meadow, Long Island, Fredericks was approached by five boys who called themselves the Bell Notes. Their leader told him about a song they had worked up which employed a tricky, "la, la, la; la-la" start. Fredericks liked it and a week later took the group to a commercial studio for a recording session. The song was *I've Had It*. Fredericks had six turndowns on it before he found a buyer, Bobby Shad, who was quitting his job as Mercury Records' Eastern artists-and-repertoire chief to start his own company. Shad bought the master on a 4-per-cent-royalty arrangement and put it out under his own label, Time Records. The record eventually climbed into the top five of the best-selling charts.

Record dealers can't seem to resist making their own masters either. Sam Montalbano, who owns the M & S Record Center in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, recently parlayed a few years' experience as a band booker and a $135 tape recorder into a healthy business. When Montalbano was graduated from high school three years ago he didn't know a thing about the music business and couldn't read a note of music. He was only a fan. Just for fun, he started running dances at the Catholic Youth Center in Baton Rouge and, still for fun, he bought a tape recorder so he could tape the dances as a souvenir. Then he heard about the brisk activity in record masters and began thinking he might have some salable tapes.

"That's how I got started in this weird, mixed-up business," he says. "The first thing I ever released on my Montel Records label was a recording I made at one of the dances. It sold a couple of thousand around New Orleans. After that I got some national distribution and had a hit with *Shirley*, by John Fred. A lot of people in my shoes would probably sell these masters, but I want to stay in the record business, so I'll bring them out myself."

The same impulse toward independence undoubtedly explains why so many song writers have been quick to get in on the fun. In a more stable day, when most of the nation's tunes came out of Tin Pan Alley, a tyro composer was lucky if he could find a publisher for his song and luckier still if the final arrangement bore much resemblance to his original idea. The rash of independent activity everywhere has eliminated these frustrations. On the West Coast a few years ago two unsuccessful tunesmiths, Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller, decided to team up to see if they could change their luck. They specialized in blues songs with a Southern flavor, a genre that was just coming into national favor, and almost immediately started getting their songs on records. One of their first big songs started with the words, "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog," and the record became one of the biggest hits Elvis Presley ever had.

Soon Lieber and Stoller were getting assignments to tailor songs for specific artists. In each case they insisted on the right to supervise the recordings, so they could be sure their songs were being sung as conceived. The next inevitable step was the formation of their own company, Spark Records. The plan was to put out their own songs under the Spark label and, if they caught on, sell the masters to other companies. Later still, they closed out Spark Records when they were signed as independent producers for Atlantic Records in New York City. They organized a vocal quartet called the Coasters and have since composed and produced for Atlantic three records that topped 1,000,000 sales: *Searchin'*, *Yakety Yak* and *Charlie Brown*. They've made records on the same basis for RCA Victor, United Artists and Big Top. Never before have songwriters had it so good.

For that matter, never before have so many one-time favorites had so good a chance to salvage slipping reputations. All you need is one good song. A disc jockey, Jim Lowe, had a promising career as a singer for a while, but then found himself saddled with a string of discs that excited practically nobody. In other days this might have been the end of Lowe. Once the word got out that he was headed for oblivion, his contract would have been allowed to lapse, and none of the few other big companies around would have touched him with a pole. But the frenetic upheaval in the single-record business saved him. His managers, Joe Csida and Charley Grean, stepped in and personally recorded him in a song called *The Green Door*, which they sold to Dot Records. The disc ran up a sale of 2,500,000 copies, and Lowe bounced back, a star again.

Lowe's story, in fact, points up the curious dilemma faced by the major companies—RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca, Capitol—which have among them such big-name artists as Tony Martin, Kay Starr, Jo Stafford, Johnnie Ray, Sammy Davis, Frankie Laine and Rosemary Clooney. They're still turning out many records, but their hits don't come as easily as they used to, despite the most heroic efforts of the big-company artists-and-repertoire men. The biggest headache faced by the a.-and-r. men is the inflexibility of the major record companies. The independents are able to adapt quickly to any shift in teen-age tastes; the big organizations, saddled with protocol and chains of command, can't move as fast.

Many record companies have found, too, that it's a risky business to buy a new hit and rerecord it with big-name singers and musicians. The teen-agers almost always prefer the original recording.

Today, because teen-agers refuse to be impressed by the big-name approach, the a.-and-r. man has two choices: he can either quit and start his own company, as many have done, or else adopt a philosophy of "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em." Steve Sholes, now a.-and-r. chief of RCA Victor, who has become an active buyer of masters, says, "It's no secret that the major companies finally had to fight the inroads of the independents by adapting themselves to the typical a.-and-r. strategy-and-promotion methods of the independents. In other words, they had to swing fast with new artists and new sounds to try to meet the ever-changing teen-age tastes." In the last three years the major record companies have had a heavy traffic in "bought masters," and the musically sophisticated a.-and-r. men, who used to spend most of their time making records, now spend much of their time screening as many as 100 demonstration discs a week that have often been made by musical primitives. In order to cope with the market in masters, a few of the larger companies have established subsidiaries, which do nothing but buy and release masters made by outside producers. Felsted Records, owned by London Records of America, even runs advertisements soliciting masters, so hot is the competition for them.

Not surprisingly, a few hustlers and con men have tried to take advantage of the frantic competition for masters. They use the technique of the false build-up, or "the hype," to stimulate bidding. Here's how it works: the producer of a record makes a deal with several strategically placed disc jockeys and, perhaps, a single distributor, to tip off a big company that a certain new record is "happening" in their territory. Buyers are cautious, but it's often impossible to tell the difference between a fake and a genuine embryo hit; as a result, the big companies have often been stung. To protect themselves most buyers now pay a royalty only out of actual sales. Cash advances are becoming increasingly hard to get.

Record distributors, too, can get hurt badly. Often, after they've spent a lot of money and effort promoting a disc for an independent producer, they find that the producer has sold the master out from under them to a bigger company. Many distributors now refuse to take on a new record unless they receive guaranties against this kind of loss.

In fact, now that the dimensions of the record revolution are settling down into a pattern of organized chaos, everybody is getting more cautious. In the first seven months of 1959, sales of single records ran about 32% behind last year. Nobody knows why. Some dealers theorize that the little discs are priced too high. Others in the field believe that the popularity of small transistor radios may be a factor—they say the youngsters can hear the top tunes over and over simply by switching stations from one disc jockey to another. These headaches aside, the underlying anxiety of everybody in the single-record field is that the teen-agers, who have been loyal to rock 'n' roll for a few years now, will inexplicably turn away from it. Rock-a-billy—a fusion of rock and hillbilly music—is gaining popularity, and records based on folk themes are moving up fast. In midyear two of the big hits in this idiom were Johnny Horton's rendition of *The Battle of New Orleans*, and Stonewall Jackson's song, *Waterloo*.

Maybe it's a portent of things to come. Radio station KAVI in Rocky Ford, Colorado, recently struck a blow at rock 'n' roll by announcing that from now on it would play only "good family music." To emphasize the switch, the station's announcers smashed a rock 'n' roll record every ten minutes during broadcasting hours until every one of KAVI's 500 rock 'n' roll records was ready for the sweepers. The station manager, Ken O'Donnell, stated, "Henceforth any announcer on my staff who plays a rock 'n' roll record will be fired on the spot. There comes a time when human endurance reaches a limit."

While many adults may applaud this action, observers of teen-age behavior aren't sure it will discourage the youngsters. It may, in fact, prolong the popularity of rock 'n' roll in the vicinity of Rocky Ford. According to many teen-agers, rock 'n' roll never would have got as popular as it is if their elders didn't hate it so violently. It's something to think about. The young parents of today compose the generation that went all out for swing against the noisy objections of *their* parents; and their parents used to get all giggly over ragtime. And so on and so on, back to the day some Neanderthal father listened in outrage as his son got off some hot licks with matched dinosaur-bone drumsticks on the family tom-tom. It must have seemed to that early man that the kids were going absolutely to the dogs.

THE END

... ...

For Robert With Crayons

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

The world of art lies at command
Of colors in a grubby hand.
What power in that purple streak!
How modern is this fresh technique!
Such feeling in one crimson scratch—
It's plain Picasso's met his match!

So stroke away, my busy friend:
Let genius serve its own great end;
Give answer when the Muses call—
But keep those crayons off the wall!

... ...

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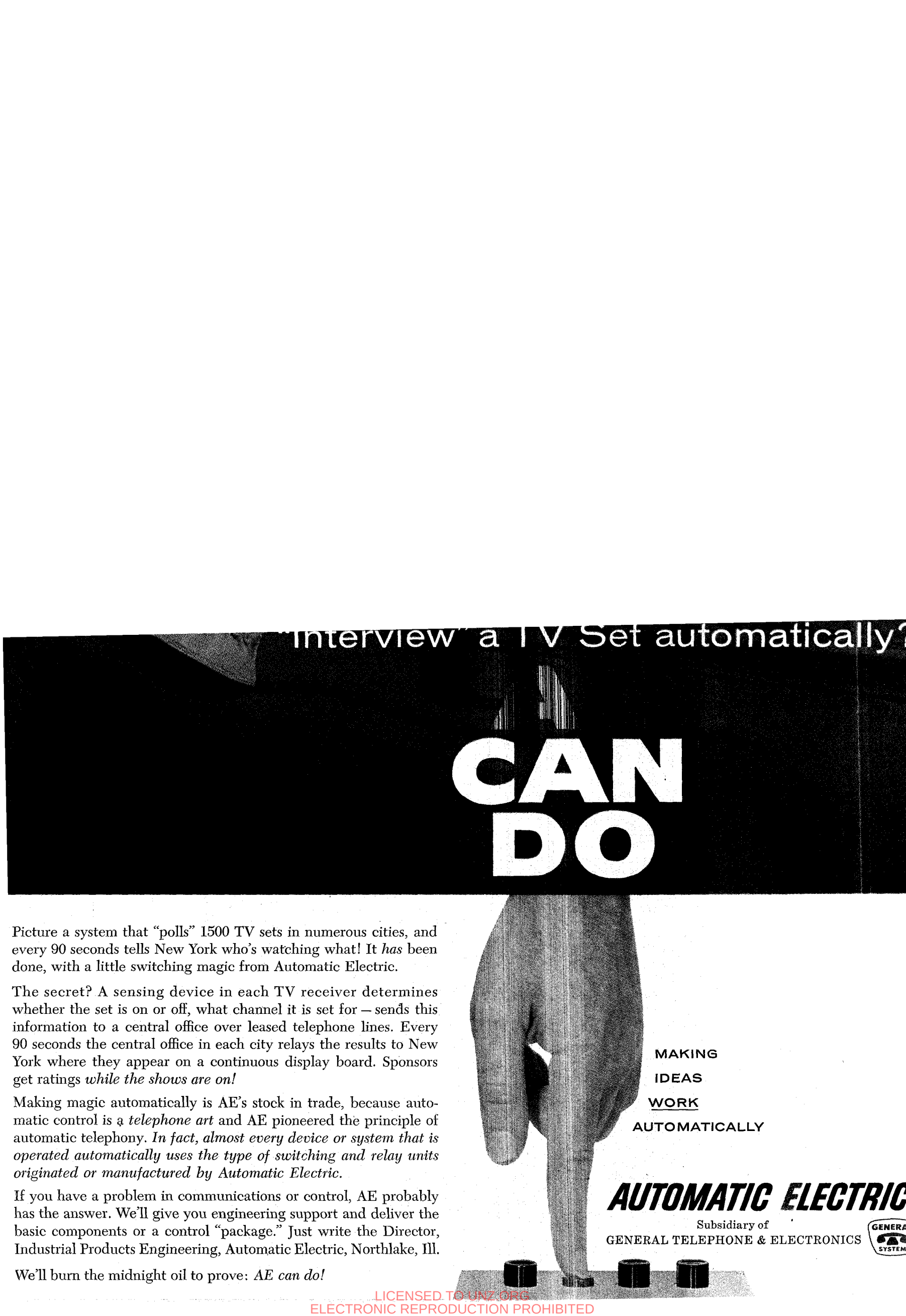

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The secret? A sensing device in each TV receiver determines whether the set is on or off, what channel it is set for — sends this information to a central office over leased telephone lines. Every 90 seconds the central office in each city relays the results to New York where they appear on a continuous display board. Sponsors get ratings *while the shows are on!*

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You enjoy day-long relief from tired, sore, hot, perspiring feet.
Wonder-working Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder does all this—and more.
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aids in preventing Athlete's Foot . . . 15¢, 40¢ and 75¢.
Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

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(and everything else!)
It's the miracle marking pencil—big, bright, bold! Refills in look-alive colors, too! Pencil 27¢, Refill 15¢.
AT VARIETY & STATIONERY STORES EVERYWHERE

The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 37)

checkbook developed right away, and ——"

"They're already being developed," she said. "I've left word for enlargements and I have an appointment with a handwriting expert who will perhaps be able to tell whether the 'O.K.' is in the handwriting of Loring Lamont."

"What are the chances?" Mason asked.

"Pretty good," she said, "if we have any other O.K. written by Loring Lamont to use as an exemplar. Just two letters that way are going to be pretty difficult unless we have some other places where Loring Lamont has written O.K."

Mason nodded and said, "And we can probably produce some bills with an O.K. written by Sadie Richmond and see if she wrote that O.K. on the check stub. However, if it's Loring Lamont's checkbook, the chances are a hundred to one it's Loring Lamont's writing."

Mason was thoughtful for a moment, then said, "Paul, get in touch with the tellers at the bank on which that check was drawn. I want to find out who presents that five-hundred-dollar check to be cashed."

"They won't pay it?"

"Not unless it was paid before banking hours on the night Loring Lamont was killed. They won't cash any checks after a man is dead—but, of course, the check could have been presented and cashed the morning of the next day. Get busy there at the bank. If someone showed up with the five-hundred-dollar check and they turned it down because Loring Lamont was dead, they'll remember the occasion and remember the person. If the check was cashed in the morning before they were notified of Loring Lamont's death, the canceled check will be in Lamont's account."

Drake nodded. "I'll get on it right away, Perry."

"And in the meantime," Mason said, "probably before we get all this information, we'll have a chance to go into court and question the witnesses for the prosecution. At least we'll find out what they know about it and what hole card Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, is holding."

"You think he has an ace in the hole?" Drake asked.

"He has something," Mason said. "And you can be pretty certain it's evidence that isn't going to do Arlene Ferris any good."

Drake said, "You know, Perry, my idea is that her best bet is to show that she was deliberately enticed out there, to use that distributor part to show that the whole thing was deliberately planned by Loring Lamont, and then claim self-defense and ——"

"Self-defense with a knife wound in the back?" Mason asked.

"It could have been," Drake said.

"The trouble is," Mason told him, "that she's already told her story."

"She could change it," Drake pointed out.

Mason's face was granite hard. "Whenever she tells her story on the witness stand, Paul, it'll be the truth. It won't be the story that's the most expedient. I think that the truth is not only the most powerful weapon but as far as I'm concerned it's the only weapon."

"Have it your way," Drake said, "but she could show a little cheesecake and breeze through this case in a walk if she told a story of enticement and used that part from the distributor to back up her claim."

"Don't worry," Mason said, "we'll use that part from the distributor."

"But it won't have a real kick unless—well, you know, a girl fighting for her honor, and all that."

"I know," Mason said, "but also don't forget that she told the police they left the ham and eggs untouched, and the autopsy shows that Loring Lamont was killed within a matter of minutes after he had eaten the ham and eggs."

Drake heaved a long sigh. "Damn it," he said, "someone is always taking the joy out of life."

Donald Enders Carson, a young, aggressive trial deputy of the district attorney's office, said, "If the Court please, this is the preliminary hearing of the People of the State of California against Arlene Ferris. The People are ready. The defendant, represented by Perry Mason, is in court, and this is the time heretofore fixed for the preliminary hearing."

"The defendant is ready," Perry Mason said.

"Call your first witness," Judge Carleton Bayton said to the prosecuting attorney.

"Dr. Harmon C. Draper, the autopsy surgeon, will be my first witness," Carson said.

Draper came forward, was sworn, qualified himself, and testified that he had examined the body of Loring Lamont, that death had been caused by a stab wound in the back with a knife, which still protruded from the back at the time the body was delivered to the autopsy room; that he could not definitely fix the time of death with reference to the hour of the day, but he could definitely fix death as having occurred within a very few minutes of the time a meal consisting of ham and eggs had been ingested, probably within much less than twenty minutes of the time of the meal; certainly no more than twenty minutes. That death might have taken place at any time after seven or before midnight on the evening of the fifth of the month, but was within twenty minutes of the time the food had been ingested, probably within five to ten minutes of the time the decedent had started to eat the meal.

"Cross-examine," Carson said to Mason.

"You have no information as to when the meal was ingested?" Mason asked.

"No."

"Death was instantaneous?"

"Virtually instantaneous."

"Despite the fact that the knife was in the back, doctor, would it have been possible for the wound to have been inflicted by someone standing in front of the decedent?"

"I think not."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all, doctor."

Carson said to the Court, "I apologize for putting on Doctor Draper out of order. He is, however, exceedingly busy, and I told him I would call him as my first witness. I will now proceed with the regular groundwork of showing the location of the crime and the identification of the corpse."

Carson called a surveyor and a photographer, introduced maps, diagrams, sketches and photographs. He then said, "Call Mr. George Quincy Albert." George Albert took the witness stand.

"If the Court please," Carson said, "I desire to use Mr. Albert as a general witness in this case, and, therefore, in order to save time, I am also going to use him as the witness who will identify the corpse."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said, "let's move along as rapidly as possible, gentlemen. I understand this is a case which has attracted considerable public interest, but, after all, this is simply a preliminary hearing."

"What is your occupation, Mr. Albert?" Carson asked.

"I am now, and for several years have been, an office manager in the executive offices of the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company."

"Your age?"

"Thirty-two."

"Were you acquainted with Loring Lamont in his lifetime?"

"I was."

"Where is he now?"

"He is dead."

"How do you know he is dead?"

"Because I identified the body in the morgue."

"Who asked you to do that?"

"The police. They wanted someone to make an identification."

"And that identification was made while you were conferring with the police and the district attorney on the evening of the sixth?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are acquainted with the defendant in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known her?"

"Since she started work at the Lamont Company, a period of a little more than two months."

"Now, directing your attention to the evening of the fifth, which was on Monday, did you have any conversation with the defendant on that day?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"In the evening, after the regular quitting time."

"And what was the conversation? What did she say?"

"Well, it came time for the office to be closed—that is, for the stenographers to leave and ——"

"What time is that?"

"Five o'clock."

"And what happened?"

"The defendant kept right on working."

"Was anyone else in the office at that time?"

"No, sir. Just the defendant and myself."

"Do you know what the weather was on that night?"

"It was raining. It had been raining during the day."

"You may cross-examine," Carson said.

Mason studied the witness thoughtfully. "You say the defendant had been working for the company for about two months?"

"Yes."

"Had you known her prior to the time she started work?"

"I had not."

"There is a personnel placement department in the corporation?"

"There is."

"You remember when the defendant started working for you?"

"Very well."

"Did she come to you through the regular placement channels?"

"She did not. She was placed on the payroll at the direct insistence of Loring Lamont."

Mason straightened in his chair. "You mean that her employment did not go through the regular channels?"

"That is exactly what I mean."

"When did the defendant cease working?"

"The sixth."

"Very well," Mason said. "That concludes my cross-examination."

"No questions on redirect," Carson said.

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"Call your next witness," Judge Bayton said to Carson.

"Jerome Henley," Carson announced.

Henley came forward, took the oath and testified as to his name, residence and occupation.

"Directing your attention to the late evening of the fifth of this month, a Monday evening," Carson said, "I will ask you where you were on that evening."

"In my apartment."

"What is the address of your apartment?"

"Ninety-six twelve Endicott Way."

"Are you married or single?"

"Single."

"You live alone in this apartment?"

"I do."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Loring Lamont or, rather, were you acquainted with him in his lifetime?"

"I was—that is, I've seen him enough to know who he was."

"Were you acquainted with the automobile that he drove?"

"I was."

"And I believe he had an apartment in the same apartment house in which you reside?"

"That is right."

"Now, on the evening of the fifth, sometime during the night, did you see someone in Loring Lamont's automobile?"

"I did."

"Do you know who that person was?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"Miss Arlene Ferris, the defendant in this case."

"And what did she do at that date and at that time that you noticed in particular?"

"She had just driven Mr. Loring Lamont's car up to the curb and parked it in front of a fireplug —— Now, just a moment, I will retract that. I assume that she drove it up. I walked along just as she was getting out of the car."

"Where was the car parked?"

"Directly in front of a fireplug."

"Did you recognize the car?"

"I did."

"And you recognized the defendant?"

"I did."

"Is there any question in your mind as to the identification?"

"There is none."

"You may inquire," Carson said to Mason.

"You remember the occasion when I entered your store on the seventh?" Mason asked.

"I do, very well indeed, Mr. Mason."

"I was accompanied by a young woman on that occasion?"

"You were."

"And Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide entered your place of business while I was there?"

"He did."

"And he asked you if you had ever seen the young woman who accompanied me on that occasion?"

"That is right."

"And did you not, at that time and place in the presence of Lieutenant Tragg and myself and this other woman, state definitely and positively that this other woman was the woman you had seen getting out of the car that night in front of the apartment house?"

"That is correct, I did. I was mistaken."

"The matter was more fresh in your recollection at that time than it is now?"

"No. The contrary is the case—I have had an opportunity to think the entire situation over and I realize now that I was tricked."

"Tricked by whom?"

"By you and by a private detective who showed me a photograph of the young woman who was with you, a woman named Madge Elwood. The circumstances were such that I was forced to associate the photograph with the person I had seen getting out of the car. The power of suggestion was such that when I saw the person who (*Continued on Page 100*)

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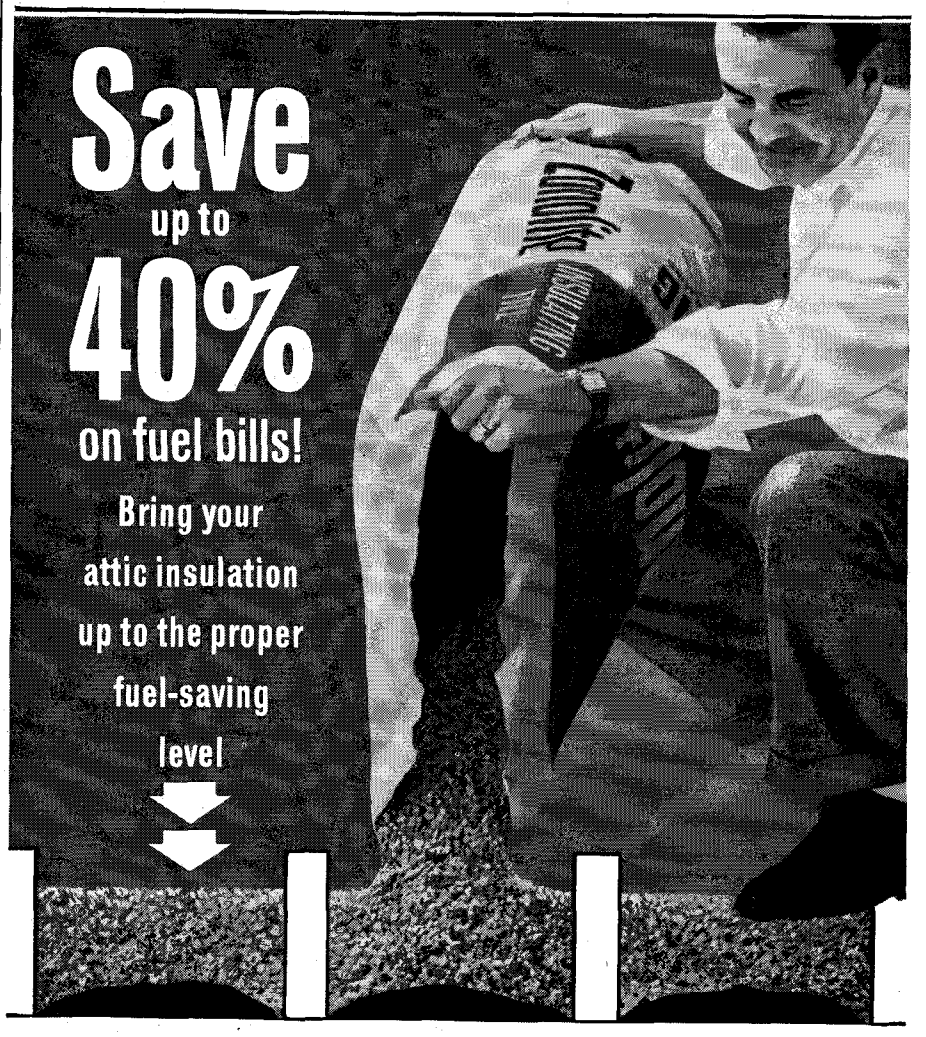

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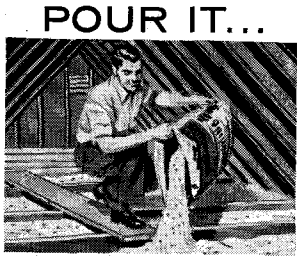

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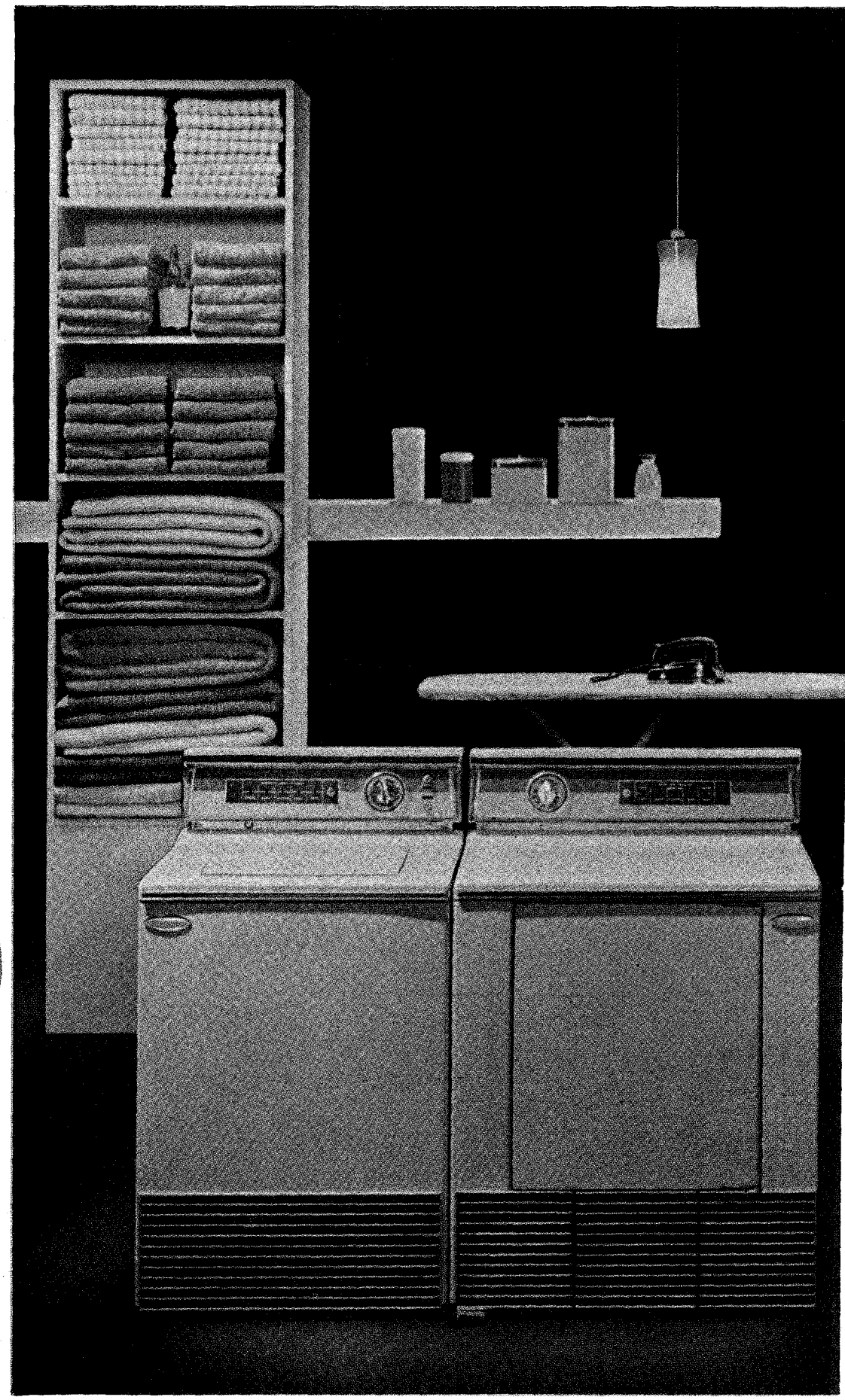

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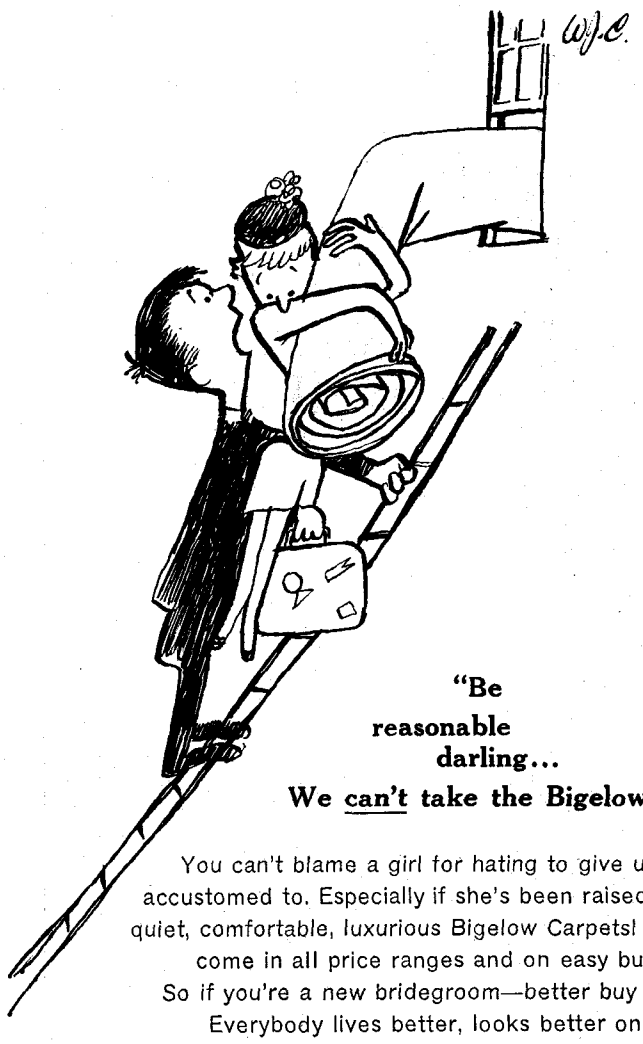

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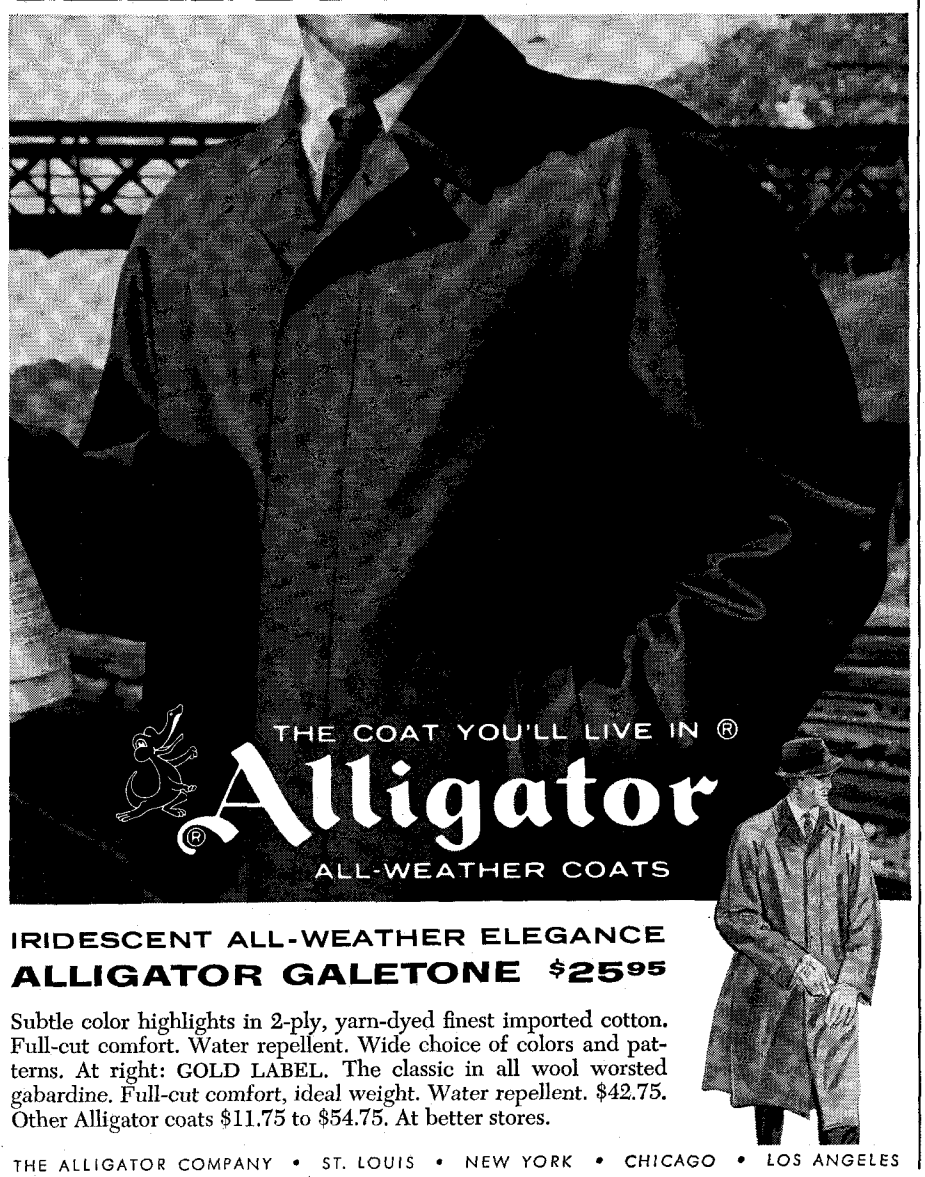

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(*Continued from Page 97*) had posed for the picture I made a mistake."

"But you did identify Madge Elwood at that time as the person you had seen parking the car?"

"I repeat, I was tricked into ——"

"The question is—did you or did you not make such identification?"

"Well—yes."

"Were you positive of the identification?"

"I thought I was at the time."

"Positive?"

"Mistakenly positive."

"But positive?"

"Well, yes."

"And what date was this that you saw someone parking Lamont's car?"

"It was on the evening of the fifth."

"Can you tell the approximate time?"

"No, sir, I can't. It was prior to midnight. That's all I know."

"How are you certain it was prior to midnight?"

"Because the place where I got a cup of coffee closes at midnight. My watch was at the jeweler's. I had been listening to records and reading. I went sound asleep on the couch. I don't know how long I slept. I wakened and went down to get a cup of coffee. I came back and got into bed. I am not going to testify as to the exact time because I don't know. All I can say is that it was some time during the evening of the fifth. I have an impression it was around ten o'clock, but I don't know. I just had a sort of ten-o'clock feeling, as though I had been sound asleep for three hours. That, of course, is not any evidence, any satisfactory criteria. I must have gone to sleep right after supper. I simply don't know the time."

"What did the defendant do after she got out of the car?"

"She stood at the curb for a minute, turned around and slammed the door shut on the right-hand side of the car. Then she walked down toward the corner."

"Which corner?"

"The corner to the north."

"No further questions," Mason said.

"No redirect examination," Carson said. "My next witness is Thomas Grimes."

Grimes came forward and was sworn, gave his name and address.

"You are employed as a guard in the parking lot at the executive division of the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company?"

"I am."

"And is it your duty to check the cars that go in and out?"

"Principally to check the cars that go in, but we keep an eye on things."

"You were so employed on the evening of the fifth of this month?"

"I was."

"Were you acquainted with Loring Lamont during his lifetime?"

"Yes, sir. I knew him by sight."

"You were acquainted with his automobile?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will ask you if, on the evening of the fifth, you saw Mr. Loring Lamont leave the parking place in question."

"I did."

"At what time?"

"At approximately five-forty-five."

"Was he alone?"

"He was not."

"Who was with him?"

"A young woman."

"Could you identify that young woman?"

"Yes."

"Is she in court?"

"She is."

"Where?"

"She is the defendant, Arlene Ferris, sitting next to Mr. Perry Mason."

"You may inquire," Carson said, with a slight bow at Mason.

"You're certain this woman was the defendant?" Mason asked.

"I am."

"Do you remember being asked to look at another young woman on the seventh of this month?"

"I do."

"And didn't you identify her as being the woman you saw in Loring Lamont's automobile?"

"I did not," the witness said vehemently. "I did absolutely no such thing. I told Lieutenant Tragg and I told you that I couldn't be sure she was the same one—she wasn't."

"When did you find out she wasn't?"

"After I saw the right young woman."

"Meaning the defendant?"

"Yes."

"And prior to that time you didn't identify this other person as being the one you had seen?"

"I definitely did not. I refused to make the identification. I refused to do so for you and I refused to do so for Lieutenant Tragg."

"Quite right," Mason said. "Did you tell Lieutenant Tragg you weren't certain?"

"I told him I wasn't certain."

"And you weren't certain?"

"Not when I saw Miss Elwood—not that time."

"For how long did you see this woman who was in the car with Loring Lamont?"

"While he was driving through the gate."

"At what speed was he driving?"

"Oh, perhaps ten or twelve miles an hour."

"It was raining?"

"Yes."

"You were under shelter?"

"Yes."

"You were looking through a window in that shelter?"

"Yes."

"So you only saw this young woman while Loring Lamont was driving past that window. That window is how wide?"

"Oh, perhaps thirty inches."

"So you got a glimpse of this young woman while she was moving past a window thirty inches wide at a speed of ten miles an hour?"

"Yes."

"Was this young woman sitting on the left-hand side of the car?"

"Certainly not. Mr. Lamont was driving the car. She was seated on his right."

"You saw Mr. Lamont?"

"Yes."

"You are positive he was driving the car?"

"Positive."

"And did you look at the woman before you recognized Loring Lamont or afterward?"

"Afterward."

"Then you looked at Loring Lamont first?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, let's see," Mason said. "If Lamont was driving past a thirty-inch window at ten miles an hour he was going approximately fourteen feet a second, so he drove past the window in approximately one fifth of a second."

"I haven't figured it out."

"Well, take a pencil and paper and figure it out for yourself," Mason said. "We'll wait."

The witness took a notebook from his pocket, started multiplying, dividing, then nodded his head.

"So you saw the people in the car for approximately one fifth of a second."

"Yes, sir."

"And in that time you first looked at Loring Lamont long enough to recognize him?"

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"Yes, sir."

"Then after that you looked at the person who was with him?"

"Well, I guess so."

"So you looked at this person for about one-fifth of a second."

"All right."

"And when you saw this other woman on the seventh you said you weren't certain. Isn't that right?"

"That's right."

"You weren't certain that she was the woman?"

"That's right."

"And you weren't certain that she wasn't the woman?"

"No."

"You simply said you weren't certain?"

"Yes. That's the general effect of it."

"Then after you saw a photograph of the defendant, and after Lieutenant Tragg or some other person on the police force had told you that that picture was one of the woman you saw on the seventh, you became certain?"

"I am now absolutely certain in my own mind that this defendant was the young woman I saw in the car," the witness said.

"Then," Mason said, smiling, "you are certain *now*, but you weren't certain on the seventh?"

"I didn't see the defendant on the seventh."

"But you saw another young woman and said you weren't certain that she was not the woman?"

"I wasn't certain."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

"No questions on redirect," Carson said. "My next witness is Otto Keswick."

Keswick, in the early forties, alert, broad-shouldered, powerful in build, took the stand, was sworn and testified that he lived in a rented room in a house about two miles from the lodge where the murder had been committed; that he was employed as gardener and general handyman; that he had what he described as a somewhat ancient and battered automobile with which he went back and forth to work; that he had no particular hours of employment but was, rather, obligated simply to keep the premises in shape; that sometimes he worked as much as ten or twelve hours a day and other times he worked only a few hours a day.

He further testified that at a little after one o'clock on the afternoon of the sixth he had driven to the lodge; that he had found the outer gate locked with a padlock to which he had the key; that he had inserted the key, unlocked the padlock, driven his car into the grounds, locking the gate behind him in accordance with his instructions, and had started doing some watering and trimming some trees; that he had noticed the side door of the house was slightly ajar and had gone to the door to close it, had looked inside and had seen a man's feet lying on the floor; that he had therefore stepped inside to see what was the trouble and had found the body of Loring Lamont.

The witness testified that he had been careful to touch nothing, that he had carefully backed out of the room; had, however, taken the precaution of closing the door, that he had then gone directly to his car, had driven to the gate, unlocked the padlock, gone out, locked the gate behind him and had driven to the home of Sadie Richmond; that he had reported what he had found there and that Mrs. Richmond had telephoned the authorities.

"Your witness," Carson said to Mason.

"How long had you been employed as caretaker and general handyman prior to the murder?" Mason asked.

"For about two years."

"You knew J. P. Lamont?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he knew you?"

"Of course."

"And you knew Loring Lamont?"

"Certainly."

"Quite well?" Mason asked.

"I knew him as well as could be expected, and he knew me."

"When Mr. J. P. Lamont called you to do anything, what did he call you? How did he address you?"

"Otto."

"When Loring Lamont called you, what did he call you?"

"Otto."

"Did Mr. Loring Lamont ever refer to you by your initials of O.K.?"

The witness hesitated for an all but imperceptible moment, then said, "Not to my knowledge. He called me Otto."

"Where were you the night of the fifth?" Mason asked.

"I was at home."

"And where is at home?"

"At the residence I mentioned, where I rent a room."

"Was anyone else with you?"

"Not with me, but I was with someone."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Arthur Sparks."

... ...

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In maternity clothes.

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"And who is Mrs. Sparks?"

"She is a widowed woman of about sixty-five. She owns the place where I rent a room. I was with her in the living room at her request, watching television."

"During what time?"

"From about seven o'clock in the evening until ten-thirty."

"About ten-thirty?"

"Exactly ten-thirty," the witness said. "The television show we were watching was over at ten-thirty, and I excused myself as soon as the show was over and went to bed."

"What time did you get up in the morning?"

"About seven-thirty."

"But you didn't go to the lodge until after one o'clock?"

"That's right. I did some odd jobs around the house for Mrs. Sparks. I don't pay cash rental for my room, but keep the house and grounds in order."

"Are you paid a salary for taking care of the lodge?"

"No, sir. I am paid by the hour. I put in such hours as I deem necessary and keep track of my time and am paid by the hour."

"Who checks on your time—anyone?"

"Yes. I keep an account of my time and give Sadie Richmond my time slips. She marks them 'O.K.' and puts them in the desk. Then someone from the company picks them up, figures the total of hours and the total I have coming and they send out a check."

"You're certain the gate was locked when you went to the place on the sixth?"

"Quite certain."

"Was there anything at all about the premises that indicated anything unusual had taken place there?"

"Only the door which was standing slightly ajar."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

Keswick left the stand, quite evidently relieved that his cross-examination had been so perfunctory.

Carson said, "My next witness, if the Court please, is Peter Lyons. I think his testimony will be rather brief."

Judge Bayton glanced at the clock. "Let us hope so," he said. "This is only a preliminary hearing, yet it has consumed the entire morning. I'm afraid it will be necessary to take the usual noon adjournment. I had hoped to have the afternoon free for another case."

"Perhaps," the prosecutor said, "counsel will be willing to stipulate to Mr. Lyons' testimony."

"What do you expect to prove by him?" Mason asked.

"Mr. Lyons," Carson said, "is a police officer who was on duty until midnight on the night of the fifth. He will testify that he found the automobile of Loring Lamont parked in front of a fireplug, that he issued a ticket for illegal parking. The location of the illegally parked car was exactly where the witness, Jerome Henley, saw it when the young woman emerged from it."

"Only one ticket was issued?" Mason asked.

"That's all that this particular officer issued."

"What eventually became of the car?"

"Other officers who came on duty after midnight tagged the car for illegal parking and eventually, at three o'clock in the morning, it was towed away. Ordinarily these officers do not enforce traffic regulations, but there had been trouble with illegal parking in the vicinity, and an order had gone out to watch for illegal parking. All officers patrolling this district had been instructed to tag cars and, after the second or third tag, to have the offending car towed away."

"And I take it," Mason said, "that you have talked with all these officers yourself and understand the facts?"

"I have."

"Upon that statement by counsel," Mason said, "I will stipulate that Officer Lyons, if called, would so testify on direct examination that he gave one tag for illegal parking. At what time was it?"

"Nine-thirty. He gave one parking ticket at about nine-thirty P.M.," Carson said.

"You know that to be the fact?" Mason asked.

"I do."

"Then I will stipulate that would be his testimony on direct examination."

Carson went on, "And will you stipulate that the other officers who came on duty at midnight gave two additional parking tickets and the car was towed away about three o'clock?"

"You state that as a fact?" Mason asked.

"I do," Carson said. "Not, of course, of my own knowledge but based upon my conversation with the officers."

"I will stipulate that these officers would so testify on direct examination," Mason said.

"Does that conclude your case?" the judge asked.

Carson glanced at the clock and said, "Unfortunately it does not. I have one other witness I intend to put on the stand."

"His testimony will be brief?" Judge Bayton asked.

"I don't know. That depends quite largely on cross-examination. The wit-

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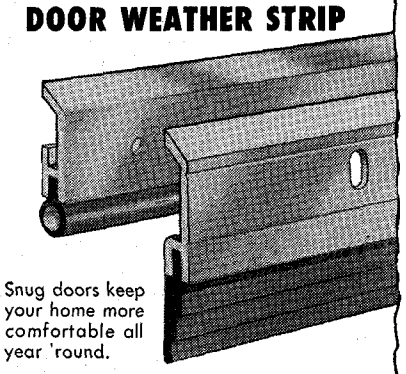

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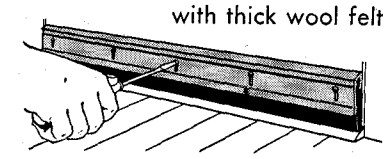

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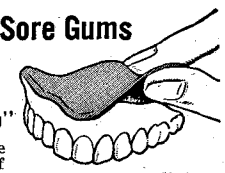

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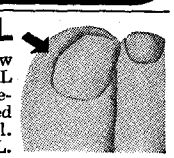

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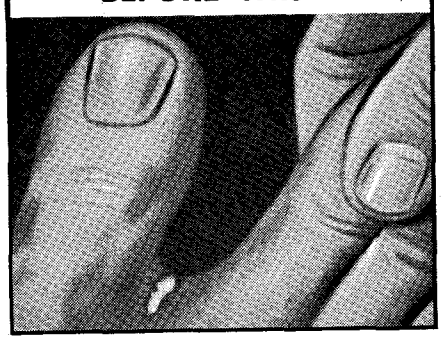
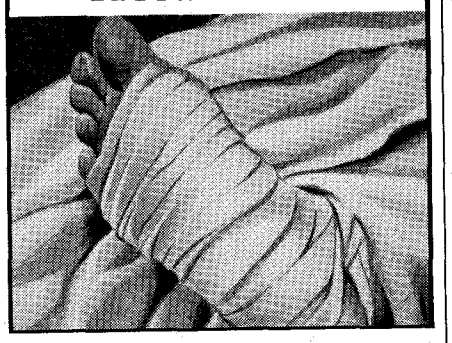
Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

BEFORE THIS—



Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your physician or podiatrist.

Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in laboratory test tubes in less than 5 minutes!

That tingling sensation you feel tells you *liquid* Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches—even in tiny cracks.

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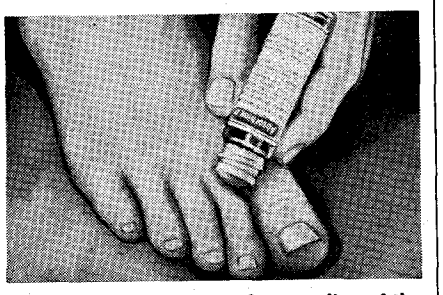

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ness is Lieutenant Tragg, who will testify to some very significant facts."

"Can they be stipulated?" Judge Bayton asked.

"I am afraid not, your honor. This witness will testify not only to circumstantial evidence but to conversations with the defendant and admissions made by her. I would prefer to let the witness disclose the circumstantial evidence."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said with obvious reluctance. "Court will adjourn until two o'clock this afternoon. The defendant is in custody and is remanded to custody."

Arlene Ferris glanced apprehensively at Perry Mason. "How is it coming?" she asked as the judge retired to his chambers.

"Better than I had expected," Mason said. "Those witnesses are so mixed up in their identification now that by the time we get them in the Superior Court in front of a jury they'll have testified to two different things."

"But that means you expect I'll be bound over for trial in the Superior Court?" she asked apprehensively.

"I'm afraid so," Mason said. "Attorneys seldom expect to have a defendant released at a preliminary hearing—and after all, young lady, circumstances have conspired to put you behind the legal eight ball."

"I hadn't realized what a nightmare this would be," she said, "being shut up in jail and—it's horrible."

"No one ever realizes what it means until it happens," Mason told her. "I'm sorry, Arlene, but right now I don't dare to try to play things any differently. If I tried to get you released now I might wind up doing your case a lot more harm than good. I'd have to put you on the stand and you'd have to convince the judge you were telling the truth. You can't do that with Judge Bayton. He adopts the position that it's not up to him to judge a conflict in the evidence, that as long as there's evidence indicating a crime and connecting the defendant with the commission of that crime, he binds the defendant over to the Superior Court and lets the jury decide. I think we can get you a quick trial and ——"

"And then what?" she interrupted.

"And a prompt acquittal," Mason said, "if you do exactly as I say."

"I'll do it," she promised.

Mason patted her shoulder. "All right, chin up," Mason told her.

She hesitated. "Is it true that Jarvis P. Lamont has said I'm a liar and an adventuress, that he's going to go through my past with a fine-tooth comb?"

"That's true," Mason said. "And it's a wonderful thing in your favor. I'm going to encourage the press to exploit it as much as possible. It's wonderful publicity for you. The picture of a young, virtually penniless woman fighting for her freedom and her honor, and, pitted against her, a ruthless tycoon who is trying to prop up the reputation of a profligate son by damning the woman whom the son wronged, is going to make a background that will arouse public sympathy. You'll have to go now. Keep a stiff upper lip."

Mason watched Arlene Ferris being led out of the courtroom, then went to the back of the courtroom where Paul Drake and Della Street were chatting with Madge Elwood.

"How does it look?" Madge Elwood asked.

"About the way I expected—perhaps a little better," Mason said. "This Jerome Henley was so mad that he had been tricked that he blurted out some admissions we can use later."

"Won't he deny he said them?" Madge Elwood asked.

Mason shook his head. "There's a court reporter taking everything down. What he said is in the record and it's going to stay in the record. We're going out to lunch. Better come along."

"No, thanks. I—I have a date with a friend."

"You'll be in court this afternoon?"

"Of course." She smiled at him and walked out.

Mason turned to Paul Drake. "Paul," he said, "there's something peculiar about that car being parked in front of the fireplug."

"What do you mean?"

"This officer, Peter Lyons, tagged the car at nine-thirty. He put the first tag on it. Now, Henley saw Arlene Ferris getting out of the car. He can't fix the time, but the officer fixes the time because of that parking ticket. So we know it was before nine-thirty—probably only a few minutes before the parking ticket was issued.

"Now then, we get into another peculiar situation. There's a hiatus. The officers were instructed to watch for illegal parking, to put on two or three tags and then radio for a tow car. Lyons went off duty at twelve o'clock; he put the first tag on the car at nine-thirty. The two other officers came on at midnight. They found the car illegally parked and put two or three tags on it and then had it towed away. But what happened between nine-thirty and midnight? Why didn't Lyons tag it again?"

Drake shrugged his shoulders. "Those things can happen."

"Well," Mason said, "I've offered to stipulate, but there's a string to my offer Carson may not have noticed. Get a couple of operatives checking the records at police headquarters. Let's see what happened to that car, just how many tags were on it and when they were put on it."

"Will do," Drake said. "By the way, why didn't you bring out the fact that Otto Keswick had a criminal record, Perry? You could have shown him up on cross-examination."

"Sure," Mason said. "I could have done that all right, and it would have harmed Keswick, but wouldn't have done our case a darned bit of good. Incidentally, Paul, just check his alibi. Ask this Mrs. Sparks if he's correct on his time of watching the television."

"O.K.," Drake said, moving toward the phone booth.

As Drake entered the phone booth, a short, heavy-set man of about forty-five came pushing purposefully through the last of the spectators who were straggling from the courtroom. Cold gray eyes beneath black eyebrows surveyed Mason. "Perry Mason?"

Mason nodded.

The man's hands were pushed down in the side pockets of his coat. He kept them there. "Orval Kingman," he said.

"Oh, yes," Mason observed.

"In my business," Kingman said, "a man keeps an eye on his back trail. If anyone starts sniffing around he wants to know why. He also wants to know who, and then he may want to do something about it."

Mason stood looking down at the man, at the hands thrust in the side pockets, the belligerent set of the shoulders.

"And so?" Mason asked.

"And so," Kingman said, "I get the word that private eyes are sniffing around on my trail. Then I get the word that these private eyes are employed by Perry Mason and that you might have the idea of dragging my name into this Lamont murder case."

"And so?" Mason asked.

"And so I came to tell you not to do it."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Art and Life (Continued from Page 35)

"And what is drawing for? And why write well?" Tolstoi asked, not knowing how to answer the child's question. "What is drawing for?" repeated Fédka, and Tolstoi adds: "He was really asking, What is Art for? And I could not explain."

Tolstoi thought about this question all his life, and it was not until thirty-seven years later, in his book, *What is Art?* that he attempted to explain the mysterious relationship that exists between art and life.

Tolstoi knew that the relationship was very profound, and even these children knew instinctively that there is some intimate connection between beauty and violence, between love and death. Such a connection is made by the great poets, by Homer and the Greek tragedians, by Shakespeare and by Tolstoi himself in *War and Peace*, but now we have lost it. Our technological civilization ignores all such values in its blind drive toward power and affluence, and pays the toll in a mass neurosis whose symptoms are fearful despair, apathy and violence for its own sake.

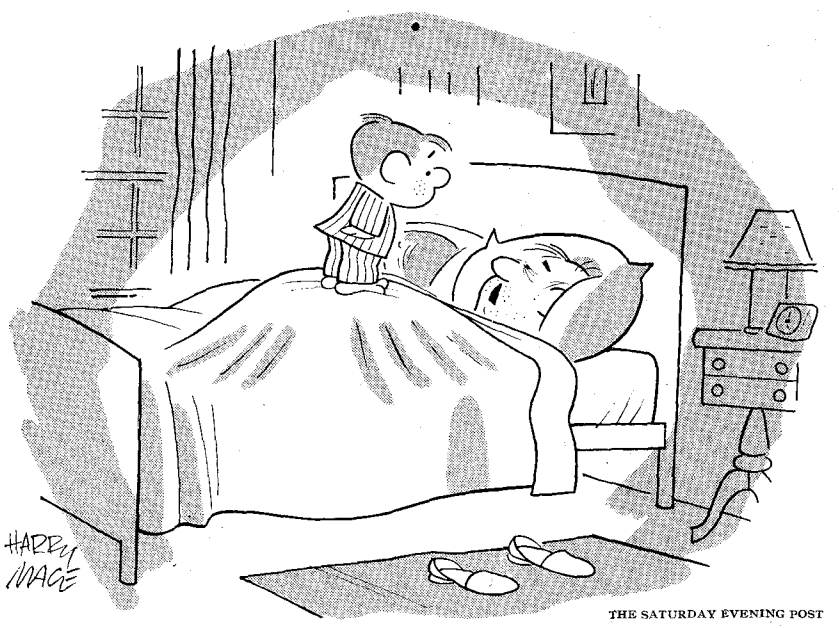
Recently, an outbreak of savagery occurred among young people in England. Colored immigrants from the West Indies were beaten up and their homes smashed. This outbreak had little to do with racial prejudice. Color is only an excuse to exercise an impulse which would, if necessary, find other excuses. The teen-age delinquent and at a literate level the Angry Young Man are giving vent to suppressed feelings of frustration. Something in their nature has no disciplined outlet, and in their boredom and restless urge to action, these frustrated youths seek to destroy; for destruction, as the nihilist Bakunin said, is also creation. More exactly, it is a substitute for creation.

Such violence of action is no doubt related to the violence of expression that has increasingly become a feature not only of novels, newspapers, films and television but also of literature universally acclaimed as of great cultural value. America is not unique in this respect; the cynical brutality of William Faulkner's novels is but an outstanding example of a phenomenon characteristic of our civilization everywhere.

Violence, of course, is not new to literature. The *Iliad* is full of it. So are the writings of Shakespeare and Cervantes. But those classic writers do not condone violence. They view it as just retribution for sins against the divine order, or as a sacrifice sanctioned by heroism or martyrdom. What is peculiar to the modern literature is violence for the sake of violence. Perhaps our reverence for life has been dulled by mass slaughter, though mass slaughter has not been exceptional in the history of mankind. What is exceptional is the boredom that now alternates with war. The basic emotion in peacetime has become a *horror vacui:* a fear of being alone, of having nothing to do, a neurosis whose symptoms are restlessness, an unmotivated and undirected rage, sinking at times into vapid listlessness. This neurotic syndrome is intensified by the prevailing sense of insecurity. The threat of atomic war has corrupted our faith in life itself.

This universal neurosis has developed with the progress of technology. It is the neurosis of men whose chief expenditure of energy is to pull a lever or push a button, of men who have ceased to make things with their hands. Such inactivity applies not only to muscles and nerves but to the creative processes that once engaged the mind. If one could contrast visually, by time-and-motion studies, the daily actions of an eighteenth-century chairmaker with a twentieth-century machinist, the latter would appear as a confined, repetitive clot, the former as a free and even fantastic pattern. But the most significant contrast could not be visualized—the contrast between a mind suspended aimlessly above an autonomous movement, and a mind consciously bent on the shaping of a material substance according to the persistent evidence of the senses.

Routine activities existed in other ages, but generally human beings were in direct contact with nature and dependent on *things*. Long before the Industrial Revolution, Jean Jacques Rousseau laid down as a principle of education: *Keep the child dependent on things only*. Rousseau believed that the child learns by trial and error better than by formula. This kind of pragmatic learning is essentially physical; skill develops in coping with material objects. Skill of this kind is still involved in many industrial processes; we divide labor into skilled and unskilled categories. But too often today, skill means the understanding and control of a mechanical process, rather than the manual shaping of a physical substance. It is an activity more cerebral than sensual. This is true even of agricultural operations; the farmer who formerly used the spade and the scythe has been replaced by a mechanic driving a tractor.



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Such a change in the basic modes of human activity must deeply affect mental life and moral behavior. Its most obvious expression would be aimlessly aggressive. Satan finds mischief still for idle hands. Unused energies, deprived of traditional outlets, explode in violence.

The Greeks, though the source of our philosophy of art, had no word for art. They used *techne*—the equivalent of our word "skill," which is a word of Norse derivation whose original meaning implied discrimination. The root *ar* means "to fit or join." The Romans were probably responsible for the distinction that gradually developed between arts and crafts, for they personified the Arts and thought of them as refined (i.e. fine) activities. Nevertheless, during the Middle Ages the primary meaning of art remained skill—skill in making things, whether a chair, music or poetry. The liberal arts taught in schools were taught as objective skills—grammar, rhetoric, logic; arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. We no longer speak of the liberal arts, but of *science;* that is to say, various categories of *knowledge* expressed in verifiable language. The arts were a way of "doing," involving skill; the sciences are a way of "knowing," implying logical consistency.

The history of words is a key to the history of ideas. We have now effected a complete divorce between the originally identical concepts of *techne* and *ars.* Technique, scientific method, skilled craft—all these terms imply intellectual know-how, and are characteristic of our technological civilization. But, though moribund art schools still teach art as a skill, it is regarded more as an instinctual activity, exercised by a minority of gifted people, essentially inspirational in origin and personal in manifestation and significance. Its relevance to a technological civilization is considered marginal: an optional grace which most economies cannot afford. The controlling ideal of a technological civilization is not grace or beauty, but productive efficiency.

The Greeks did not distinguish between grace and efficiency; they considered them identical. Plato argued that statesmanship was a skill, comparable to that of the weaver (or, as we should say, an art, not a science). The state is an intuition of form, not a tyrannical application of law. The modern philosopher disagrees with Plato. Politics he considers a science. We deliver ourselves into the remote hands of technical experts, who attempt to control our natural tendencies by means of scientific organizations.

To make a distinction between the art of government and the science of government may now seem an academic exercise, but it is part of the vital problem of distinguishing between an art and a science of life itself. I call it a *vital* problem with a precise intention, because I believe that the future welfare of mankind depends on a realization of the issues involved, and then upon a clear choice of alternatives. To say that we stand at a crossroad of human development may be a cliché, but it is a formidable fact.

Let us look more closely at this human faculty we call "skill." As Dr. Loren C. Eiseley made clear in his contribution to this series, it is the faculty upon which man has depended for his survival in the struggle for existence. Man has not reached his present superior status in the evolution of species by force alone, or even by adjustment to changes in his environment. He has reached it by the development of consciousness, enabling him to discriminate the *quality* of things.

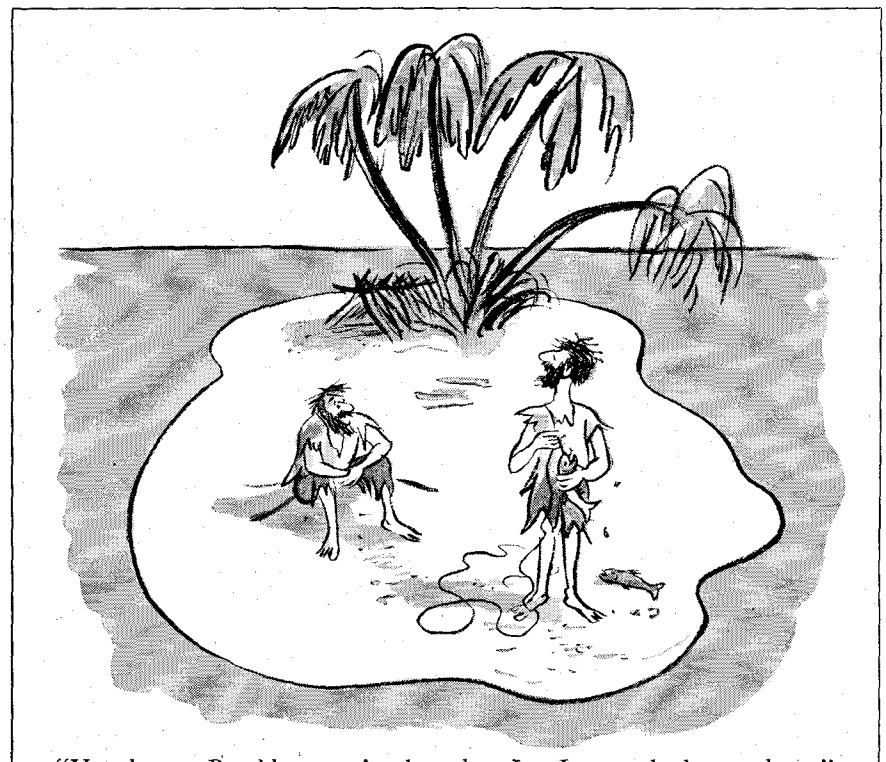
The long historical process whereby man became able to impose his will on recalcitrant matter can be reconstructed only speculatively. But there is nothing speculative about the process through which the child achieves this capacity. The great Swiss pedagogue Jean Piaget, director of the International Bureau of Education, has published a series of books based on his observations of infantile behavior. In one of them he defines intelligence as a relationship between the human organism and things. It is not, he insists, a power of reflection independent of the organism's particular position in the universe; rather it is linked, from the very beginning, with the organism's reaction to its physical environment. But this is not a simple reflex action; simultaneously with the organism's assimilation of external things, there is a mental organization of the things assimilated. The infant "gropes" among its first confused experiences, becomes aware of certain relationships between the acts to be performed and an end to be attained, and *profits from experience.* Habits are formed, reactions to environment are automatically repeated, and gradually the groping becomes more continuous and consistent until it constitutes an *intention.* Intention is the essential characteristic of intelligence.

Intelligence presupposes intention. Intention is connected with the power of evoking images, and eventually with the whole process of symbolization and speech. In a series of observations of sucking reflexes in infants, Piaget shows that intentional adaptation begins as soon as the child transcends the level of simple corporal activities, and *acts upon things and uses the interrelationships of objects.* In other words, intelligence develops (as Rousseau perceived) in contact with things.

Intention implies intention *toward* something. It is motivated by what Freud called the pleasure-principle, which in terms of bodily reactions is simply a sense of balance or ease. It will be seen that an element of choice is involved—a choice between the various mental combinations that might make for mental comfort. Where there is choice there is value. Value, as Piaget says, is the expression of desirability at all levels of experience, and it is my contention that the desirable values are always aesthetic—that is to say, determined by their contribution to whatever structure of experience gives the greatest pleasure to the organism. Such an ideal of equilibrium represents the final goal of our actions, and whatever means are used to attain this goal are the "values" involved not only in life's primary processes but also in the work of art. There is a continuous link between the methods that determine the origins of intelligence in the child and the methods that determine the beauty of a work of art.

We are still left with the problem of defining the values that make for ease and stability. There is a school of psychologists, of German origin, but now active in the United States, which has concentrated on this problem—the problem of why things look the way they do. They find the solution in perception itself. Perception is a process that gives a coherent order to the jumble of images received by the senses. We *learn* to see. We learn to give these images a good layout or *Gestalt* (the German word from which the school takes its name). According to Professor Koffka, the nervous system, under the impact of the stimulations that impinge on the retina of the eyes, "produces processes of organization in such a way that the pattern produced is the best possible under the prevailing conditions . . . thus color and brightness, shape and space, figure and background, location and motion, are all *interdependent* aspects of the organized pattern which ordinary visual stimulation will produce." In other words the way the nervous system develops its organized patterns is not very different from the way the artist paints his pictures. It is by this faculty of assimilating sensuous impressions from material things and then combining them in significant relationships, that the human race found its place in the world, and it is this faculty that contemporary man utilizes less and less. Mental faculties can develop only through use. Thus, the whole structure of human intelligence is now threatened at its foundations.

An infinite distance may seem to separate the sucking reflexes of an infant from the constructive intelligence needed to build a cathedral or compose a symphony but the same laws of perception are involved. They are involved in any process of discrimination, which we have found to be the meaning of words like craft or skill. It follows that the same laws are also involved in the appreciation of a work of art, for the appreciation is based on a play of perceptual images that reenacts the processes underlying artistic creation. An artist works toward a unity that emerges progressively from his perception and manipulation of material quantities, whereas we who appreciate the result begin with this unity and afterward become aware of the isolated quantities which have cohered to produce it.



"You know, Brockley, you've lost that Ivy League look somehow."

STAN HUNT THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We enjoy works of art because they possess these values of required order and unity. But what we do not often realize is that the same formal values differentiate intelligence from sensorimotor reflexes at every stage of human mental development.

A technological civilization has a devastating effect on these discriminative processes. True, we cannot yet generalize about our whole contemporary social structure: it varies from country to country, and there are entire nations, particularly in Asia and Africa, who, though enjoying the imported products of technology, are not yet subject to its immediate impact. What I have to say, therefore, applies mainly to North America and Europe, where the majority of the population has little or no sensuous contact with the soil, with animals, with the handling of wood, clay or metal. Progressive schools make some attempt to give the child sensuous experience. But technology is a ruthless tyranny, and its processes demand from the educational system a training directed exclusively toward conceptual modes of thought. "Money, mechanization, algebra. The three monsters of contemporary civilization." So wrote Simone Weil. . . .

But these, it will be said, are the methods by which science has won its greatest victories; to logic and mathematics, to introspection rather than observation, to hypothesis rather than classification, we owe the wonders (and the terrors) of our atomic age.

All true, and I shall not try to balance these scientific achievements against the evils that have accompanied them. I am concerned here with a social problem, with the anxiety, the all-prevailing sense of insecurity, which undoubtedly motivates the crime and violence of our age.

Many earnest people call for moral sanctions. Man's ethical standards, they point out, have not kept pace with his scientific knowledge. He has lost his sense of sin, and has no fear of retribution. But our moral philosophers and religious leaders fail to indicate any practical methods for imbuing a technological civilization with ethical standards. Morality is not so much a question of beliefs as of habitual behavior, of tradition. Moral habits are acquired in the home, in the school, in the social milieu. One might say they are conditioned reflexes, like those of a domesticated animal. No man is good simply because he believes in goodness, but because the way of life in which he was brought up is good. What incentives to goodness exist in the mechanized ways of a technological society? This is not a political question, a question of the relative moral values of socialism or capitalism: all contemporary political systems are technological. In this respect their aims and ideals are identical. Technical idealism dominates the world, and overwhelms all forms of moral idealism.

What we must finally recognize is the existence of two distinct modes of intelligence: one, which might be called the Cartesian intelligence since it began with Descartes, who was the first philosopher to divorce reasoning from a sensuous dependence on things (I *think*, therefore I am); and one which might be called the aesthetic intelligence since it maintains contact with the sensuous world at every stage of its reasoning (I *feel*, therefore I am: reality is a creation of my senses). To the Cartesian intelligence we owe the great structures (*Continued on Page 106*)

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(*Continued from Page 104*) of rational or idealistic thought; to the aesthetic intelligence the discoveries of the physical sciences and the creation of works of art. In the modern world we have never kept a sensible balance between these two modes of intelligence, and so we have reached the abyss which now separates the man of feeling from the man of thought, the geometrician from the mathematician, the practical scientist from the scientific philosopher. Higher education in the modern world aspires to an ideal of mathematical perfection in which direct sensuous experience is no longer admitted as evidence. The only truths are logical, and they are of no practical importance.

To cultivate the aesthetic intelligence would require a complete change in the direction and ideals of education. To keep the child dependent on things only, as recommended by Rousseau, would mean a considerable sacrifice of the efforts which are now made to emancipate the child from things and make it dependent on words only; that is to say, on abstract thought. While not denying the disciplinary virtues of subjects like logic and algebra, their ideals should not be confused with those of the physical or natural sciences. Scientists like Newton and Einstein have proclaimed their dependence on the vivid imagery that comes from sensuous experience, or like Darwin have lamented a life devoted to abstractions.

Whether we are scientists or artists, our aim is what Wordsworth called "joy in widest commonalty spread": a society rid of its neuroses, a civilization rid of the threat of annihilating war. This aim will never be achieved by political legislation or by any form of totalitarian coercion. The change must come about organically, and must correspond to those vital laws which from the moment of birth determine the physical and psychological equilibrium of unfolding life.

These laws are known. It remains only to magnify them to the scale of our social problem and to animate them with that faith in life which is the final sanction of all human endeavor. Life, in its intimate recesses, is intelligence, is creative, is art. But how shall we penetrate to these recesses and insure that life's creative forces are liberated?

Tolstoi had an answer to this question and I believe that it is the true answer. Tolstoi was not an impractical visionary. He was a man who had experienced to the full the passions and tragedies of life. He had been a soldier and a landowner, a father and a schoolmaster, a sinner and a saint; he had possessed great riches and given all that he had to the poor; he wrote the greatest prose epic of our time, and he ranks with the greatest figures of world literature. In What is Art?, a mature work of his old age, he answered the question of the schoolboy Fédka—What is art for? He answered it in three clear sentences: the evolution of feeling proceeds by means of art; art is accessible to all men; art and only art can cause violence to be set aside. "The task of art is enormous. Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now maintained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, and so forth—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity."

It is not necessary to agree with everything Tolstoi said about art—he sometimes allowed moral prejudices to cloud his aesthetic judgment. But he realized as no one since Plato had so clearly realized that art is not an ornamental addition to life, "not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement. . . . Art is an organ of human life transmitting man's reasonable perception into feeling." Not only is art a process coequally important with science for the life and progress of mankind but it has the unique function of uniting men in love of each other and of life itself. Why does one learn singing? What is drawing for? Tolstoi could now answer these questions and we can now answer them. The cultivation of the arts is an education of the sensibilities, and if we are not given an education of this kind, if our hands remain empty and our perception of form is unexercised, then in idleness and vacancy we revert to violence and crime. When there is no will to creation the death instinct takes over and wills endless, gratuitous destruction.

An education of the sensibilities—what I have elsewhere called an education through art—is not the present concern of our schools. Something is done at the primary stage—at kindergarten and infant schools; but the child is then quickly swallowed up in a system that ignores the evolution of feeling and provides no time for the free and joyous activity of art. To know becomes the exclusive aim of education: to create is the concern of a tiny minority that evades the social pattern of our technological civilization. The growing child gradually loses all contact with things, all capacity to manipulate materials or discriminate forms. Unless we can discover a method of basing education on these primary biological processes, not only shall we fail to create a society united in love: we shall continue to sink deeper into disunity, mass neuroses and war.

The kind of curriculum required for such a method of education is not a vague ideal; it was given a convincing demonstration almost forty years ago when Walter Gropius established his Bauhaus School of Design in Germany. As Doctor Gropius wrote in his Adventures of the Mind article (The Curse of Conformity): "I shared the belief that it was essential to select talented young people before they had either surrendered to the conformity of the industrial community or withdrawn into ivory towers. We proposed to train them to bridge the gap between the rigid mentality of the businessman and technologist and the imagination of the creative artist."

It remains for us to extend and apply to all stages, the principles Doctor Gropius worked out for a postgraduate stage of education. THE END

The author recommends the following books for readers who wish to explore this subject further:

Tolstoi, Leo
WHAT IS ART?
Trans. by Aylmer Maude
Oxford University Press
(*World's Classics*)
$1.65

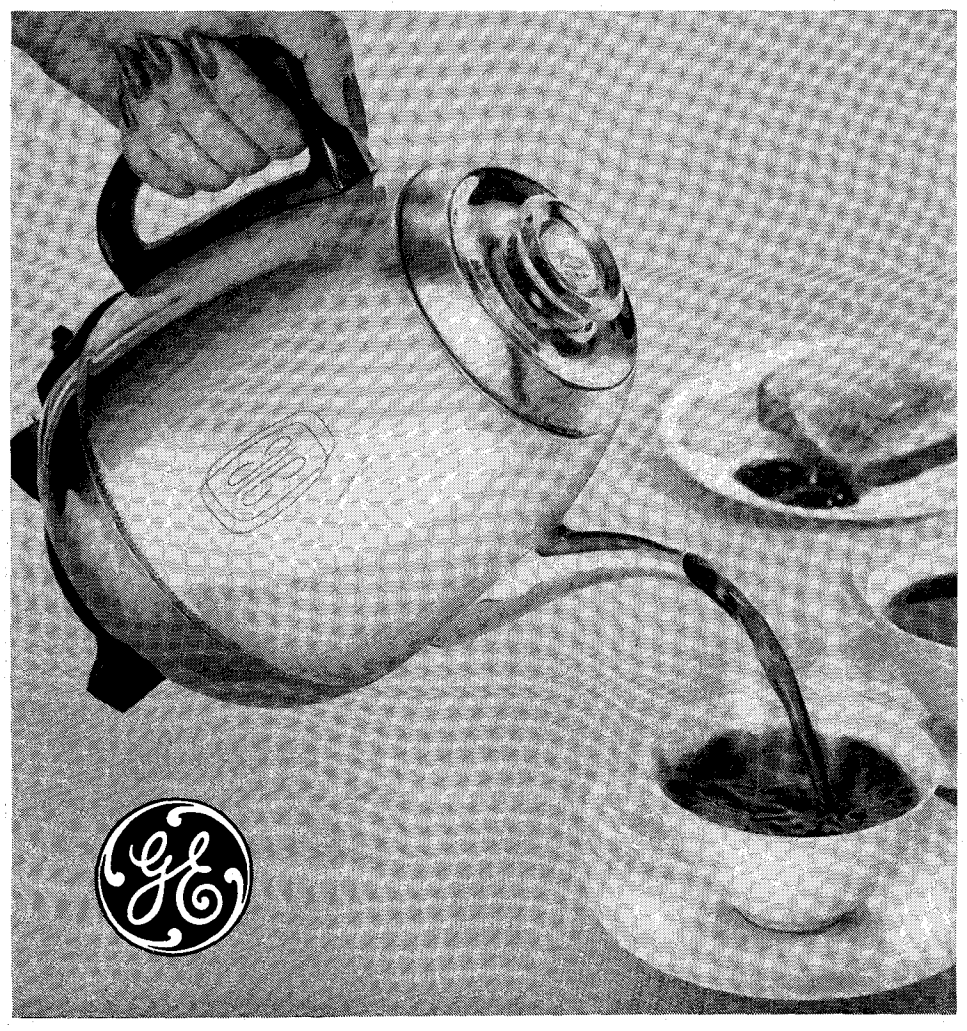
Piaget, Jean
ORIGINS OF INTELLIGENCE IN CHILDREN
Trans. by Margaret Cook
International Universities Press
$6.00

Köhler, Wolfgang
GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY
Horace Liveright, Inc.
$3.50

Arnheim, Rudolf
ART AND VISUAL PERCEPTION
University of California Press
$10.00

Read, Herbert
EDUCATION THROUGH ART
Pantheon Books, Inc.
$7.50

GENERAL ELECTRIC



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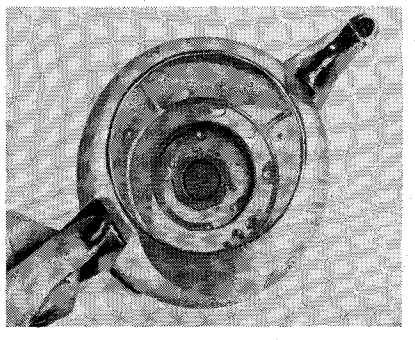

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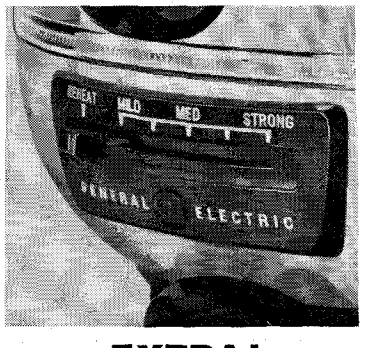

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Money Isn't Everything (Continued from Page 23)

St. Lawrence, about 1000 miles from New York Bay. When it rains on Glen Street in my town, some of the water heads for New York, some takes off for Canada. Maybe Mrs. Nature has breathed a subtle influence on the citizens of Glens Falls, stimulating them to delightful nonconformity. Proceeding from this theory, let's consider the very first citizen and how his town *didn't* get its name.

During the desperate Indian wars the place of the dividing waters was no spot for a happy homesite. It was the "great carry" between the Hudson River and Lakes George and Champlain; armies surged back and forth through this blood-drenched theater of massacres and battle slaughter. But in 1763 wonderful Mr. Abraham Wing built himself a house on the forested plateau above the power-laden falls and—can you beat it?—opened a tavern in that howling wilderness. Ben Franklin slept there; he was on his way to Quebec in 1776 to try to talk Canada into fighting England, which he didn't bring off. When other pioneers set up shop beside the falls, the place was named Wing's Falls, naturally.

Presently, one Col. John Glen, who lived forty miles away in Schenectady, built himself—and can you beat this either?—a summer home just across the river from Mr. Wing, where he had a land patent. Historians record that one time when this convivial, society-minded chap was up at his suburban place he offered to throw a party for Mr. Wing at his own expense if Wing would change his hamlet's name to Glen's Falls. Why on earth Wing agreed has the historians buffaloed. Anyway, next day Glen had handbills tacked on trees announcing the rechristening. It should be added that almost anybody in Glens Falls will tell you what really happened was a colossal poker game. I know a poker player or two there today who would have saved Wing's Falls and won Glen's house, but their names aren't Wing.

Postscript to those founding years: during the relatively recent era of Prohibition, the "great carry" was a main-highway bottleneck for Montreal-New York rumrunners. Late at night sleek cars sped through the Glens Falls business district; gunfire and bloodshed occurred on the macadam trails; and when a motorcycle cop chased a rum car through the city, firing his pistol at it, people debated whether he was a hero or a menace to civilization. This, too, was the era of the last Indians. An Indian, dressed partly in the old regalia, used to trudge in from the hills with a pack basket for carrying back groceries. He was blind. An Indian boy led him at the end of a tree branch, and they walked Indian file along the sidewalks. Eventually, however, rumrunners and Indians vanished.

For another vignette, consider Mr. Henry Crandall, who gave his town a far-flung park and athletic center, and in due time had himself and his wife buried on a knoll near a baseball diamond not too far from home plate.

Just before the Civil War a village referendum was held on a wise proposition to buy land along the rim of the palisades above the falls for a scenic, midtown park. There was no point in this, said Mr. Crandall in a statement just before voting day, because he was going to *give* the village a park. So the referendum lost by a couple of votes; now the only way to see the falls is to skitter down a steep business-district hill and walk out on a viaduct. On the other hand, pretty soon Mr. Crandall founded the Crandall Free Library, which today, thanks to later-year help from other local fortunes, is a gracious focus of culture.

By and by Crandall Park came into being out on the far rim of town, a long trolley ride from the river. In it were many ponds, and as a small boy I used to see aging Mr. Crandall chugging around in a wee boat with his coachman, who battled with the motor. The boat, my father said, was a naphtha launch. In the park were roads for romantic buggy riders winding mysteriously through deep pine woods.

The unkindest cut of all is Uncle Sam's.

FRANCIS H. BISHOP

And there was a great stretch of meadowland, now Recreation Field—perfect for skating, hockey, tobogganing, and all the athletic activities of summertime—a boon to the town for generations. One difficulty: Mr. Crandall himself, and later his will, forbade ever charging admission to games; so until school and town teams moved out to fields of their own, they could merely invite incoming spectators to make contributions, and I fear that deadheads have been legion.

The park is all there today, but now most people whirl past it in automobiles, to and from the mountains peaking up blue in the northern sky. But passers-by see that over past the ball diamonds a great stone shaft, somewhat remindful of the Washington Monument, rises fifty feet in the air. Within its base sleep Mr. and Mrs. Crandall—a blessing on their name!

And then there was that fascinatingly creative Glens Falls man who in the prime of life left the Methodist ministry and founded, in 1849, an insurance company which today is world-respected. When a throat ailment prevented the Rev. Russell Mack Little from preaching in the thunderous tones sinners seemed to need in those days, he switched to manufacturing beaver hats, but soon decided he would be happier selling insurance. Insurance companies were pioneering then, and many were financially unreliable; so Mr. Little called together town leaders, organized a firm called The Glens Falls to serve just his village and nearby hamlets, and became its only working member at a salary of $500 per annum.

He was reliable all right. One day, after the company had begun to grow, he interviewed a prospective employee during dinner and, in the custom of the time, buttered the top of his steak. When the other diner buttered his steak on both sides, Mr. Little was appalled by this extravagance. "A fine man," he reported, "but he would never do for The Glens Falls." Example of reliability plus vision: In the late 1860's, when the company's business was reaching across the nation, Mr. Little went to Chicago, decided that the mushrooming wooden city was a fire trap, and had his company discontinue business in Illinois. When Chicago burned down in 1871, fifty-three insurance companies were ruined, but The Glens Falls had one loss—on a church. In 1888 President Little was voted a salary raise from $3000 to $3500, but he wouldn't stand for it. Said he, "No man in the world is worth more than three thousand dollars a year."

Russell Little, who died in business harness in 1891, was gone when the San Francisco earthquake and fire came, but

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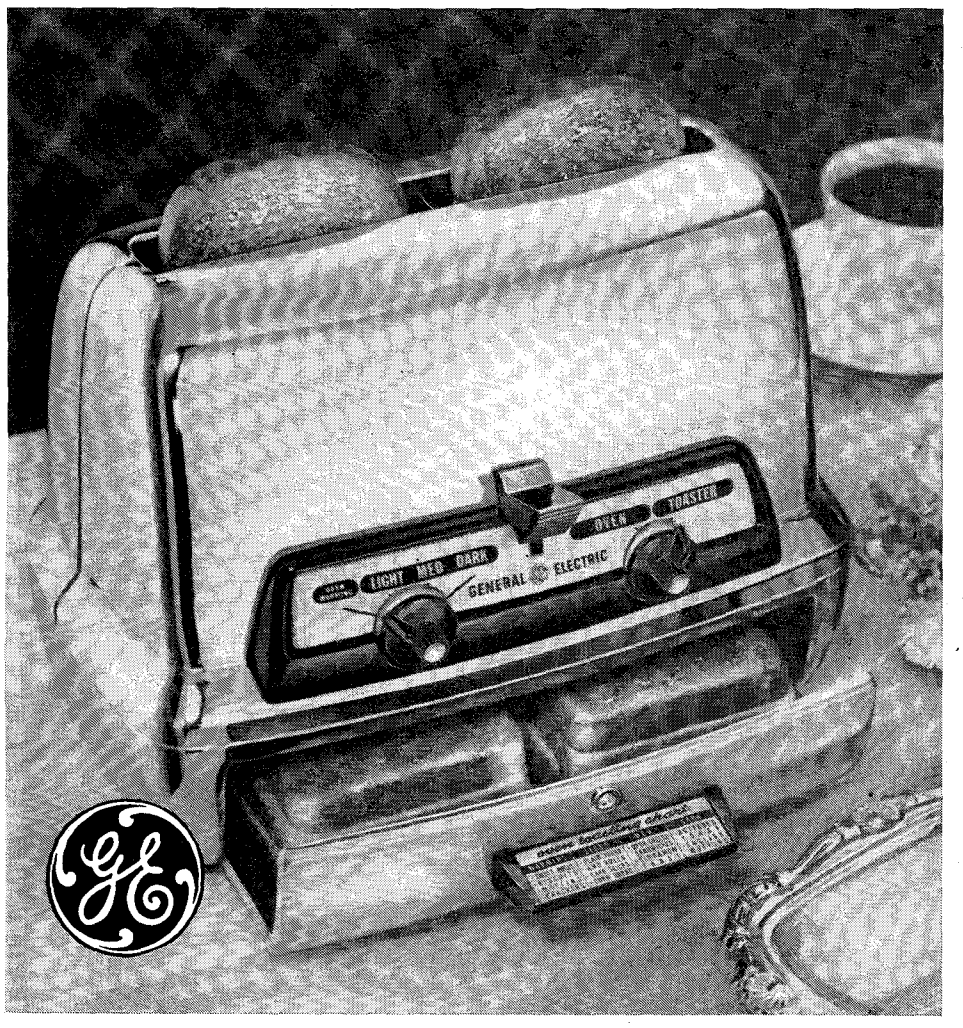

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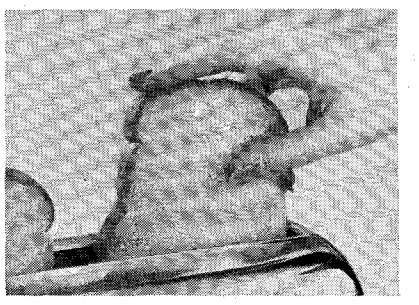

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his company was ready. George Greenslet, general agent, dashed out to the still-smoking ruins, and a San Francisco newspaper exclaimed in great banner headlines: "THE GLENS FALLS PAYS—BLESSED IS RELIABLE INSURANCE!" Greenslet paid out $1,502,911—spot cash. Today President George D. Mead, using his company's widely known slogan, reports that "The Old and Tried" swung into 1959 with assets of $165,000,000 and a tidy share-owners' surplus of $56,500,000.

My town always did have a flair for getting itself written up in the public prints. Remember the hair-raising adventures in the cave below the falls related by James Fenimore Cooper in *The Last of the Mohicans*? That book was America's first best seller (1826) and a bigger best seller in Europe. Modern write-up sample: in 1944 a national magazine—not this one—selected Glens Falls as Hometown, U.S.A., for a series examining America's home front in World War II. The home front seemed O.K. And for some thirty years an institution called the Eastern States Scholastic Basketball Tournament got itself newspapered all over; teams were invited from Maine to the Carolinas, the lads were guests in private homes, preferably homes harboring pretty girls, and everybody had a ball. The New York State board which controls school athletics finally squashed all this—overemphasis on fun or something.

Of course, Glens Falls, despite its smallness—population 20,000 less or more—wouldn't have just one chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; it has two. The Jane McCrea Chapter is much the older and larger. However, fifty years ago come next January, a few ladies, mostly from a fashionable neighborhood which other people called Bunchburg, got up a chapter of their own named Chepontuc, enjoyed elite luncheons once a month and were happy. But the present generation of Chepontucs, mostly "legacies" of the founders, got to studying and being unhappy about national and international affairs, which in these weird times is a useful thing to do.

The complex story of the Chepontuc insurrection can't be told in this space. In stating it briefly I am not taking sides—I am simply reporting. In essence the ladies were restless about resolutions on important affairs being brought to vote in the annual Continental Congress without—they felt—local chapters having adequate chance to study them in final form beforehand. Particularly, the ladies were getting fed up on resolutions that in various ways criticized the United Nations.

So in 1952 when a resolution popped up demanding a Congressional probe into the American flag's being displayed at a NATO base in Norfolk, Virginia, along with those of other NATO countries, but in a subsidiary position to the NATO flag, Mrs. Philip Peck, regent from Glens Falls, arose and uttered a vociferous NO! When the delegates came unstunned they passed the resolution 1000-and-something to one. In a later resolution charging socialistic trends in the United Nations, Mrs. P. was joined by three other ladies around the country, and what happened to them was 1000 to four. Headline in *Boston Record:* DAR IN UPROAR OVER FLAG VOTE. Editorial in Norfolk-Portsmouth *Virginian-Pilot:* "Three Cheers for Mrs. Peck!" Country-wide press clippings called "Liz" Peck everything from a publicity hound to a heroine, the heroine vote winning by a landslide.

Her welcome home that year by her chapter, which after all had started this, was something. Next year Liz seated herself near a microphone and read a chapter-prepared statement reaffirming the patriotism and loyalty of the Chepontucs, but opposing a resolution criticizing the UN, which had just come up for passage. She was gaveled down after her legal three minutes, but there were voices which urged, "Let her finish." News of the Chepontuc doings in Washington has been coming along annually, and there has been growing, though scattered, support from other chapters—one of them located in that hotbed of American revolution, London, England. When the New York chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution launched a precisely similar revolt last June, the Chepontucs fell platonically in love with them.

The story of Mrs. Foulds and the growing of the fortune she gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art weaves in and out of the story of Glens Falls itself.

In my boyhood, when my town was quiet on a spring evening, I used to stand out on the front stoop while the breeze came mellowing up from the south and listen with a tingle of fright to the falls, then in freshet, thundering four blocks away. Part of the thunder sound was logs tumbling down; these were some of the trees which had been felled far north on vast Glens Falls-owned land and thrillingly brought down-river by the flood-time log drive of the lumberjacks.

But in the summer, when the falls was tired and the mid-river rocks bare, I used to take a wooden gun fashioned from a bed slat, go down and lurk in Cooper's Cave and, aiming like Hawkeye across the white-water channel, shoot Indians out of the Glens Falls trees. Among other kids who did likewise was Rob Patterson, who lived across my street; he grew up to be a Distinguished Service Cross warrior in World War I and Under Secretary of War in World War II, later succeeding Secretary Stimson. Whether Charley Hughes, who was born around the corner next to my grandfather's house, was an Indian fighter, too, I wouldn't know. He was before my time, but he certainly had good stuff in him. He almost beat out Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency; he was Secretary of State and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Anyway, up among those Indian-infested trees beside the falls loomed the giant lumber and paper-making mill of Finch, Pruyn and Company, and part of the wealth it has created was what went to the Metropolitan.

In the beginning—about 1763, it says in the old papers of Abraham Wing—there was one tiny sawmill where the big plant now stands, its little water wheel plopping around merrily in the frothing current below the falls. To get a tree to saw, one just walked out back of the mill. The sawmills multiplied and so did the lumbermen, and not long after Lord Cornwallis cried enough to General Washington, Glens Falls began working up a dandy lumber business with, of all places, the town where the Metropolitan Museum eventually would be built. New York was around 150 years old then, counting from when Mr. Minuit lifted Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars; it was growing like everything, needed building lumber, and prices were going up on timber hauled down from what might be called its northern suburbs. So those Glens Falls fellows got the splendid idea of rafting logs and timber 200 miles down-river to Manhattan, and the Hudson never charged them a cent. The choicest wood was headed for England—tall, straight trees to become masts for the "king's navee."

Meanwhile, Glens Falls folks who weren't especially interested in trees got to using their heads along another line. Observing that the tumbling river had exposed on its banks rich beds of limestone, they reflected that lime is useful in many ways, including making money. They built a lot of kilns and, by burning the limestone with waste material from next-door mills, converted it cheaply into lime, which they then sold not so cheaply. Business was just so-so until a canal was dug from the Hudson River above Troy to Lake Champlain (1823) and later (1832) a feeder canal hooked into it from Glens Falls—then presto! a fleet of locally owned canal boats began harboring right between the mills and the kilns. Head over heels went the town into the millionaire-making business.

It got so in that little village that leading citizens seemed to consider it bad taste to die without leaving $1,000,000, and in the later 1800's they hiked their taste to $2,000,000, which in those times was a pocketful. The fashion was set by a third-generation Abraham Wing—his father was Abram and *his* father, Abraham, who founded—well, Wing's Falls. When the land around the mills was denuded of forests, gloomy millmen began muttering that the water power was no longer worth a fig; but Mr. Wing, putting on his thinking cap, looked northward at the green-robed mountains and mused, *Why not float logs down to Glens Falls?* He retired exceedingly affluent.

Among the teeming wealth makers who followed him was John Keenan, a young chap who came over from Ireland, got a job on a nearby farm, became too sick to do heavy work, and was told by the farmer that he would just have to go to the poorhouse. John hauled himself out of bed, borrowed a little tub kiln in which his boss occasionally burned limestone for home use, converted that kiln into a whopping business that shipped lime all the way around to Mobile and New Orleans, and improved his health. Then he organized a railroad to connect Glens Falls with the outer world, and somehow he never did manage to get to the poorhouse. And there was Augustus Sherman, who during a depression, when nobody would buy lumber, kept his mills going full tilt, piling up mountains of it beside the canal. When business started going, maybe he didn't clean up. Put him in the $2,000,000 bracket.

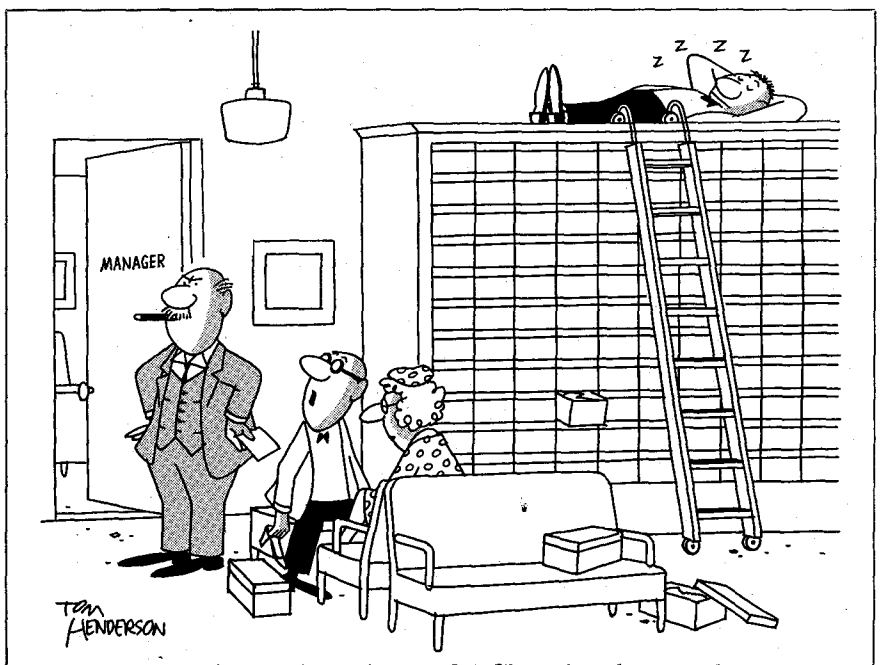
Other men dreamed up other ways to make money. Are you perchance wearing a McMullen dress, or if it would look better on you, a shirt? I once lived across the street from the late Robert McMullen's formal garden; peacocks strolled there, living in an Old English brick house of their own, and sometimes at night, perhaps because of nightmares, braying like jackasses. Have you Imperial wallpaper in your home? The Imperial Color, Chemical and Paper Company makes more color pigment than anybody else in the world. Years ago when Addison B. Colvin's Empire Theater was a tryout stage for Broadway, I used to haunt Peanut Heaven (second balcony); Sarah Bernhardt was divine on one of her farewell tours, doing the whole play in a chair at center stage because she then had only one leg.

And so on. Meanwhile, the mills began making paper out of straw, then wood pulp. And the era of consolidation set in. From nearby Kingsbury came two enterprising brothers, Jeremiah and Daniel Finch, and from the hamlet of Cambridge came Samuel Pruyn. Sam and Jerry finally bought up about everything and joined hands—Finch, Pruyn and Company. Two of Samuel's three daughters are living now. Jerry's two sons, George and Jerry T., were outlived by their sister, Helen, the recent benefactor of the Metropolitan Museum.

Helen Finch Foulds' personality was pitiably contradictory. She was the kind of person who would dictatorily command her clergyman to come for tea at three P.M., order a maid to turn him away at the door if he showed up ten minutes late, and then attend an Episcopal church in a nearby town for a while to teach the fellow a lesson. She was also the kind of person who at one time, learning that a desperately ill patient in the local hospital was leaving because he had no more money, secretly had him moved to a sunnier room and paid the bills until he died. She was an imperious martinet who terrified people—yet, more than was generally known, she had friends who reached through to her inner tenderness.

I first became aware of her when my parents claimed I was too young to go play in the fascinating skeleton of a great house her father was building for her—she and Doctor Foulds, the young dentist, were then honeymooning in far lands. Later Doctor Foulds filled my teeth. I liked him. But his office seemed sort of scary; it occupied a little corner of the home of Helen's late brother George, and the rest of the looming mansion was ghostlily empty. I remember seeing Mrs. Foulds aim her ear trumpet at people, ominously like a cannon. She had her pew in church wired for sound. Nobody else sat in that pew; nobody dared.

In a later year, when I was campaigning editorially in the Glens Falls *Post-Star* for expanded (*Continued on Page 110*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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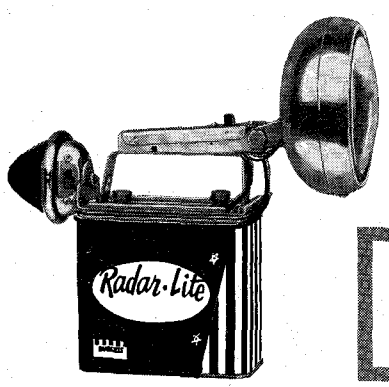

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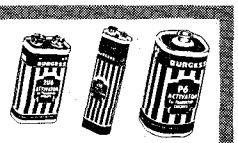

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(*Continued from Page 108*) ambulance service for the hospital, I typed her a note confidentially, asking if she might feel like donating an ambulance. Posthaste she replied No—money was tight, couldn't afford it. Presently she gave the hospital, in the name of her husband, a fine new clinical laboratory, which evidently she could afford. She was chronically enraged by campaigners telling her what to do with her money. (Aren't we all?) Her system was to slap them down—and chip in later.

For some years the Fouldses lived in their big house with three caretakers and three maids milling around. The consensus of the still-available men is that the mistress in her rugged way was kind and liberal; but she evidently gave the maids fits. She went overboard on neatness; a long-ago caller remembers glancing out of the parlor window and seeing a maid with a mop swabbing the veranda where the caller had just stepped. The legend may not be true that Mrs. Foulds made her husband go outdoors to smoke. At least that is what he did do, perhaps in kindly acknowledgment of the fact that his custom-made cigarettes gave forth an incredible aroma. Incidentally, there was a wealthy local man who definitely did suffer a wifely smoking ban; around his land was a fence of thick, horizontal iron pipes, and my dad once told me that a section of the piping which was bent downward was where the man had sat for years puffing his cigars.

It came to pass that Mrs. Foulds' maids went on a strike for more money. So she fired them, pulled down every shade in the house, and with her husband departed in a towering rage for Chicago. In time they came back, built a bungalow on the back corner of their land and set up housekeeping there. All the years since then the big house has stood there shaded and empty and sad. It goes to the Metropolitan, to be sold at auction. Outside, it is dourly brown and homely; inside, it is magnificently floored and paneled in cherry, but when 10,000 people swarmed through it this summer at a furniture auction, it was found to contain no art objects of real value. Although two of its titanic cellars are packed to the ceiling with kindling wood sawed to a precise length by the caretakers on rainy days, this probably can't be used by the museum. The big house and its spacious mid-city grounds could readily have been converted to some enduring public service, just as the former William McEachron mansion, one block away, is now the City Health Center. Oh, well.

One seething hot day in the year 1911 a young doctor named Morris Maslon, who was an associate professor at Baltimore Medical College (now part of the University of Maryland) and hospital pathologist at Maryland General Hospital, met a fellow alumnus in Baltimore, Dr. Walter Garrett of Glens Falls; and Maslon remarked in smoking phrases on how much he hated heat. Doctor Garrett said in effect, "Up where I live the county supervisors are looking for somebody to open a county laboratory in the hospital. Come right up to my mountain town and bring blankets."

One of Maslon's first laboratory customers arrived after a doctor phoned more or less jocularly, "I'm sending you a millionaire patient. Dentist named Foulds. Suggest you charge him as a private patient." For a routine service Doctor Maslon charged the prevailing county fee, twenty-five cents. Foulds protested, and they settled for seventy-five cents. They liked each other and became firm friends. By and by Mrs. Foulds swung in on the situation, commandeering Doctor Maslon as her personal physician. He served this difficult patient, and gradually found himself being summoned into her presence as a counselor and helper in all sorts of matters, until she died at ninety-four. Thus Doctor Maslon, who with his family emigrated from Russia as a child, sort of backed into the situation of being now the Glens Falls resident who knew Mrs. Foulds best for the longest time—which he considers astonishing. He must have found her a rough, tough assignment, but he speaks quietly of the way she could be tender. He stresses how affectionate the Fouldses always were toward each other. Mark this point for a moment.

Speaking of backing into a situation, years ago the Metropolitan Museum had an archaeological team digging in Egypt, and along came a couple of tourists, Doctor and Mrs. Foulds, who paused to see what was doing. This started something all right. They got interested in the museum's archaeological work; or put it this way: the doctor got interested, and his wife enjoyed liking what he liked. In 1921 the doctor gave $1000 to the museum, which made him a Fellow for life, and in 1925 Mrs. Foulds followed suit by giving $3000 to the Egyptian collection. After that during several winters they used to visit the museum often; it was characteristic of them to do this very unostentatiously, almost secretly. On the uncharacteristic side, they always put up at the flaming core of the Great White Way, the Astor Hotel. Doctor Maslon recalls that when he and Mrs. Maslon once were their guests there, Mrs. Foulds would have nothing to do with going out on the town, and the doctor mighty little. In 1932 it became known to the museum and to a few home-town people that Mrs. Foulds had drawn up a will arranging a trust fund for her husband in the event he survived her, the bulk of her wealth to go to the Metropolitan at his death. He died the next year.

After that, lonely, bitter years during which the widow kept telling her doctor, and believing, that she was about to die. She was a big, strong, rugged woman, her thinking as clear as could be. Still she wrote letters to her doctor directing precisely how she should be dressed for burial, naming the people to admit to her funeral, all others to be turned away at the door.

Her health was not always good; she had to have operations to assuage glaucoma. In 1945 she went to the Glens Falls Hospital with a respiratory upset, refusing to have strange nurses around her house. In the hospital she had six nurses per day. Ordered to stay in bed, she got up when a nurse wasn't looking, fell, and broke her hip. When the hip mended, she refused Doctor Maslon's pleas to get out of bed. Whenever they tried to take her home, she raised such a fearful row that she stayed there for fourteen years, until she died. Meanwhile, the Metropolitan had forgotten all about her—and why not? Shortly after Doctor Foulds' death in 1933, she sent the museum a small Egyptian art object which he had liked, and that's the last they ever heard from her. Mrs. Foulds' will added $50,000 to her long-ago endowment of the Dr. Thomas Hammond Foulds Memorial Laboratory, plus $50,000 to her local Episcopal Church. However, a complicated legal action has been brought to nullify the will and give the entire estate to two grandnieces and a grandnephew, and at the moment of writing I wouldn't know how this will turn out.

So why did Mrs. Foulds do what she did with her $4,500,000? None of the theories quite appeals to me. Was it, as many say, simply because she disliked her home town? Then why didn't she and her husband take off for any place in the world

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that she could like? Some think that she was jealous of other Glens Falls women, with wealth deriving from lumber, too, who did wonderful things for the town in art and many other fields. If that were so, all she had to do was to open her pocketbook and outdo them. As for archaeology, she did nothing about it before—or after—her husband was with her. For me, a simple theory. The sweet years of Helen Foulds' life were when she was with her husband, doing things with him that he liked to do. She loved him very much. I think her will was a simple, elementary, tender extension of her love for him.

Now, as a prelude to an unusual experience, let us walk down a street in my town where, on one side, the residences line the bluffs high above the river. We come to three gracious homes standing side by side, there, there, and there. In these homes have lived the three daughters of Samuel Pruyn, the other cofounder of the wealth-coining paper mill. Mary's husband, Maurice Hoopes, was company president for years; both are gone, and now their daughter's husband, Lyman A. Beeman, is president. Next door lives the sister Charlotte, Mrs. Louis F. Hyde, whose late husband was vice president; and beyond her lives Mrs. Nell Pruyn Cunningham. The heart-warming thing about these people is that always they have devoted wisdom and leadership and wealth to creating all manner of goodness for their town, doing this so quietly that much of their creativity will never be publicly known. So let us pay a call on Mrs. Hyde—you wouldn't want to miss this.

Her exquisite Italian Renaissance home rises around a two-story indoor court, with the inside windows of the bedrooms and the balconied music room looking down over tropical plants gracing the walls of the patio. This house is homelike, lived-in, and its furniture, sculpture, tapestries and over 200 paintings by the immortal masters comprise the finest art collection, outside the cities of New York and Buffalo, in New York State! If a house guest delays turning out the light in a bedroom hung with a Cézanne, a Pissarro, a Tiepolo and a Picasso, what delightful insomnia that must be.

Mrs. Hyde, in enthusiastic partnership with her husband, gradually furnished her house this way; there was expert counsel, but her own high taste decided "what I want to live with." She wants everybody else to "live" with it too. She has established a foundation so that on certain days this beauty can forever be partaken of by everyone—free.

You will find that this lady is elderly, and that she couldn't care less what her age is. She likes to smile; she is friendly with a touch of reserve that may be shyness; she is sweet. Behind her library chair will be hanging Rembrandt's ineffably beautiful *Christ*, which a connoisseur has called "one of the great Protestant religious expressions in the world." Years ago it was in Russia in the possession of Count Alexander Davidoff. In 1933 when the Soviet government was peddling great works of art abroad for foreign exchange, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, aided by their favorite art counselor, the late Dr. William Valentiner, had it shipped to Berlin for them to see—and buy. What would it sell for today—$500,000? No matter; it is too precious to sell.

Mrs. Hyde has a chaise longue in her bedroom beside one of the indoor windows overlooking the court below. During uncounted hours she has sat there watching boys and girls and talent-maturing adults who, under the guidance of Curator Joseph J. Dodge, paint there among the paintings of geniuses. "Jerry" Dodge's predecessor, Otto Wittmann, recently became director of the Toledo Museum of Art, and while in the Army in World War II he helped in the restitution of looted art treasures found in the German salt mines. Let us leave Mrs. Hyde beside her window, savoring her moments of deep gratification.

Out on the street again, one feels like saying to each passer-by: Take care of our town, you younger people who are the curators of its future, for the quality of its stream of consciousness is so much worth taking care of. Oh, sure, go on creating money, but be so certain to know that money is dross unless it is re-created into poetry or physics or color or the singing of violins. And one more thing. Along the home streets of Glens Falls rise great old elm trees which the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* calls "superb." It takes generations for such monarchs to grow; so always keep new, young elms coming up between the ancient ones.

Those green Gothic arches, cathedral-high above the streets, belong there for all time, in the town which itself grew there because trees mantled that land.

THE END

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Can We Keep Africa Free?

(Continued from Page 28)

The students, happily, were not forced out. I learned later that an appeal to Nkrumah by the principal of University College succeeded in blocking the proposed cancellation of the grants.

The cabinet minister's chain of argument, which linked student protests to the prospect of his and Nkrumah's assassination, was illogical, startling and infinitely revealing. There is no need to spell out the steps in his nonreasoning; the importance of the matter was that he saw every form of opposition and criticism as essentially revolutionary. The excuse for his feeling or, more properly, the explanation of it, is that in Ghana there are in fact a few wild men, subversive by any definition, who would not balk at murder to achieve their ends. But their number is small, they have no popular support and they are quite incapable of serious action. To equate, as the minister did, every objection, dissent and difference of opinion with conspiracy was nonsense.

It was and is, unfortunately, also an all-too-common habit of mind among a large proportion of the leaders of the new Africa. The example illustrates how far African "democratic" leaders are removed from recognition of what we in the Western world take for granted as the fundamentals of democratic principles and procedures.

In the new free countries of Africa and in those on the threshold of independence and self-government, the patterns of what we are used to thinking of as democracy are alien and partly unwelcome. They are unlikely to be achieved for a long time, no matter how insistently the leaders of those countries label their governments as democratic.

Are these nations therefore doomed and damned? Are we to place them beyond the pale for failure to conform to our standards? Nothing, it seems to me, could be more foolish. Their progress into the modern era will be inordinately difficult, but the prospects are by no means hopeless. What is at stake, as I hope to make clear, will be worth all the understanding and help that is required.

In what I have said and in what follows I speak of "black Africa," that part of the continent south of the Sahara, and only of those countries independent of, or swiftly moving toward independence from, colonial control. In the colonies—"white man's Africa"—there are other problems besides the issue of democracy. They seem to me vastly more difficult and discouraging but are outside the scope of this article.

The innocent and uninformed visitor to this "new Africa"—I speak of myself—suffers something of a shock when the gap between the labels and the facts reveals itself. I came to Africa reasonably representative, I believe, of most Americans. That is to say, I was congenitally hopeful, naïve, poorly informed and well-intentioned. My conceptual knapsack was stuffed with the notion—unarticulated, but there all the same—that rich, beautiful, mysterious Africa, the Sleeping Beauty, was in the process of being kissed awake by the Prince Charming of the modern age. He was the incarnation of the democratic spirit. He was bringing self-determination, self-government, universal suffrage, parliamentary rule, development, expansion, and liberation from foreign and minority rule. Given emancipation from the overseas control of the white man—as great sections of the continent have been or are about to be given—Africa and Prince Charming would live happily ever after. Had not that been the American pattern? Was it not a universal one?

Brief exposure to Africa convinced me that only part of this notion is valid. Prince Charming is indeed riding his charger in the wild forest around the bewitched princess' castle. In a deep African accent he roars his battle cry, "FREEDOM." The princess hears it and will tolerate no other voice or word in her ears. She has been awakened all right, and the sleeping pill has not been invented that will send her back to her couch. But she is a curious girl, and it is doubtful that she came out of the same story that the prince did—the prince who galloped through the political textbooks of our childhood. Those were the books that told how the thirteen colonies freed themselves from foreign rule and dreamed self-government and democracy into reality. It seemed so simple.

But in extending the analogy to Africa we forget, if we ever read, the fine print that pointed out that the revolutionaries in our land were of the same culture, the same educational level and political sophistication as the people from whom they separated. Heritors of the same philosophy, religion and schooling, living in the same civilization, as much at home in London as in Boston or Williamsburg, the founding fathers could pick up where Britain left off. They could project into a future of independence the principles of justice and government in which they were educated and long experienced. It is not so in Africa and it will not be so.

The visitor can come to Africa and sense its enormous wealth in minerals, water power and land. He can thrill at its animals and sunsets and lakes and parks. He can rhapsodize about linking modern skills and Western capital to native manpower and resources. And from this hopeful conjunction he can postulate the bank account of Croesus. But drafts on it will be honored only in cloudland. For this is a view of Africa with only one eye.

It is not merely the simple and well-meaning stranger who thinks all Africa's problems will be solved by the magic application of sovereign self-government. The majority of African leaders to whom I spoke seemed to labor under the same illusion. Ask them how they will cope with Africa's staggering illiteracy, its enslavement to tribal tradition, its poverty and disease and its terrifying need for capital and investment; the reply will be as bland and confident as it is empty, "Wait until we are ruling ourselves, for ourselves."

The African political leader and the one-eyed visitor must one day take the full view. The resulting perspective shows the intractable problems of an area where the time sequence has gone mad. For Africa seems like the creation of a spoofing novelist, who has Agamemnon slaughtering Iphigenia on the oracular advice of an electronic computer.

I spent an evening talking to a barrister in Uganda, educated at the Inns of Court in London. I listened to his insistent appeal for the immediate ending of the British protectorate and the institution of self-government. Next day I watched some of his prospective constituents slice up a hippopotamus they had poached, festooning the entrails on a trellis and sun-drying the fillets on the dirt by the side of the road, sometimes to be tramped over and befouled by chickens and barefoot children.

In another country I read the parliamentary address of a cabinet minister, heavily larded with quotations from Disraeli and Bernard Shaw, and that night heard him at the dinner table belligerently defend the efficacy of witch doctors as healers.

In Ibadan, Nigeria, biggest Negro city in the world, I visited one of the finest and most Buck Rogers-modern hospitals I ever saw, and then walked a few blocks to the juju market to window-shop—had there been windows—for such *outré* medicaments as dried bats and monkey skulls. In Ibadan, too, where the university has yet to graduate its first African student and where the nation's illiteracy runs from 85 to 90 per cent, I read reviews of the excellent student production of a comedy by Plautus, in Latin.

In Leopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo, I saw the site on which an atomic reactor soon will be constructed—in a nation where there are less than a dozen African university graduates.

In Ghana I was inundated with the pride of the people in their new independence and their delight in the knowledge that when Nkrumah goes to a Commonwealth conference he sits as a peer with the prime ministers of Britain, Canada and Australia. I tried to forget the fact that the last time he left for such a meeting in London an enraptured admirer decapitated a child and, in accordance with ancient tradition, buried its head on the beach, facing seaward, to ensure the beloved leader's safe return. Nkrumah's government had the job of finding the patriot and hanging him.

I watched the struggle of good friends of the new Africa, men who were trying to midwife the birth of modern nations. They were missionaries, colonial administrators, African technicians working for their own governments, dedicated and imaginative white men employed by American aid agencies and foundations, working like beavers to set up procedures by which the Africans could amass a little capital and begin to create their own commercial and light-industrial institutions. And then, at lunch with Premier Obafemi Awolowo of Western Nigeria, I was given a description of the "extended family" system, the most deadly device ever invented this side of Marx to prevent the accumulation of any investment capital whatsoever.

Common to a greater or lesser degree throughout Africa, the system ordains simply enough that whoever has must give—to his family, extended to brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, nieces, nephews and cousins—his own and his wife's, or wives'. So firm is the tradition that no one would dream of trying to escape it.

Awolowo calculated that he was supporting some eighteen relatives. He recounted wryly that once he suggested mildly to a nephew that, inasmuch as he was young and able-bodied, didn't he think he might set about earning his own living and give up the house, food and allowance Awolowo was providing? More in horror than in anger the premier's entire family descended on him, upbraiding him for making such a mean suggestion.

The "extended family" system is a magnificent substitute for the graduated income tax and for the elaborate apparatus of social-security services in the welfare state. But it paralyzes the process of getting cash together for private investment.

The incongruities in Africa come from the impact of democratic ideas and Western contacts on a very ancient, savage culture. The result may well be the forging of twentieth-century states out of the newly free countries. But they will not be states governed by our standards and our methods, nor will they resemble, as we may carelessly expect, so many black Hollands or Finlands or Mexicos.

A British editor in Kenya, realistic enough to see that a black government even there is inevitable despite the last-ditch resistance of the white settlers now in control, told me with some bitterness, "Anyone who thinks the new nations in Africa will be democracies needs to have his head examined."

For the most part Africans live "in the bush." They use a number of artifacts of the Western world, and the impact of the white man has largely removed the ancient factors which controlled the size of their population—disease, slavery, warfare and starvation. But aside from those changes, the essentials of their lives follow the millenniums-old tribal pattern. And even most of (Continued on Page 114)

"We had a lovely evening and all that sort of hogwash."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GIVE ENOUGH FOR ALL

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(*Continued from Page 112*) the people who have moved from the bush to the cities in free Africa have acquired only the thinnest Western urban veneer.

For these millions of people there is a common inheritance of some fundamentals of community and governmental organization, whatever the variations in detail that may exist from tribe to tribe. For instance:

Issues facing the tribe are discussed in secret by a council of elders; the chief arrives at a decision, and thereupon all dissent ceases; the vote is always unanimous, and subsequent criticism or complaint is unthinkable.

Since land is usually tribally rather than individually held, the chief exerts the most consequential power in the community, the determination of which family farms which field.

If a chief too often or too grossly makes bad decisions, the only sanction against him is removal, done in some tribes gently, by "destooling" and banishment, in others by the more Draconian method of assassination.

From the point of view of tribal organization, the individual has little personal identity. He is a member of the ant heap. He exists for it, not vice versa.

The individual determines his behavior not by his own judgments of what is right or wrong but by the criterion of whether it conforms to what tribal rules and tradition have long established as fitting and correct.

It would be hard to conceive of a pattern of community living which has less in it of what we in the West would call democracy, which at its fundamentals is a system revolving around the elements of free will, free choice, individualism and change. This is not to say that tribal government is primitive in the sense of being naïve. On the contrary, it can be subtle and sophisticated in the extreme. But it is not democratic. Instead, it is so close in spirit to Iron Curtain government as to be frightening. It is, in essence, a dictator-*cum*-Politburo government, with change possible only in the form of a purge and only as the consequence of a convulsion.

Nowhere in it are the roots that would support the concepts of free elections, two or more parties, continuing debate and criticism of government law and action. Tolerance of dissent, the free competitive play of conflicting ideas, the institution of the "loyal opposition," the application of due process of law to deal with offenses against government, people and property—all these lie at the root of democratic systems. But they appear impractical if not impossible, and their basic essentiality is not comprehended in most of the African governments.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, that the majority of the new governments of black Africa—and of the older independent governments too—are largely one-party systems.

In Ethiopia there is a nearly absolute monarchy, and in Liberia the same party has held power for more than eighty years.

In Sudan a try at a multiparty government gave way to a military dictatorship.

In Ghana the opposition party to Nkrumah's Convention People's Party is a farce. And if it were otherwise, Ghana politicos would fall upon it and destroy it. As it is, Nkrumah wants to keep alive the form of opposition—provided it has no reality—presumably to impress the outside world. He works hard at the task, even to the point of putting through a law forbidding opposition-party members from boycotting the sessions of parliament. He has told confidants, with as much truth as humor, that he is the hardest-working politician in the world, because he has to run not only his own party but the opposition party as well.

There is no nonsense at all about an opposition in Guinea, the one nation in French black Africa which voted to sever its ties with France rather than embrace President de Gaulle's offer to be quasi-independent in the new French Community. Premier Sekou Touré runs a government patterned on the Kremlin style, although not controlled by it. There is one party, with cells at each governmental level—village, regional and federal. At each point the party makes the decisions and transmits them to the appropriate governmental body to be carried out. Sekou Touré has been reported as giving his good friend Nkrumah an earful about the convenience of dispensing with an opposition altogether.

One-party systems are the rule in the majority of the other new countries that until last year were part of French West and French Equatorial Africa, including the big three of Senegal, Ivory Coast and French Sudan.

An exception is the new Congo Republic, across the river and to the north of the Belgian Congo. It enjoys two parties of about equal strength. One recent venture at settling outstanding differences took a somewhat less than democratic form. Adherents of the two groups, living in different sections of the capital, Brazzaville, fell upon each other for four or five nights last February, killing an estimated 400 or 500 of their numbers.

A couple of days after those riots I attended a press conference of the *Abbé* Fulbert Youlou, premier of the Congo Republic, mayor of Brazzaville and head of the party in power. The affair had all the trappings of democracy, with questions freely asked and responded to, if not answered, at length. There was even an odor of sanctity to the occasion, for Youlou appeared in his clerical cassock and sash.

But both the piety and the democracy were phony. The *Abbé* Youlou can wear his cassock, but he is not allowed to administer the sacraments—there was a matter of some disobedience and disrespect to his superiors, and something about a marriage, as the French delicately put it, *de la main gauche*. And as for democracy, Youlou had cinched his power by winning an accord from the opposition on the promise of holding new elections. Once in the saddle, he decided elections would be inadvisable and refused to call them. Hence the riots.

Youlou governs by a parliamentary majority of twenty-three to twenty-two. A year ago his was the minority party, with twenty-two deputies to the opposition's twenty-three. One member was induced to switch sides. One can only guess at the kind of persuasion used to win over the defector.

The future of two-party or multiparty democracies in black Africa does not seem very bright. Africans themselves adduce another argument for the one-party system—the elite in the new countries is so thin that there are scarcely enough men to go around for one political organization, let alone two or more. Better they should all be in the government and present and fight out differences of opinion within the party—again, a Politburo concept.

If, as I believe to be the case, the new African countries will be governed by systems which do not meet our definitions of democracy, the question arises as to what should be our attitude toward them. Should we and the free world wash our hands of them and consign them to outer darkness?

If we do they may not turn out to be as lonesome and friendless as we might suppose or wish. Russia and its satellites, now building up a cadre of African experts, will be happy to step in and help.

The experience of Guinea provides all the evidence anyone could want. After Guinea told de Gaulle "*non*," there was a two-month period during which the French, highly piqued, toyed with the idea of having nothing whatsoever to do with the renegade nation. In that period four trade missions immediately moved in to help the little country out of its economic dilemma. They were from Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and East Germany. Bulgaria, whose commercial and cultural connections with Guinea had in the past been something less than ardent, at once dispatched an ambassador.

For obvious reasons the new nations face the most difficult prospect of making a go of independence without massive help—more technical, educational and administrative than financial—from the outside. Without that help few if any of the new countries can meet the expectations—usually grossly inflated—generated among the people by independence. In such circumstances even if those governments want no truck with Communism they probably cannot avoid it. For as Robert Strausz-Hupé observed, although the Communists are not the makers, they are certainly the scavengers of revolution.

And if the new countries contrive to escape Communist control from the Kremlin, there is always Nasser, of whose imperialistic designs on the rest of Africa there can be no doubt. But even if the cold war and the anti-West virulence of Nasser never existed, it would seem incumbent on the free world, and in increasing measure on the United States, to help the new African lands remain independent, politically stable and in an economically hopeful position, however nondemocratic their governments. If it was vital to America a dozen years ago to keep Europe free and make it strong by the Marshall Plan, it would seem equally vital to us today to preserve independent nations in Asia and Africa.

A couple of months in Africa made me believe that although it will be terribly difficult, it is not impossible to build there a number of independent governments, not democratic, but not necessarily all evil. In them there could still be the guarding of human rights, a decent concern and respect for the individual, a government of law and not of men and the promise of future enlightenment and progress.

What is needed for this from the outside world is more brains than money. What is needed is the dedication of hundreds of men—teachers, doctors, agronomists, administrators, engineers—who are willing to stay for some years under trying and uncomfortable conditions to work on private and government programs of the Point Four, technical-aid type.

What is needed also, I suggest, is a United States policy to help the new Africa much more vigorously than at present. In parts of Africa, I felt, American diplomatic work was concentrated on drawing bills of particulars on how nondemocratic the governments really are. It would be better to accept the case as proved, and to move on to something more constructive.

I am sure that the African nations will not be patterned in the Western image, and will not be governed by Western principles. But this should not mean that their differences must automatically deny them the Western help they need so desperately. We have come to that point in history, it seems to me, where we can cut our own throats by deciding that if something is different it is abominable and to be denounced and avoided. The lineaments of the Sleeping Beauty that is Africa may not conform to our ideas of pulchritude. But if we don't cherish her and—if I may use the word—love her, she'll end up as somebody else's girl.

THE END

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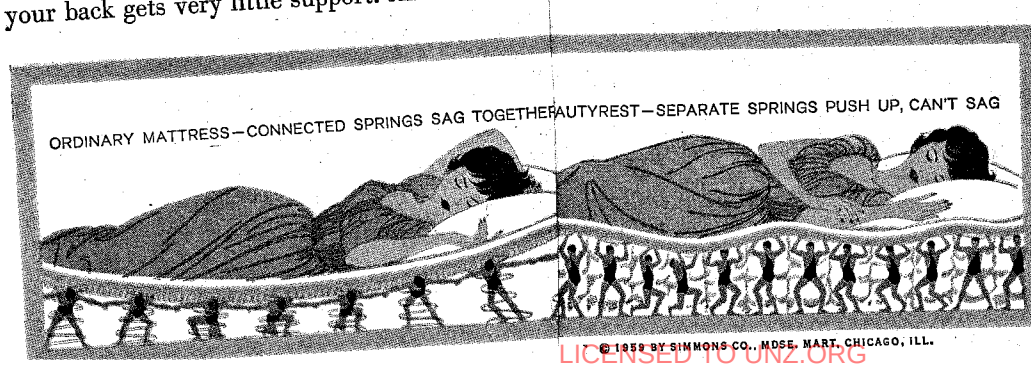
Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Because each spring is separate, the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. No rolling together. Beautyrest will never, never sag.

The best costs the least! Hundreds of endurance tests have proven Beautyrest lasts 3 times as long as the next best mattress. So Beautyrest at $79.50 is the least expensive mattress to own. ■ Special 30 day offer: Supersize Beautyrest with a year's supply of FREE sheets!



BEAUTYREST by SIMMONS

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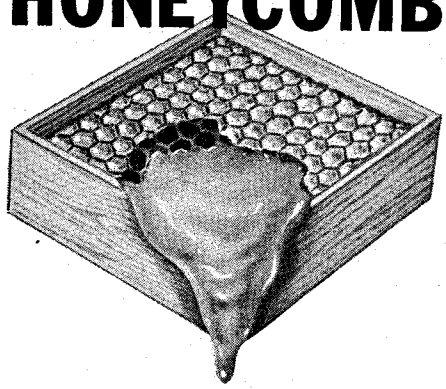


sweetens your

YELLO-BOLE

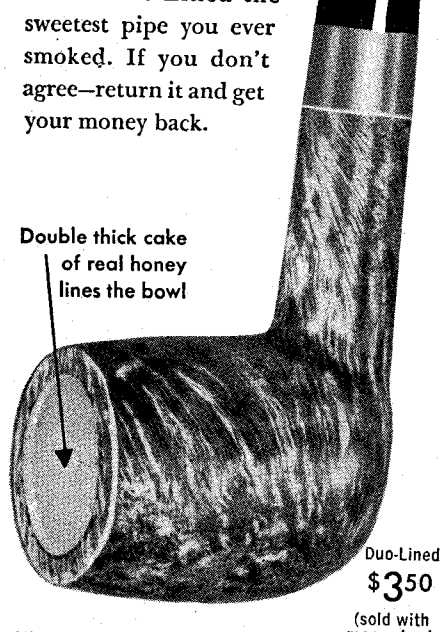
To break in your pipe before you buy it, Yello-Bole lines the imported briar bowl with a thick cake of real honey from the honeycomb. That's why your Yello-Bole starts Honey-Sweet! Smokes Honey-Sweet! Stays Honey-Sweet!

Try new DUO-LINED—Money-back guaranteed

Double lining of honey from the Honeycomb makes Duo-Lined the sweetest pipe you ever smoked. If you don't agree—return it and get your money back.

BITE PROOF NYLON BIT

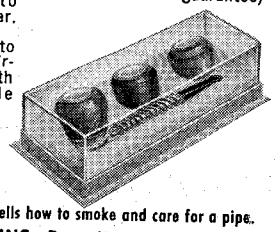
Double thick cake of real honey lines the bowl



Duo-Lined
$3.50
(sold with money-back guarantee)

Other Yello-Bole Pipes and sets, $1.50 to $5.95. Imported briar.

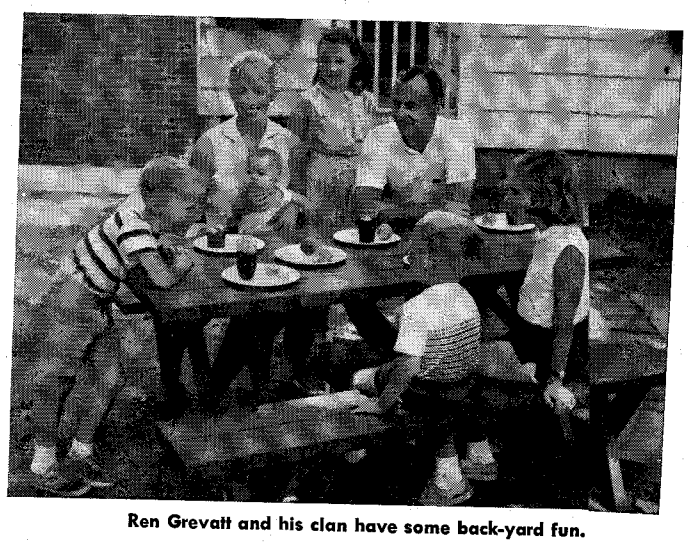
Be sure to see the famous Air-O-Grate "Icepak" with 3 interchangeable bowls, only $5.95.



Send for FREE FOLDER. Tells how to smoke and care for a pipe.
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., Dept. Y71, N. Y. 22, N. Y

Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors



Ren Grevatt and his clan have some back-yard fun.

Alfred Friendly: "This newspaper keeps me busy."

Ren Grevatt, who collaborates with associate editor **Merrill Pollack** in the page 26 discussion of new trends in "pop" records, is a critic and columnist for *The Billboard*, the music and record trade magazine, and a contributor to the *Melody Maker*, published in London. Grevatt says that his family numbers eight; the missing "person" in that domestic photo in Upper Montclair, New Jersey, is "a calico cat, named Calico

Alfred Friendly, managing editor of *The Washington Post*, theorizes that if a man have a hobby, it ought to be unusual one; so he is a scholar of olithic art. Thus when he toured Africa a while ago—see his politicalanalysis on page 28—he playedcky for a week and studied the ancient rock paintings of the Bushmen in South Africa, finding them infinitely more fascinating than the climbing necessary to reach them. Editor and Mrs. Friendly live in the Georgetown section of Washington; Alfred Junior is just out of Harvard, Jonathan is an Amherst senior; and Lucinda, Nicholas and Victoria pore over their books in local schools.

Pioneer Politician

Associate editor **Ralph Knight** describes on pa 22 people of his home town—Glens Falls, New York who have had a flair for doing unusual things in sing lar ways. But he neglects to mention that in 1931 campaigned for political office by hiring a chap with small, trembly monoplane to fly him around his su urban township while he flung out clouds of leafle featuring his portrait and platform, the first and pro ably the last local resident ever to do this. Knight w nominated to stand for a county office on the Dem cratic ticket, maybe on the theory that his being edit and editorial writer of the *Glens Falls Post-Star*, a ve Democratic newspaper, wouldn't do him any harr Although it was not against the law for Democrats live in Knight's district, few were ever seen there; he gave politics the old Glens Falls try. People we surprised when leaflets descended through their elm trees, especially on finding that they came from a Democrat. Their surprise turned to fury, and on Election Day the non-Republican was slaughtered.

Speaking of Republicans, in 1894 Knight's great-grandfather was asked to write a newspaper article about himself on his ninetieth birthday. His verbose article follows.

Stevens Carpenter, born in Moretown, Vt., Aug. 18, 1804, of Republican parents. First vote cast for John Quincy Adams. Has remained faithful to his principles ever since. Perfectly healthy.

They had Republican parties away back—remember? When Mr. Carpenter was older he taught tiny little R. Knight the alphabet, and the victim has been battling with letters ever since.

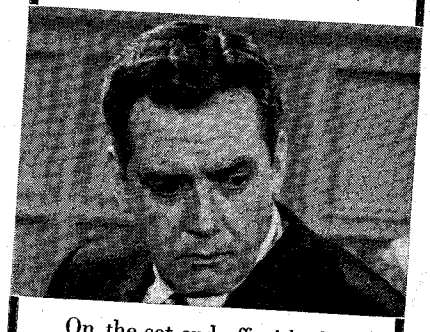
Fiction Is Fun

Major and Mrs. George Fielding Eliot.

Major George Fielding Eliot, military analyst for the *New York Herald-Tribune* during World War II and an author ral books based on his specia anges pace on page 32 with first *Post* short story. While cing to write and lecture on n problems, he "finds it fun t over occasionally into fict The Brooklyn-born major ghty practical introduction tary matters as an infantry of the Australian army in Wor I; then in the 1920's he serve United States Army's Milit telligence Reserve. Eliot a wife June are New Yorkers inter, but they flee to Litchonnecticut, in the torrid min all seasons Mrs. E., as putions director of the Americty for the Prevention of Cr Animals, has a busy typewrit

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"TV's Make-Believe Lawyer"



On the set and off with the celebrated Perry Mason—that is, actor Raymond Burr.

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